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Chronicles of the Tombs.

A SELECT

COLLECTION OF EPITAPHS,

PRECEDED BY

AN ESSAY ON EPITAPHS AND OTHER MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS, WITH INCIDENTAL OBSERVATIONS ON SEPULCHRAL ANTIQUITIES.

BY

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&c,. &c., &c.

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man."—*Young.*

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1100

PREFACE.

It is remarkable that so little has been written, in the English language, on Epitaphial Inscriptions. With the exception of a short Essay,[1] by Dr. Johnson, there is scarcely anything to be found in relation to the subject—nothing at all approaching to the character of a history. I have, therefore, thought it not unworthy of attention to trace Monumental Inscriptions generally, from the earliest period to the present time, and have endeavoured to make such a Collection of Epitaphs belonging to our own country as should mark the diversity of taste prevailing at different periods of our history. This, I believe, to be effected in the following pages. It has been my purpose to present the examples as they were originally written, and are in many instances still to be found, not allowing myself to make any alteration either in regard to their composition, arrangement, orthography, or punctuation. In this respect I have followed in the steps of a contributor[2] to Hearne's "Collection of Curious Discourses," in which, upon the publication of some epitaphs, he observes, "I will here but briefly collect some fewe which are remarkable, partly for their antiquity, partly for their brevytie, partly for their rarenesse, partly for their excellencye, partly to shewe the manner of stile of those ages in which they were composed, and partly to recreate the mynde with the simplicytie of their inventions."

[1] Prefixed to a collection of Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions. Lond. 1806, 2 vols. 12mo.

[2] Thynn, vol. i, p. 251.

In many of the inscriptions upon monuments in the Latin language will be found much that is unintelligible. Perhaps, in some cases, the masons employed share equally with the authors in regard to these defects. Epitaphs, it must, however, be observed, will not admit of any severe test of criticism; their metre in the English language is often strangely incorrect. It is to the sentiment they are intended to convey that our attention should be chiefly directed: thus, the moral lesson to be derived from the following may be valued, although the disregard of metrical rules renders the lines harsh to the ear:—

> "Gentle reader, who standest by, my grave to view,
> I was on earth, much the same as you:
> And as I am, so you must be;
> Therefore, I say, prepare to follow me."

Here we have in the first line twelve syllables; in the second, nine; in the third, eight; and in the fourth, ten.

I have been anxious to avoid all fictitious epitaphs, though a curious chapter might be made of them, and have, therefore, as far as in my power, given the dates and places of all that compose the present collection. Although "Time corrodes our epitaphs and buries our very tombstones," yet the number preserved has rendered the selection a matter of no little difficulty and labour. My aim has been to mark the style of the period to which they belong, and, at the same time, to record such as are remarkable for elevation of sentiment or tenderness of language. In these particulars I fear we shall be found far behind the ancients. The seventeenth century will be seen to present lamentable effusions in regard to Monumental Inscriptions: as we advance in the eighteenth, an improvement is observable, and the later specimens, if not very remarkable in themselves, are yet, at least, free from the ribaldry and folly of the preceding age.

The substance of the present volume was originally intended

to form one of a series of Introductory papers to a new edition of "Gough's Sepulchral Monuments in Great Britain;" a work I was most anxious to republish, in accordance with the desire of the author, who, for that express purpose, bequeathed to the trustees of the Bodleian Library his collections, together with the original Copper Plates, and his very valuable Topographical Library. When, therefore, in 1853, I proposed to carry out the wish of Mr. Gough (which had remained in abeyance since his demise in 1809) I was unprepared to meet a difficulty with which I was made acquainted by the Rev. Dr. Bandinel, the Librarian, who required, on the part of the Trustees, that payment should be made for the use of the Copper Plates!—a condition which at once precluded the possibility of my engaging upon so extensive and uncertain an undertaking.

T. J. P.

Onslow Crescent, Brompton,
May, 5, 1857.

Chronicles of the Tombs.

That England is behind other countries in regard to its records of Monumental Inscriptions, is an accusation and reproach not altogether devoid of truth. To the Greeks and Romans we are indebted for the most extensive collections of Epitaphs; Italy, France, and Germany can also produce their vast collections, which have proved serviceable as examples for composition.[1] Weever, after Camden the most ancient labourer in this field of inquiry in our own country to any considerable extent, has produced no successor of any importance (with the exception of John Le Neve[2]). Weever's

[1] See the works of Gruter, Grævius, Reinesius, Muratori, Mazochius.
[2] Monumenta Anglicana, London, 1719; 5 vols. 8vo. The first volume

work is held in much estimation, and no extended collection of English epitaphs since his time has been or can be made without reference to his pages. He wrote in the reign of Charles I., and his book is dated from his "house in Clerkenwell Close, this 28th day of May, 1631." It has for its title "Ancient Funerall Monuments within the United Monarchie of Great Britaine, Ireland, &c." The accuracy, however, of his transcriptions may in some instances be questioned; but allowance must be made, as considerable difficulty is often attendant upon this task.

The importance of monuments and inscriptions in the illustration of local history cannot be too strongly maintained; but for these, how many persons and events worthy of remembrance would have remained unknown, and how many testimonials of affectionate regard and filial gratitude neglected? Nam multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles, oblivio obruet.[1] By epitaphial records the antiquary, the historian, and the biographer obtain legitimate sources of inquiry, and are enabled to do justice to the memory of many deserving individuals, whose laudable conduct and advancement of public and private benefit might otherwise be forgotten. Again, how frequent has been the complaint of writers of the illegible, ill-preserved or altogether annihilated inscriptions upon monumental tombs, the possession of which might have served to solve a doubt or dispel a mystery. Yet no fixed method has hitherto been adopted to secure so desirable a result. Much benefit, I am disposed to believe, would arise from the establishment of a Public Register of Inscriptions. They ought not to be left to the chance of lasting record by the hands of the local historian or topographer.[2] Many

embraces Epitaphs of those who died from 1600 to 1649 inclusive; the second, from 1650 to 1679; the third, from 1680 to 1699; the fourth, from 1700 to 1715; and the fifth, forming a supplementary volume as well as one of continuation, from 1650 to 1718.

[1] Tacitus de Vitâ Agricola, cap. 46. Oblivion has cast over the memory of many who are gone before us, the veil of ignoble and inglorious obscurity.

[2] Mr Lethieullier, an active Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, had a correspondence with Bishop Lyttelton on the subject of making a collection of Monumental and other Inscriptions in this country, as worthy the attention of British Antiquaries. He proposed that it should be made after the plan adopted by Gruter in his Inscriptiones Antiquæ totius Orbis Romani, Amst. 1707, 4 vols. folio. The substance of Mr. L.'s remarks are to be found in Gough's Sepulchral Monuments (vol. ii., p. ccxxxiii.

circumstances have contributed to render our literature in this department defective. Our church books contain no records of this description, and the political, civil, and religious disturbances with which this kingdom has been in various times affected have tended to the destruction and removal of a very large portion of the most interesting monuments of this description.[1] The suppression of the monasteries, and the subsequent iconoclastic rage of the Puritans, also greatly contributed to the removal of monumental tombs, brasses, and inscriptions, containing the memorials of those who had distinguished themselves in the page of history, subjects for the pen of the historian and panegyrist, and giving employment to the artizans of their time. But, prior even to this latter period, and following immediately upon the suppression of the monasteries, the desolation produced by the destruction of splendid tombs during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. was exceedingly great, and continued even during the early part of that of Queen Elizabeth. To such an extent was the spoliation carried, that, in the second year of her reign, this sovereign issued a "Proclamation against breaking or defacing of Monuments of antiquitie, being set up in Churches, or other Publick Places, for Memory, and not for Superstition;" and another, in the fourteenth year of her reign, was issued, charging the Justices of her Assize "to provide some remedy both for the punishment of offenders, and the reformation of such practices." The great neglect of monuments, when disturbed or removed by the general repair of churches, is exceedingly to be lamented. No register is to be found of innumerable examples, which are known to have been formerly in the churches of this country. No traces whatever of many of them are now to be found. In looking to the history of Epitaphial writings, we find that in this country, in early times, inscriptions were prohibited to be engraven on any tombs but those belonging to persons distinguished either by their high position as governors of the kingdom, or as military commanders, or remarkable for their wisdom or virtues. In this

et seq.), and I believe are nowhere else to be seen. The proposition to the Society of Antiquaries failed to produce any result.

[1] Sir Thomas Browne (Hydriotaphia, cap. 3, vol. iii. p. 474, Wilkin's edition) also laments that "Gentile inscriptions precisely delivered the extent of men's lives, seldom the manner of their deaths, which history itself so often leaves obscure in the records of memorable persons."

respect we seem to have followed the practice of the Lacedemonians, who allowed the honour of epitaphs only to those men who died bravely in battle, and to those women who were distinguished by their chastity. Hence arose the veneration with which those monuments were viewed, and the solicitude entertained to protect them from injury. They were esteemed sacred, and any violence offered to them was punishable by banishment, condemnation to the mines, or even the loss of members, according to the extent and nature of the offence, regard being also paid to the rank of the deceased to whom the tomb appertained. In our country the law offers protection to these memorials, the builders of monuments having their remedy at common law for any injury that may wantonly be done to them, and the heir of the deceased can institute a prosecution against such offences. Great distinctions were formerly maintained in regard to the burial of persons of rank and those of a meaner condition in life. These were carried so far as to cause a difference even in the mode of conveying the bodies of men and women to the grave; the former being taken on the shoulders of the attendants, whilst the latter were carried at the arms' end, to signify that being inferior in their lifetime, they should not be made or treated as equal upon their decease. Weever says this distinction only ceased upon women renouncing the world and entering the monastic life, by which they obtained such an increase of esteem in the world, that they were regarded as of equal honour with the male sex.[1]

The love and respect entertained towards relatives and friends were early manifested by the erection of tombs or monuments. As these, however, only in a general manner gave evidence of the estimation in which eminence was regarded, inscriptions followed to mark out and hand down to posterity the particulars relating to the high qualities of the deceased, and the claim their memories had to be held in remembrance.

To make acquaintance with those who have lived before us, to examine into their manners, their habits, their peculiarities, to investigate their history, trace the progress of the arts, and exhibit the origin of their several inventions, are not among the least interesting of the objects pursued by the antiquary.

[1] Funeral Monuments, p. 12.

The sepulchral monuments of different countries are not to be lightly estimated; they constitute the materials of the History of the Arts.

The mound and the pyramid constitute the earliest monuments; then followed the erection of pillars, and subsequently the recording of inscriptions. The Egyptians may lay claim to be the earliest recorders of this description, by the writing of their names, their descent, their functions, &c., upon their sarcophagi and coffins, though I am not aware of any particular merits of the deceased being enumerated upon any one of them.

There is, however, in the making of offerings and supplications a manifestation of the feelings entertained in subsequent ages. The following examples will suffice as illustrations of Egyptian inscriptions:—From the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy unrolled by me at the Royal Institution in 1826:—*Royal chosen offering to Anubis, Director of the Balance; that he may give a good wrought Coffin, in the Consecrated Enclosure, in the Western Mountain, Ament of Egypt; for the votary Osiris, Osiri, man, deceased; son of the priest Ouonofri, deceased; son of the priest, Onkhonso, deceased: son of the priest, Horsiisi, deceased; approved* (*or glorified*).

On another: *Royal chosen gift to Osiris, Lord of Stability, that he may give a good carved Sarcophagus to the Consecrated Enclosure in the Western Mountain of Egypt, for the votary Osiris, Lady of the House Ohranis, daughter of the priest of Mandoo Bal Snauf, son of the priest of Mandoo.*

On the case of this mummy, I found also the following:—*Let us pray for Osiris, Lady of the House, Ohranis.*

On another:—*Bekanasht-t, son of the priest of Amun Re, King of the Gods, Esintmai—She was born of the Lady of the House, Nasmaut, daughter of the priest of Amun Re, King of the Gods, Nashtafmaut.*

The object to be attained in the erection of monumental buildings or inscribed tablets are twofold; being not only to record the character of the deceased, but also to offer to us a lesson in remembrance of our mortality. The Egyptians, the earliest people of whom we have truly satisfactory records, attained this not only by the erections of their extraordinary tombs and temples (and tablets, *steles*, representing offerings and inscribing prayers and supplications on their tombs), but

also by the preservation of the bodies of their ancestors, and the retention of them for a time even in their own habitations.[1]

Greek sepulchral monuments are not so numerous as those of the Romans, but the Greek epitaphs are characterized by a peculiar beauty and fertility of expression. The Greeks wrote their epitaphs in Elegiac verse, and afterwards in prose. They were very commonly epigrammatic. The collections published by various hands are well known to, and duly appreciated by, scholars. The *Anthologia Græca*, edited by Brunck, and later by Jacobs, offers abundance of inscriptions of the highest order of excellence; and the translations made by Bland, Merivale, and others are worthy of the originals.[2] Of these I shall cite some examples, attaching the numbers whence they have been obtained, and by which the originals can readily be referred to. Of general application, and in relation to the universality of death, and the moral lesson to be derived from it, we have—

By Archilochus (17):—

Jove sits in highest Heav'n, and opes the springs,
To man, of monstrous and forbidden things.
Death seals the fountains of reward and fame:
Man dies, and leaves no guardian of his name.
Applause awaits us only while we live,
While we can honour take, and honour give:
Yet were it base for man, of woman born,
To mock the naked ghost with jests or scorn.

Merivale.

By Simonides (13):—

Human strength is unavailing;
Boastful tyranny unfailing;
All in life is care and labour;
And our unrelenting neighbour,
Death, for ever hovering round;
Whose inevitable wound,
When he comes prepared to strike,
Good and bad will feel alike.—*Merivale.*

[1] See, for particulars in all that relates to the embalmment of the dead and the rites and ceremonies connected with the practice, my "History of Egyptian Mummies," Lond. 1834, 4to.

[2] The most copious collection of translations into English from the Greek Anthology will be found in the volume published by H. G. Bohn in 1854, under the editorial care of Mr. George Burges.

By an Uncertain Author (638) :—

My lot was meagre fare, disease, and shame.
At length I died—you all must do the same.—*Bland.*

Another (639) :—

Fortune and Hope, farewell! I've found the port:
You've done with me—go now, with others sport!
Merivale.

By Plato (23) :—

On Two Neighbouring Tombs.

This is a sailor's—that a ploughman's tomb;—
Thus sea and land abide one common doom.—*Hodgson.*

The Greeks do not appear to have considered the introduction of the name as essential to an inscription; thus on some who were shipwrecked.

By Archilochus (1) :—

Loud are our griefs, my friend; and vain is he
Would steep the sense in mirth and revelry.
O'er those we mourn, the hoarse resounding wave
Hath clos'd and whelm'd them in their ocean grave.
Deep sorrow swells each breast. But Heaven bestows
One healing med'cine for severest woes—
Resolv'd endurance—for affliction pours
To all by turns,—to day the cup is ours.
Bear bravely, then, the common trial sent,
And cast away your womanish lament!—*Merivale.*

There is much feeling in the following.

By Amyte (22) :—

Drop o'er Antibia's grave a pious tear;
For virtue, beauty, wit, lie buried here.
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall,
To gain the virgin's love; but death o'er all
Claim'd due precedence: Who shall death withstand?
Their hopes were blasted by his ruthless hand.—*Keen.*

By Leonidas of Tarentum (99) :—

By a Mother on her Son.

Unhappy child! Unhappy I, who shed
A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed!

Thou'rt gone in youth, Amyntas; I, in age,
Must wander through a lonely pilgrimage,
And sigh for regions of unchanging night,
And sicken at the day's repeated light.
O! guide me hence, sweet spirit, to the bourn
Where, in thy presence, I shall cease to mourn.

Bland.

By Simmias of Thebes (2):—

ON SOPHOCLES.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

Anon.

By Speusippus (1):—

ON PLATO.

Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests:
His soul among the godlike heroes rests.

Merivale.

By Callimachus (63):—

Beside the tomb where Battus' son is laid,
Thy heedless feet, O passenger! have stray'd.
Well skill'd in all the minstrel's lore was he,
Yet had his hour for sport and jollity.—*Merivale.*

The same (62):—

EPITAPH ON HIS FATHER.

Know thou, this tomb who passest by,
At once both sire and son am I
To a name most dear to us,
Cyrenean Callimachus.
One of his country was the shield
In many a glorious battle field;
The other sang so sweet a strain,
That Envy listen'd with disdain,
But strove to vanquish him in vain.
For him on whom the Muses smil'd,
Ev'n at his birth—their favourite child—
In age they never will forsake,
But his grey hairs their temple make.—*Merivale.*

By Tymneus (5):—

Grieve not, Philœnis, though condemn'd to die
Far from thy parent soil and native sky;
Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle:
To all on Death's last dreary journey bound,
The road is equal, and alike the ground.—*Merivale.*

By Meleager (109):—

On Heliodora.

Tears o'er my Heliodora's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
Oh flow, my bitter sorrows, o'er her shrine,
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine!
Break, break my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe,
An empty offering to the shades below!
Ah, plant regretted! Death's remorseless power
With dust unfruitful chok'd thy full-blown flower.
Take, Earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And, soft entomb'd, bid Heliodora rest!—*Bland.*

The Same.

Tears, Heliodora! on thy tomb I shed,
Love's last libation to the shades below;
Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
Are all that Fate now leaves me to bestow.
Vain sorrows! vain regrets!—yet, loveliest! thee,
Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
Retracing hours of social converse free,
And soft endearments never to return.
Now thou art torn, sweet flower that smil'd so fair!
Torn—and thy honour'd bloom with dust defil'd:
Yet, holy Earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
And in a mother's arms enfold thy child!—*Merivale.*

By Meleager (121):—

On Æsigenes.

Hail, universal Mother! lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
Its fellow-worm.—*Merivale.*

By Meleager (124) :—

ON CHARIXENUS.

Thee, poor Charixenus! in youth's first bloom,
Thy mother's hands—an offering to the tomb—
Deck'd with the martial stole. The very stone
Made to thy moaning friends responsive moan,
As with the houseless corpse they sorrowing went,
No hymeneal strain—but loud lament.
"Ah me! that gentle bosom's bounteous store,
How ill repaid! how vain the pangs she bore!"
O Fate unfruitful! Maid of ruthless mind!
That giv'st a mother's yearnings to the wind!
Here, friends can only wish, and parents weep,
And pitying strangers sanctify thy sleep.—*Merivale.*

By the same (127) :—

ON MELEAGER OF GADARA.

Tyre was my Island nurse—an Attic race
I boast, though Gadara my native place,—
Herself an Athens. Eucrates I claim
For sire, and Meleager is my name.
From childhood, in the Muse was all my pride:
I sang, and with Menippus, side by side,
Urg'd my poetic chariot to the goal.
And why not Syrian? to the free-born soul
Our country is, the World; and all on earth
One universal chaos brought to birth.
Now old, and heedful of th' approaching doom,
These lines, in memory of my parted bloom,
I on my picture trace, as on my tomb.—*Merivale.*

By an Uncertain Author (738) :—

ON PROTE.

Thou art not dead, my Proté! though no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth and love, for ever beaming, rest;
Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers where not a thorn is found!
No winter freezes there, no summer fires,
No sickness weakens, and no labour tires;

No longer poverty nor thirst oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
But spring for ever glows serenely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.—*Merivale.*

The Epigrammatic style of many of the Greek epitaphs is well illustrated in that ascribed to Anacreon, on the tomb of Timocritus (12):—

Timocritus adorns this humble grave;
Mars spares the coward, and destroys the brave.
Merivale.

It was common, and indeed esteemed a duty, among the Greeks, to inscribe epitaphs to those who had distinguished themselves in war and fallen in battle. Thus on those who fell at Thermopylæ:—

By Æschylus (1):—

These too, defenders of their country, fell,
These mighty souls to gloomy death betray'd:
Immortal is their fame, who suffering well,
Of Ossa's dust a glorious garment made.—*Merivale.*

By Simonides (15):—

In dark Thermopylæ they lie;
Oh death of glory, there to die!
Their tomb an altar is, their name
A mighty heritage of fame:
Their dirge is triumph—cankering rust,
And Time that turneth all to dust—
That tomb shall never waste nor hide,—
The tomb of warriors true and tried.
The full-voic'd praise of Greece around
Lies buried in that sacred mound:
Where Sparta's king, Leonidas,
In death eternal glory has.

By the same (24):—

ON A COLUMN AT THERMOPYLÆ.

Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful band
Here lie in death, remembering her command.
Hodgson.

By Simonides (19) :—

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

Greatly to die—if this be glory's height—
For the fair meed we own our fortune kind.
For Greece and Liberty we plung'd to night,
And left a never-dying name behind.—*Bland.*

By the same (27) :—

These, for their native land, through death's dark shade,
Who freely passed, now deathless glory wear.
They die not; but, by Virtue's sovereign aid,
Are borne from Hades to the upper air.—*Merivale.*

By the same (19) :—

ON THE MEN OF TEGEA.

'Twas by their valour that to heav'n ascended
No curling smoke from Tegea's ravaged field;
Who chose—so as the town their arms defended
They to their sons a heritage might yield
Inscribed with freedom's ever-blooming name—
Themselves to perish in the ranks of fame.
Merivale.

By the same (40) :—

ON CYMON'S NAVAL VICTORY.

Ne'er since that olden time when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since horrid Mars first pour'd on either shore
The storm of battle, and its wild uproar,
Hath man by land and sea such glory won,
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land, the Medes in myriads press the ground;
By sea, a hundred Syrian ships are drown'd,
With all their martial host; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.
Merivale.

By the same (41) :—

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THE EURYMEDON.

These by the streams of fam'd Eurymedon
Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run:
In swift-wing'd ships, and on th'embattl'd field,
Alike they forc'd the Median bows to yield,

Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,
Their names inscribed on rolls of victory.—*Merivale.*

By the same (42) :—

ON THE SAME.

In life-blood streaming from those stubborn hearts,
The lord of war once bath'd his barbed darts.
Where are those warriors, patient of the spear?
Dust—soulless, lifeless dust—alone lies here.

By Theocritus (13) :—

EPITAPH ON EURYMEDON.

Thou art dead, Eurymedon,
And hast left thine infant son.
Thou, cut off in manhood's bloom,
Hast achiev'd a speaking tomb,
And a glorious seat on high,
With the souls that never die.
He shall live, a citizen,
Worshipp'd by his fellow men,
Who in him will glory take,
For his honour'd father's sake.—*Merivale.*

By Æschylus (2) :—

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorio's son,
Buried in Gela's fields, these lines declare :
His deeds are register'd at Marathon,
Known to the deep-hair'd Mede who met him there.
C. Merivale.

By Simonides (90) :—

Shame, glorious shame, beside Theærus' wave
Brought Cleodamus to his honour'd grave
'Mid Thracian lances : for his father's name
The warrior's son hath gained immortal fame.—*R.*

By the same (35) :—

ON ADEIMANTHUS.

Here Adeimanthus rests—the same was he
Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty
Merivale.

These examples are sufficient for the present purpose; opportunities will offer, under special heads, for further illustrations from Greek literature.

The Romans erected their monuments by the highway, that they might become constant objects of attention.[1] These, however, offered scarcely anything beyond the inscription of the name, (as at Lasborough, in Gloucestershire, where was found a stone inscribed

D. M.[2]
SVIICEMA.
ANNOS XIII. VIXI.[3])

and perhaps the Consulate under which the individual lived. It was reserved for the introduction of Christianity to extend these inscriptions, and to hold out to the living the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body.

The Catacombs[4] of Rome offer to us some very interesting information on this subject, ably alluded to by Dr. Charles Maitland, in his work, "The Church in the Catacombs," published in 1846. From the examples given by this author,

[1] It was the position of the monuments by the road side that gave rise to the address so commonly found upon them, as "*Siste Viator*," "*Aspice Viator*," "*Cave Viator*," &c.

[2] D. M. may stand either for "Deo Maximo," to the Great God, or for "Diis Manibus," to the Divine Manes. D. M. S. "Diis Manibus Sacrum;" D. I. M. "Diis Inferis Manibus." D. O. M. is usually read "Deo Optimo Maximo." A writer in Notes and Queries for Sept. 1854, p. 255, states that he has seen *Datur omnibus mori* engraved on tombstones, and that as a tombstone is not dedicated to God as a church is, he is disposed to consider it as the proper reading of the initial letters when upon such monuments. M. S. Memoriæ Sacrum. Æ. M. S. Æternæ Memoriæ Sacrum, Sacred or Consecrated to the Eternal Memory. H. S. E. Hic situs est. O. H. S. Ossa hic sita sunt. Hic jacet; Hic deponitur; Hic requiescit; Hic tumulatur; Icy gist; Ora pro ——; all forms of address to the reader. P. S. Posteritati Sacrum; M. P. Monumentum posuit: M. F. Monumentum fecit.

[3] The Romans held the number xvii. as unlucky, and esteemed it the number of death. In the characters composing it, you can form the word vixi, implying, "I have ceased to live."

[4] Catacomb, from κατα, near, and τύμβος, a tomb. Bosio says, because a place so called formed the entry to the cemetery of St. Calixtus (Roma Sotteranea, p. 179; Roma, 1632). It now certainly means the cave, or tomb itself, and is used in reference to the burial places of the Egyptians and other early nations, and also to the places of interment of the early Christians. The words IN CATACVMBAS are found in an inscription sent from Rome to Milan, and preserved in the Ambrosian Library, represented in Plate xxxiii. No. 7, of Perret, "Catacombes de Rome." This work, which must be looked upon as the most remarkable of its kind, was published at the expense of the French Government.

derived from his personal observation and the assistance afforded by the learned and laborious researches of Bosio, Arringhi and others, we derive some very satisfactory illustrations of the devotional feelings entertained even by the Pagans. In the Lapidarian Gallery, at the Vatican, there is an inscription to the memory of Caius Julius Maximus, a child, which evinces deep feeling, and cannot be read without interest and sympathy.

C. IVLIVS MAXIMVS
ANN. II. M.V.
ATROX O FORTVNA TRVCI QVÆ FVNERE GAVDES
QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS ERIPITVR
QVI MODO IVCVNDVS GREMIO SVPERESSE SOLEBAT
HIC LAPIS IN TVMVLO NVNC JACET ECCE MATER.

Caius Julius Maximus (aged) 2 years and five months.

O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death,
Why is Maximus so early snatched from me?
He, who lately used to lie, beloved, on my bosom.
This stone now marks his tomb—behold his mother!

Another, in the Catacombs at Rome, is simple, concise, and expressive.

BIRGINIVS PARVM
STETIT AP. N.

"Virginius remained but a short time with us."

The Consular Epitaphs afford perhaps the most precise means of establishing dates of burial. Boldetti[1] gives one from St. Lucina's cemetery of the year A.D. 98.

D. M.
P. LIBERIO VICXIT
ANI N. II. MENSES N. III.
DIES N. VIII. R. ANICIO
FAVSTO ET VIRIO GALLO
COSS.

"Publius Liberio lived 2 years, 3 months, and 8 days. Amicius Faustus and Virius Gallus being Consuls."

In the work of Dr. Maitland other examples will be found.

[1] Osservazioni sopra i Cimiterii dei Santi Martiri, ed Antichi Christiani di Roma. 1720, folio.

The following is the inscription upon the tomb of a Christian Martyr :—

TEMPORE ADRIAN—IMPERATORIS MARIVS ADOLESCENS DVX MILITVM QVI SATIS VIXIT DVM VITAM PRO CHO CVM SANGVINE CONSVNSIT IN PACE TANDEM QVIEVIT BENEMERENTES CVM LACRIMIS ET METV POSVERVNT. I. D. VI.

"In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with his blood he gave up his life for Christ, at length rested in peace. The well deserving set up this with tears and in fear. On the 6th of the Ides of December."

Arringhi, whose Latin edition of "Roma Sotterranea," by Bosio, is the best and most justly esteemed, has given to us a remarkable inscription belonging to the fifth century, to the wife of a Priest.

LEVITÆ CONIVNX PETRONIA FORMA PVDORIS
HIS MEA DEPONENS SEDIBVS OSSA LOCO
PARCITE VOS LACRIMIS DVLCES CVM CONIVGE NATÆ
VIVENTEMQVE DEO CREDITE FLERE NEFAS
DP IN PACE III. NON. OCTOBRIS FESTO VC CONSS.[1]

"Petronia, a priest's wife, the type of modesty, in this place I lay my bones: spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace, on the 3rd Nones of October, in the Consulate of Festus" (*i.e.* A. D. 472).

In many parts of England, Roman Mortuary Memorials have been found. On a Decurion at Gloucester, who lived to the age of 86 :—

DEC. COLONIÆ GLEV.
VIXIT AN. LXXXVI.

Another, to a child, who lived 3 years, 4 months, and 9 days; erected by an attendant or servant in the household:—

D. M.
SUCC. PETRONIÆ VIX.
ANN. III. MIIII. D. IX. V. PETRO
MULUS ET VICT. SABINA
FIL. KAR. FEC.

[1] Conss, it will be observed, marks the plural; but the Eastern Consul is omitted, a carelessness in the sculptor often to be paralleled in later times.

Diis Manibus Succiæ Petroniæ : vixit annos tres, menses quatuor, dies novem; Valerius Petronius famulus, et Victorina Sabina filiæ carissimæ fecerunt.

D(IIS) M(ANIBUS) BLESCIUS DIOVICUS FILIÆ SUÆ VIXIT ANNUM UNUM ET DIE(S) VIGINTI UNUM.

Blescius Diovicus erects this to the Divine Manes of his daughter: She lived one year and twenty-one days.[1]

One of the most frequent expressions on the Roman tombs, both of the Pagan and Christian times, is to be found in the well-known passage from Tacitus, *Sit tibi terra levis*—"Light lie the earth upon thy grave." It is handed down to our day, and often employed; and there is in it unquestionably an elegance and a feeling of the most delicate character, bearing the most affectionate application. The Romans did not confine themselves to the employment of this passage on their tombs, they placed it even on their lamps, upon those which they were in the habit of offering lighted at the tombs of the dead. Gruter has preserved some instances of this,—one of the most interesting of which is the following :—

HAVE. SEPTIMIA
SIT. TIBI. TERRA. LEVIS.
QVISQVE. HVIC. TVMVLO.
POSVIT. ARDENTE. LVCERNAM
ILLIVS. CINERES
AVREA. TERRA. TEGAT.

"Adieu, Septimia; may the earth lie light upon thee: whoever places a burning lamp before this Tomb, may a golden soil cover his ashes."

Gough hints that it is not improbable that the idea of the earth lying light on the party interred, this favourite wish of antiquity, should have suggested the raising of cells of stones or sods within the vast barrows afterwards heaped over them. In 1828 Orellius edited a work by Hagenbach relating to

[1] The above-cited inscription is on a stone, the head of which is of a triangular shape, and encloses a bust, probably a likeness of the deceased; but which has the appearance of one of a more advanced age. It was obtained from the station at Risingham, held by the Vangiones (a people of Belgic Gaul), and the monument is preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, and described by the Rev. C. Bruce, LLD., in the Archæological Journal for Sept. 1855, No. 47, p. 221. It is of a late Roman date, and of very rude execution.

Latin Inscriptions, which has been learnedly and judiciously reviewed (Quart. Rev., vol. lxxviii. pp. 61—75); in which, among others of the Sepulchralia, it is observed that the word *Dulciesimæ*, so frequently applied to a deceased wife, never occurs in any inscription addressed to a living one. *Carissimæ, Fidelissimæ, Piisimæ, Sanctissimæ, Amantissimæ, Incomparabili,* and *Bene-Merenti* are of common application on the funeral monuments.

The late Countess of Blessington forwarded to Mr. W. S. Landor the following Epitaph on Julia Alpinula, the daughter of Julius Alpinus, who was condemned to death by Albanus Cecina. His daughter could not survive him, and his friends erected a monument with an inscription commencing thus:—

Julia Alpinula Hic Jacet,
Infelices Patris Infelix Proles
Vixit Annos xxiii.

Landor, in reply, says, "Nearly all the Roman inscriptions were collected as early as the time of Scaliger, and no great quantity of others has been added to those of Grævius and Montfaucon. The Latin of that of Alpinula is very barbarous. Indeed, the lapidary skill, even of better and earlier times, is wonderfully so, on most occasions. It would be difficult to select five-and-twenty, which do not seem to have been left to the learning and taste of the stone-cutter."

The Roman epitaphs relating to their Consuls and Cæsars are numerous, and are recorded on their statues and in their temples, and other colossal buildings. They usually give a narrative of the renowned exploits of their sovereigns and warriors, handing them down to posterity with fame and honour.

An epitaph to the honour of the dead has justly been regarded as of all praise the most noble and the most pure, especially when it expresses the character and actions of the good man. Private virtues are assuredly as much entitled to this homage as public ones; and the titles of a good parent, a good friend, a good citizen, richly merit to be engraven on brass or in marble. The tomb of a good man may, in some degree, be made to supply the want of his presence, and by producing veneration for his memory, constitutes a substitute for the observation of his life and the benefit of his example.

Epitaphs may be looked upon as a means of communication between the dead and the living; a means of giving serious instruction. "Records on tombstones," says Leigh Hunt, "are introducers of the living to the dead; makers of mortal acquaintances; and 'one touch of nature,' in making the 'whole world kin,' gives them the right of speaking like kindred to, and of, one another."

An epitaph is, literally, any inscription upon a tomb. The tomb or grave is expressed in various ways, of which, perhaps, *sepulcrum*, the sepulchre,[1] is the most ancient and the best. *Bustum*[2] seems to confine itself in the practice of the Romans in the cremation or burning of their dead. *Monumentum* clearly signifies memorial, and the word is commonly used as such; it does not necessarily imply a grave, and may be quite independent of it, although appertaining to it. Xenophon[3] says they were erected only for soldiers whose bodies could not easily be found. *Cippus* is a term meaning simply a hillock of earth, a barrow; and by *Mausoleum* is generally conceived a sumptuous tomb.[4] Puttenham, in his very curious little work, "The Arte of English Poesie," devotes a small chapter (lib. i. c. 28), "Of the Poeme called Epitaph, used

[1] Sepulcra has been somewhat fancifully read *semipulchra*, half fair or beautiful, in allusion to the outer part of the tomb, which is ornamented, whilst the interior, containing only the mortal remains, is shrouded in darkness and obscurity. Cenotaph means an empty tomb: a monumental erection to one whose remains are not contained within it.

[2] A term applied to the burial of a body in the same place in which it had been burnt, and from this, came to be used as signifying a tomb. My late friend, Mr. John Gage Rokewode, applied it to the barrows on the Bartley Hills in Essex so successfully examined by him, and of the sepulchral relics of which he has given an admirable account in the "Archæologia," (vol. xxv.) Cicero, in his *Epist. ad Atticum*, lib. vii., speaks of the '*Bustum Basili*' and the '*Catuli Bustum*.'

[3] *De Expedit. Cyri*, lib. vi.

[4] Its derivation is ascribed to the conduct of Artemisia, the wife and sister of Mausolus. So severely grieved was she at his death, that she drank in her liquor the ashes of his body, and erected so grand a monument, that it was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world. The monument received the name of Mausoleum, which has since been applied to all similar erections of extraordinary extent or splendour. Rewards were offered by Artemisia to him who should compose the best elegiac panegyric upon the deceased King of Caria, and they were assigned to Theopompus, 357 B.C. Lucian satirizes the loading of his body with huge stones, whereby he is pitifully pressed and crushed.

for Memoriall of the Dead," and observes:—"An epitaph is but a kind of epigram only applied to the report of the dead person's estate and degree, or of his other good or bad partes, to his commendation or reproach: and is an inscription such as a man may commodiously write or engrave upon a tombe in few verses, pithie, quicke, and sententious, for the passer-by to peruse and judge upon without any long tariaunce: so as if it exceede the measure of an epigram, it is then (if the verse be correspondent) rather an elegy than an epitaph, which errour many of these bastard rimers commit, because they be not learned, nor (as we are wont to say) their *catflès* masters, for they make long and tedious discourses, and write them in large tables to be hanged up in churches and chauncells over the tombes of great men and others, which be so exceeding long as one must have halfe a daye's leasure to reade one of them, and must be called away before he come halfe to the end, or else be locked into the church by the sexton, as I myself was once served reading an epitaph in a certain cathedrall church of England. They be ignorant of poesie that call such long tales by the name of epitaphes; they might better call them elegies, as I said before, and then ought neither to be engraven nor hanged up in tables. I have seene them, nevertheless, upon many honourable tombes of those late times erected, which doe rather disgrace than honour either the writer or maker."

Weever defines an epitaph to be "a superscription either in verse or prose; or an astrict pithy diagram, written, carved, or engraven, upon the tomb, grave, or sepulchre of the defunct, briefly declaring (and that, sometimes, with a kind of commiseration) the name, the age, the deserts, the dignities, the state, the praises both of body and mind, the good or bad fortunes in life, and the manner and time of the death of the person therein interred."[1]

His monument (put up in 1632, at the cost and charge of John Skillicorn, Esq.) in St. James's, Clerkenwell, fails to accord with his own notions on the subject, and dwells only upon his errors. It is as follows:—

Weever, who laboured in a learned strain,
To make men, long since dead, to live again:

[1] Funeral Monuments, chap. ii. p. 8. ed. 1631.

And with expense of oil and ink did watch
From the worm's mouth the sleeping corse to snatch,
Hath by his industry begot a way,
Death (who insidiates all things) to betray;
Redeeming freely by his care and cost
Many a sad herse, which time long since gave lost:
And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,
To make in our memories to live;
For wheresoe'er a ruined tomb he found,
His pen has built it new out of the ground;
'Twixt Earth and him this interchange we find,
She hath to him, he been to her like kind;
She was his mother, he, a grateful child,
Made her his theme, in a large work compil'd,
Of funerals, reliques, and brave structures rear'd,
On such as seem'd unto her most endear'd;
Alternately to him a grave she lent,
O'er which his book remains a monument.

Lancashire gave me breath,
And Cambridge education;
Middlesex gave me death,
And this Church my humation;—
And Christ to me has given a place in Heaven.
Ætatis suæ 56, A.D. 1632.

Sir Wm. Dethick, Garter King at Arms, adopted the following definition:—"Inscriptions of writings, or the forms of ensigns, motts, or remembrances, engraved or fixed upon sepulchres, tombes, or monuments, where the bodies of valiant and most worthy men have been buried." It may not unreasonably be conjectured that epitaphs, in their earliest application, as before noticed, were appropriated to illustrious princes and commanders, and to those who, by distinguished actions, had rendered themselves eminent in great public services, or by the possession and display of extraordinary virtue or qualities.

Camden traces the origin of epitaphs to the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, who, he says, "first bewayled theyre master, when he was slayne, in doleful verse, called of him *Ælinum*, and afterwards *Epitaphia*, for that they were fyrst sung at buryals, and after engraved upon the sepulchres.

They were also called *Eulogia* and *Tituli* by the Romans; but by our ancient progenitors in a mere English compound worde, Byþiȝ Leoð, i. e. *a buryall song.*" This burial song in former days was, it would appear, frequently extended to too great a length, hence Plato, as quoted by Cicero,[1] made a law that an epitaph should be comprised in four verses.

"Taste and vanity have been competitors for perpetuating their votaries in the Temple of Fame;"[2] but whatever may have been the origin of epitaphs, it must be admitted that there is much justice in the remark of Dr. Johnson, that "Nature and reason have dictated to every nation, that to preserve good actions from oblivion is both the interest and duty of mankind; and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters, that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions." And in one of the conversations recorded by Boswell, the great moralist is reported to have said that the writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true; but that allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. "In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon his oath."

"Among all funeral honours," says Camden, "epitaphs have always bene most respected, for in them love was shewed to the deceased, memory was continued to posterity, friends were comforted, and the reader put in mind of humane fraylty."[3]

Le Neve assumed the two objects of erecting monuments to have been, first, to record the virtues or eminent qualifications of the past age, and secondly, the filial piety or friendly gratitude of the present.[4]

In carrying out these objects, however, truth has often been sacrificed, and too frequently deserved have been the censures bestowed on epitaphial inscriptions. Dryden (whose own compositions in this line are abundantly open to the charge he brings against others) describes them as the

> "—— avarice of praise in times to come,
> Those long inscriptions crowded on the tomb."

[1] De Legibus.
[2] Gough.
[3] Hearne's Discourses, vol. i. p. 228.
[4] Preface to Monumenta Anglicana.

And Pope goes further, and designates them as

"Sepulchral lies on holy walls to grace."

Crabbe nobly censures this too common error:—

"—— Let not love nor grief believe
That we assent—who neither loved nor grieve—
To all that praise which on the tomb is read,
To all that passion dictates for the dead;
But more indignant we the tomb deride,
Whose bold inscription flattery sells to pride."

How charmingly does Southey[1] treat this subject, in allusion to a lady whose single life is admirably described as being no blessedness either to herself or to others. "Miss Trewbody," says he, "lies buried in the cathedral at Salisbury, where a monument is erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself, for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous, and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield, supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than gray peas, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had any concern."

Monuments not unfrequently belie the inscriptions upon them. Camden[2] gives a "conceyted" one, which, he says, is in Pawles,[3] where there is written upon a stone:

OBLIVIO
Non hominem aspiciam ultra.

The heraldic bearings of the person buried are, however, affixed to each of the four corners of the stone, to show that he would not be willingly forgotten, and that he had pride of the lineage whence he was descended.

An epitaph may be regarded as a species of writing forming an inscription on a tomb, which is not necessarily confined to any particular form or style, or limited either to

[1] Doctor, vol. ii. p. 329. [2] Hearne's Discourses, vol. i. p. 232.
[3] This was in the upper part of the long walk in "Pawles," near the stairs.

satire, condemnation, or praise. It is universal in its application, and unfettered in its range. Seldom, however, have epitaphs been made but to record noble and generous actions, and to give permanency to the remembrance of virtue and merit. They are commonly the offspring of friendship and benevolence, and are therefore very rarely employed for the purposes of censure or reproach. Dr. Johnson considered an epitaph, in its general acceptation, to be "an inscription engraven on a tomb in *honour* of the person deceased." It constitutes a means of perpetuating a good, and of holding up an example to be adopted. Brevity is always to be regarded a merit in the composition of an epitaph. There are few, however, who can in this respect admit simply of the inscription of their name; there are few whose genius is immortal. To such only can this most terse of inscriptions apply. The Roman people designated their emperors generally by the addition of the name of the place in which their principal actions had been achieved, as Cæsar Germanicus, Cæsar Dacius Germanicus, Illyricus, &c., and these names were inscribed on pillars erected on the highway, that they might be constantly seen and held in remembrance. Johnson thought Sir Isaac Newton might have for his epitaph "ISAACUS NEWTONUS naturæ legibus investigatis, hic quiescit."

At Caius College, Cambridge, we have:—

FUI CAIVS.[1]

Upon Tasso's tomb:—

OSSA TASSI.

On Scaliger:—

SCALIGERI QVOD RELIQVVM.

On Cardinal Pole:—

DEPOSITVM POLI CARDINALIS.

And on a stone in the Ante-Chapel of St. John's College,

[1] The body of Dr. Caius, who died in 1573, was found entire and perfect when the chapel, at his college, was rebuilt. His beard was long, and he bore a resemblance to the portrait engraved in my "Medical Portrait Gallery," vol. i.

Oxford, the following constitutes the memorial of one of the Fellows :—

PRÆIVIT.

He is gone before.

Bede, who died in A.D. 735 at the age of 59, has a tomb, on which is inscribed—

Hac sunt in fossa Bede venerabilis ossa,

which is certainly to be preferred to the lines which follow :—

Presbyter hic BEDA requiescit carne sepultus.
Dona, Christe, animam in cælis gaudere per ævum,
Daque illi sophiæ debriari fonte, cui jam
Suspiravit ovans intento semper amore.

Beneath this stone Bede's mortal body lies ;
God grant his soul may rest amid the skies.
May he drink deeply, in the realms above,
Of wisdom's fount, which he on earth did love.

The manner in which epitaphs have been inscribed is various ; some are engraven on the statue or monument, others are upon slabs, which may be either of brass, or stone, or lead, or iron, or wood.

There are no specific rules to determine the formation of epitaphs, either with regard to their construction or as respects their contents, or the manner in which these shall be stated ; it is, however, universally admitted that terseness of expression is an essential requisite. They may recount the virtues and glorious actions of the deceased, and hold them up for our imitation ; and they may also narrate the descent of the individual, and may mourn his loss. A moral or admonitory precept, too, may be added, and in this manner important instruction may be conveyed. An epitaph should unquestionably be brief, and should combine beauty of expression with tenderness of feeling. All that is expressive of love, sorrow, faith, hope, resignation, and piety, should characterise an epitaph. It ought to be made almost exclusively applicable to the individual interred, and certainly not too long for remembrance. Its object is to record what is worthy of remembrance, and to excite sympathy in the beholder. True and genuine sorrow is never loquacious. In conveying consolation and admonition, it should have reference to the common lot of all, and teach us

to look up from the grave to a higher sphere of existence. A simple passage from Scripture appears to me best calculated to attain these objects. Fuller, in his usual quaint style, speaking of epitaphs, says:—"The shortest, plainest, and truest are the best. I say the shortest; for when a passenger sees a chronicle written on a tomb, he takes it on trust some great man is there buried, without taking pains to examine who he is. I say also the plainest, for except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it." In adopting the title of "CHRONICLES OF THE TOMBS" for this work, let it not be viewed in the sense attached to the term by Fuller in the foregoing passage. The word is to be understood in a general sense, and as such, applicable to a simple record of the name of the deceased, as well as to the brief memorials or histories inscribed on their tombs.

There is something peculiarly appropriate and touching in the Roman epitaphs, being always addressed to the manes of the deceased. Epitaphs of the Romano-British period are to be looked upon as affording to us examples of early specimens, and will be found to partake of the simplicity of the Romans; there being, as we have already seen, but little beyond the name and offices of the individual recorded, or with the addition of an invocation to the Manes of the deceased, together with an occasional mention of the name of the person who erects or inscribes the monument.

It has been thought questionable whether we possess any genuine Saxon epitaphs; those generally adduced as such being evidently compositions of a later period. This remark is alike applicable to the Danes.

The epitaphs which belong to the Saxon period consist of little more than simple inscriptions, and the instances recorded of them are few in number. They are, however, highly deserving of attention. In a communication to the British Archæological Association, made by my friend the Rev. Daniel Haigh, some inscriptions of this time are given, as discovered at Hartlepool;[1] and being generally considered as belonging to the latter part of the seventh century, are too important to be

[1] Journal of the British Archæological Association, Vol. i. p. 185, *et seq.* The Rev. Mr. Cutts regards the Hartlepool stones as *Head*-stones, not *Grave*-stones; but as they bear inscribed names, they must be regarded in this light.

only thus generally alluded to. A noble North Humbrian lady, named Heiu, the first to make profession of the Christian faith in that province, established (within fifty years of the advent of St. Augustine to this country, and the conversion of our Saxon forefathers) a convent at Hartlepool, of which she became the first Abbess, and continued in that office until the year A.D. 649, when she quitted that abode for Tadcaster. To supply her place, she left the celebrated St. Hilda, a daughter of Hereric, who was a nephew of King Eaduini. The situation of this monastery exposed it to the fury of the Danes in the ninth century, and from that time it ceased to be. It is, therefore, not surprising that all recollections in regard to it should have been lost; and it was not until the year 1833, when, upon making excavations in a field called Cross Close, not very far distant from the present church, the remains of a cemetery were discovered, and at a depth of not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the surface, on a limestone rock, several skeletons, all apparently of females, were observed placed in two rows, lying nearly north and south, the heads upon flat stones as pillows, with larger stones above them, marked with crosses and inscriptions in Saxon and Runic letters. A few of these escaped loss, and are here figured :—

No. 1 presents to our view the representation of a circular stone with a cross in a circle, and the well-known REQVIESCAT IN PACE inscribed.

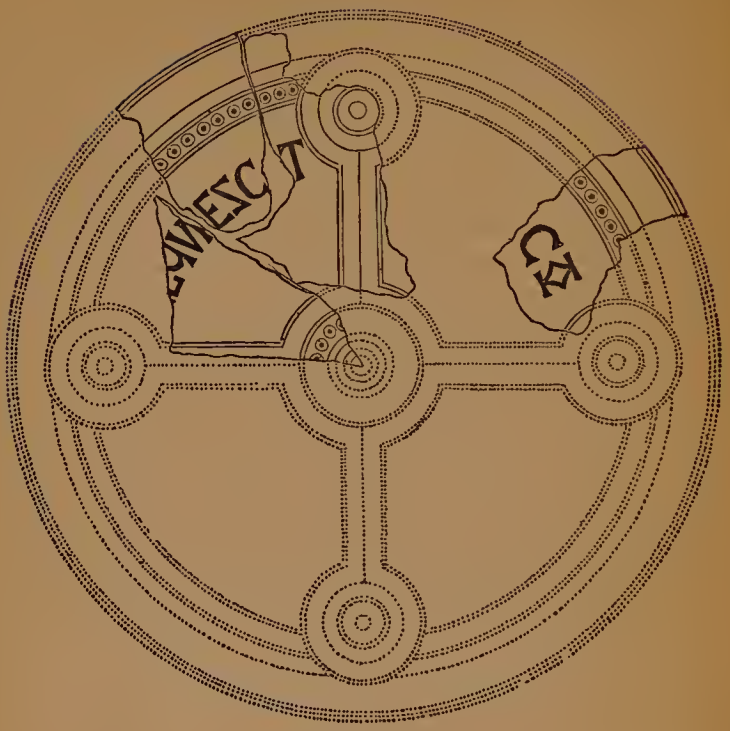
No. 2 has a cross incised, with Alpha and Omega in the divisions formed by the upper branch of the cross, whilst in those beneath, in Runic letters, we read the female name HILDITHRYTH.

No. 3 presents a somewhat similar arrangement, with another female name, HILDDIGYTH, also in Runic letters.

No. 4 has a similar cross, but the inscription is in Saxon letters, and reads EDILVINI.

No. 5, of a like character, is a tombstone for two persons, whose names are preceded by a solicitation for the prayers of the faithful. ORA PRO VERMVND, in one division, and TORHTSVID in another.

No. 6 is still more remarkable, for there are two inscriptions soliciting prayers for those mentioned in Nos. 4 and 5: ORATE PRO EDILVINI; ORATE PRO VERMVND ET TORHT SVID. The cross here varies in form, and is in relief. The place at which



No. 1

these interesting remains were discovered is called Cross Close, and may, perhaps, be regarded as connected with these monuments. The Saxons were, at a late period, in the habit of erecting richly-sculptured crosses in places devoted to burial. Five years subsequent to the discoveries alluded to, further excavations were made, and other interesting results obtained.

On No. 7 was found an incised cross, with the Alpha and Omega, and the name BERCHTGYD in Saxon letters. Another five years elapsed, and two more were discovered.

No. 8, a cross with an inscription, HANEGNEVB, which is also probably a name; but if so, the form is singular.

No. 9 is a cross of elegant form and design. The inscription is unfortunately imperfect; all that remains reading VGVID.

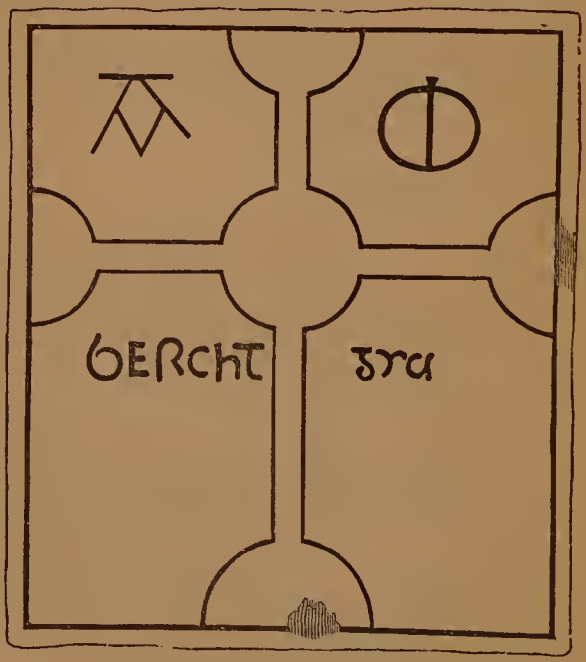
No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.



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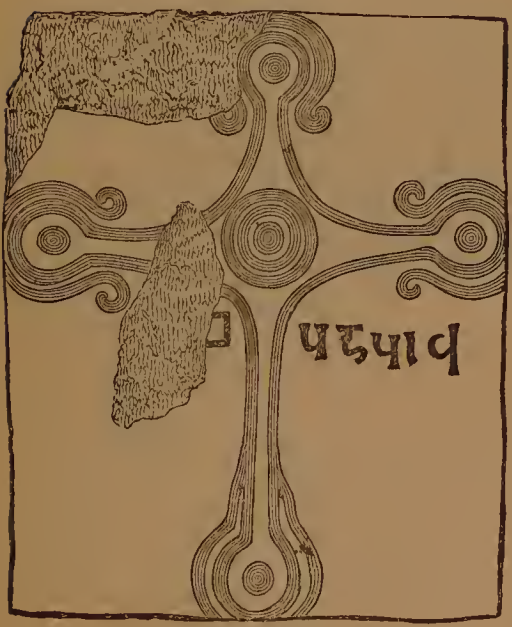
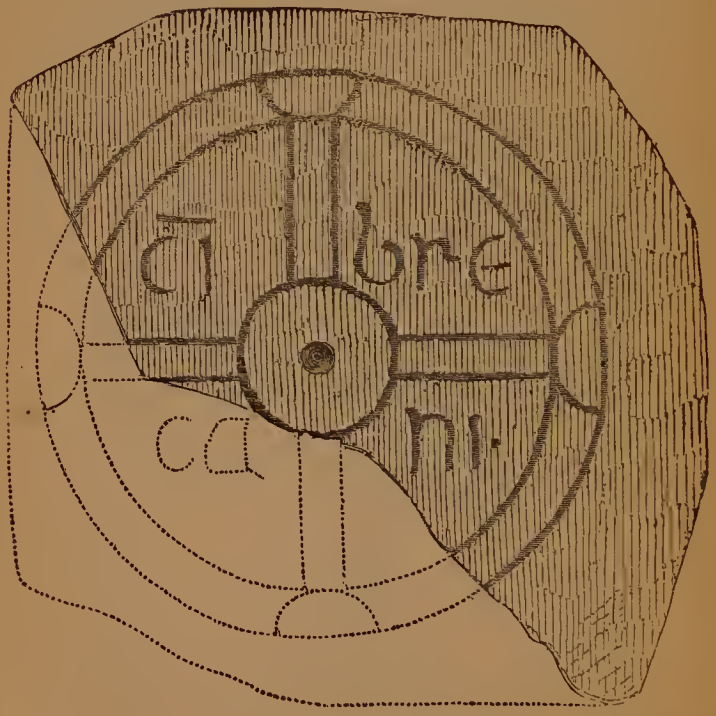


No 9.

With these stones it is necessary to remark, skeletons were found, and various antiquities denoting the time to which they belonged. They consisted of bone pins, pieces of coloured glass, a bone needle, &c. The names, with the exception of those of Vermvnd and Ediluini, are of females; and the works of the Venerable Bede give to us names similar to those inscribed on these monumental stones. The Rev. Mr. Haigh has pointed out BREGUSUID, the mother, and HERESUID, the sister, of St. Hilda; HILDILID, Abbess of Barking; EADGYD and TORCHTGYD, nuns of the same monastery; and FRIGYD, Abbess of Hackness. I entirely agree with Mr. Haigh, in assigning these monuments to the same period in which the individuals just mentioned lived, namely, the latter part of the seventh century.



No. 10.

Another circumstance remains to be noticed, which is the similarity of the characters employed on these stones to those in the Irish manuscripts of the sixth and seventh centuries, in the well-known Gospels of St. Colomb and St. Ceadda, and the Books of Kells and Armagh. In the ancient Irish monasteries, as shown in Mr. Petrie's work on the Round Towers, similarly formed crosses to those on the Hartlepool stones will be seen, and the general resemblance recognized by a comparison of them.

No. 11

No. 10 presents a cross in a circle, and reads C I (capiti) B R E C A N I in the angles. This belonged to the tomb of St. Brecan, who died early in the sixth century.

No. 11 reads VII ROMANI, and is supposed to have relation to the burial of seven Roman Ecclesiastics at St. Brecan's, of the same period. Specimens of so early a date are of great rarity. Mr. Petrie has given some of a later time, and not less interesting.

No. 12, OR DO MAEL FINNIA, and No. 13, OR DO FLANNCHAD, two Abbots of Clonmacnoise, who died respectively in the years 991 and 1002.

No. 14 gives two others of royal race: OR DO CONAING MC CONGHAIL, and OR DO DVBCEN M THADGGAN; the former, Conaing mac Conghail, being King of Teffia, and deceased in 821; the latter, Dubcen mac Thadggan, a prince, died about the middle of the tenth century.

No. 12.

No. 15: Blaimac was Abbot of Clonmaenoise, and died in 896. No. 13 probably offers a representation of his tombstone.

We are not without examples in our own country resembling these; and Mr. Haigh has drawn attention to one represented by Camden[1] and Whitaker,[2] but inaccurately given, and therefore here repeated:—No. 16 was found at Wensley, and

[1] Britannia, vol. iii. Gough's ed. p. 89, plate iv. fig. 4.
[2] Richmondshire, vol. i. p. 371.

No. 13

is preserved in the vestry of the church of that place. It presents a cross, patée, with birds and quadrupeds in the angles, and bears a name inscribed in Saxon characters, DONFRIL. The whole is in relief.

In the same churchyard occurs another stone resembling those of Hartlepool, pointed out to Mr. Haigh's attention by the clerk, in 1846.[1] It is figured in No. 17.

[1] Journal Brit. Arch. Assoc. vol. vii. p. 75.

No. 14.

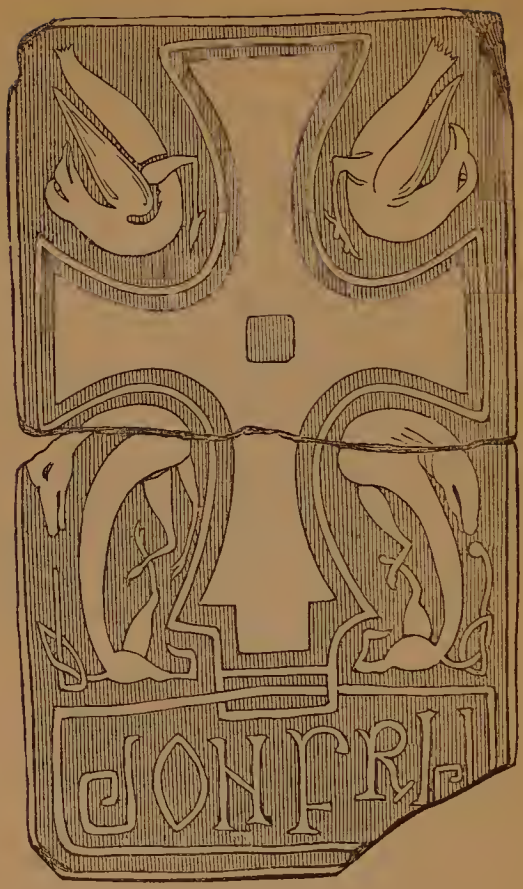
The letters are on each side of the cross, and give the name EATBEREHT. This is followed by ET, and the traces of the ensuing letters are too faint to be deciphered, or even conjectured. The spelling of this name, it is singular to observe, is the same as that on the Saxon coinage known by the name of Seeattas.

No. 15.

Epitaphs in England are scarcely to be found prior to the eleventh century, and these are in the Latin language. A few specimens may be culled from the pages of Bede, Ordericus Vitalis, and other early writers. They are chiefly royal, or of celebrated Abbots and Prelates, and will be found in the selections under their respective divisions. From a MS. of St. Augustine of Canterbury, Mr. Arthur Agard[1] has quoted, perhaps, the most ancient epitaph belonging to England. It is that of King Kenelme, son of Kenelphus, who was said to have been murdered at the instigation of his sister Quendreda, by some called Heskebert, and hid in a wood in the county of Stafford :—

In clene sub spina jacet in convalle bovina,
Vertice privatus Kenelmus fraude necatus.

1 Hearne's Discourses, vol. i. p. 248.



No. 16.

This epitaph is also quoted by Sir Jas. Ley,[1] from Mathew of Westminster,[2] thus :—

In clene kau bathe Kenelin Kynebearne,
Lith under thorne heaved byreaved.

[1] Hearne's Discourses, p. 121. [2] Ib. p. 298, 230.

No. 17.

Leonine verses prevailed in monumental inscriptions of the twelfth century. That of Gundrada,[1] the daughter of the Conqueror, at Lewes, is an apt illustration of this kind.

[1] In 1845 I paid a visit to Lewes to examine the tomb and remains of Gundrada, the fifth daughter of William the Conqueror and the wife of William Earl of Warenne. The leaden coffins of the earl and his wife, who were the founders of the Lewes Priory, had been discovered in making a cutting through the spot once so famous for its Cluniac Monastery founded soon after the Conquest, for the Hastings and Brighton Railway.* There

* A full description of the discovery will be seen in the Journal of the British Archæological Association, vol. i. pp. 346-357, and vol. ii. pp. 104-108.

Stirps, GUNDRADA, ducum, decus ævi, nobile germen,
Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsama morum,
Mart [*is* (or *tha*) *hanc ædem struxit Pancrati in honorem.*][1]
Martha fuit miseris, facit ex pietate Maria ;
Pars obiit Marthe, superest pars magna Marie,
O pie Pancrati, testis pietatis et equi,
Te facit heredem, tu clemens suscipe matrem.
Sexta kalendarum Junii lux obvia carnis
Infregit alabastrum, [*superest pars optima cælo.*]

GUNDRED, illustrious branch of ducal race,
Brought into England's church balsamic grace ;
Pious as Mary, and as Martha kind,
To generous deeds she gave her virtuous mind.
Though the cold tomb her Martha's part receives,
Her Mary's better part for ever lives,
O holy Pancras ! keep with gracious care,
A mother who has made thy sons her heir.
On the sixth calend of June's fatal morn,
The marble frame, by inward struggles torn,
Freed the pure soul, which upwards bent its way,
To realms of love, and scenes of endless day.

In France, there were few Epitaphs in the French language before the thirteenth century, and these were chiefly soliciting the prayers of the living for the souls of the departed ; a practice common in Roman Catholic countries, and much followed in England, as seen upon various incised slabs, brasses, &c., recorded in the Archæologia, County Histories, &c. French epitaphs were common in England till the middle of the fourteenth, but continued to be used in the fifteenth century. The specimen in Canterbury Cathedral, of Edward the Black Prince, who died in 1376, affords an excellent example.

Tu qi passez oue bouche close :
Par la ou ce corps repose :

could be no question as to who were the occupants, for their names were inscribed.

[1] The portions distinguished in italics have been suggested by Mr Blauw, for those which are now lost in the inscription.

Entent ce qe te dirai :
Sicome le dire le say :
Tiel come tu es ie au tiel fu :
Tu serras tiel come ie su :
De la mort ne pensai ie mye :
Tantcome iauoi la vie :
En t're auoi g^{a}nd richesse :
Dont ie y fis g^{a}nd noblesse :
Terre mesons & g^{a}nd tresor :
Draps chiuaux argent & or :
Mes ore su ieo poures & cheitifs :
Per fond en la t're gis :
Ma g^{a}nd beaute est tout alee :
Ma char est tout gastee :
Moult est estroit ma meson :
En may na si verite non :
Et si ore me veissez :
Je ne quide pas qe vous deissez :
Le ie eusse onqes homme este :
Si su ie ore de tant changee :
Pur dieu priez au celestien Roy.
Qe mercy ait de larme de moy :
Touz ceulx qe pur moy prieront :
On a dieu macorderont :
Dieu les mette en son paray.
Ou nul ne poet estre cheitifs.

Whoso thou be that passeth bye,
Where these corpes interred lie :
Understand what I shall saye,
As at this time speake I maye.
Such as thou art, sometyme was I ;
Such as I am, such shalt thou bee.
I little thought on the houre of death,
Soe long as I enjoyed breath ;
Greate riches here I did possesse,
Whereof I made great noblenesse ;
I had gold, silver, wardrobe, and
Greate treasures, horses, houses, lande,
But now a caitiffe, poore am I,
Deepe in the ground, lo here I lie!

My beautye greate is all quite gone,
My fleshe is wasted to the bone.
My house is narrow nowe and thronge,
Nothinge but truthe comes from my tongue:
And if ye shoulde see mee this daye,
I do not thinke but ye wolde saye,
That I had never beene a man;
So moch altered nowe I am!
For God's sake, praye to the heavenly kinge,
That he my soul to heaven wolde bringe;
All theye that praye and make accorde
For mee unto my God and Lorde;
GOD place them in his paradice,
Wherein noe wretched caitiffe lies.

Another more modern version has been given in the Gentleman's Magazine, from the pen of Mr. J. Gough Nichols:—

Whoe'er thou art, with lips comprest,
That passest where this corpse doth rest,
To that I tell thee, list, O man!
So far as I to tell thee can.
Such as thou art I was but now,
And as I am so shalt be thou.
Death little did my thoughts employ,
So long as I did life enjoy;
On earth great riches were my fate,
With which I kept a noble state;
Great lands, great houses, treasure great,
Hangings and horses, gold and plate.
But now I am but poor and base,
Deep in the earth is now my place,
My flesh is wasted all away,
Reduced my splendour to decay;
My house is very strait and short,
Forsooth in me is utter naught,
Nay, such a change has past o'er me,
That, could you now my features see,
I scarcely think you aught could scan
To show that I was once a man.

For God's sake pray the heavenly king
That he my soul to mercy bring!
All who for me their prayers shall spend,
Or me to God shall recommend,
God make his paradise their home,
Wherein no wicked soul may come.

An earlier example offers at Lewes, on John Warren, seventh Earl of Surrey, who died A.D. 1304.[1]

Vous qe passez, ou bouche close
Pries pur cely ke cy repose:
En vie come vous estis jadis fu,
Et vous tiel serietz come je su:
Sire Johan count de Gareyn gyst icy:
Dieu da sa alme est mercy.
Ky pur sa alme priera
Troiz mill jours de pardon avera.

An example of the early part of the fifteenth century is to be found in the choir of Lincoln Cathedral, on Katherine Swinford, wife of John of Gaunt:—

Ici gist Dame Katherine, duchesse di Lancastre, jadys femme de la tres noble et tres gracious prince John duc de Lancaster; fils a tres noble roy Edward le tierce. La quelle Katherine moreult le x jour dc May l'an de grace mil. cccc. tierz. De quelle almes Dieu eyt mercy et pitee, Amen.

An early epitaph in the vulgar tongue is recorded of a member of the Saville family, at Thornhill, in Yorkshire. It runs thus, and may belong to the early part of the fourteenth century:—

Bonyse emongg stonys lys ful
steyl gwylste the sawle wan
deris were that God wylethe.

[1] He died at Kensington, and was buried at Lewes. The king ordered prayers for his soul to be made throughout the province of Canterbury, and the diocese of London, also in the Abbeys of St. Austin, Canterbury, Westminster, Waltham, St. Alban's, St. Edmondsbury, and Evesham, and forty days' indulgence was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Chichester, Durham, Carlisle, Lincoln, Coventry, and Litchfield, and thirty by the Bishop of Rochester, to all who should pray for his soul.

At the close of the same century (1393), on a brass in Wanlip Church, Leicestershire, to the memory of Sir Thomas Walsh and Lady,[1] we read :—

Here lyes Thomas Walsch knyght lorde of Anley and dame Katrine his wyfe whiche in her tyme made the kirke of Anley and halud the kirkyeed first in wurchip of god and of oure ladye and seynt Nicholas that god habe her sowles and mercy anno dni millmo ccc monagesimo tercio.

Weever gives from St. Antholin's:—

On Simon and Agnes Street. ob. 1400.

Such as I am, such sall ye be ;
Grocer of London somtym was I :
The king's waigher more than yeres twenty.
Simon Street callyd in my plas,
And good fellowshyp fayn would tras.
Therfor in heven everlasting lif
Jesu send me and *Agnes* my wyf.
Kerli Merli my words were tho,
And Deo Gratias, I added therto,
I passyd to *God* in the yere of grase,
A thowsand four hundred just hit was.

Blomefield has also an early one in English from Holm Church, in Norfolk, about the year 1404 :—

Henry Notingham and hys wyffe lyne here
yat maden this churche, stepnl, and quere,
two bestments and bellez they made also,
Crist hem sabe therefore fro wo !
and to bringe ther sowles to bles of heben
saith Pater and Abe with mylde steben.

Henry de Nottingham was an itinerant judge in the reign of Richard II., and one of the council of the Duchy of Lancaster, 5th and 6th Henry IV.

[1] Waller's Monumental Brasses.

In St Bride's, Fleet Street :—

ON WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH WEVER.

Under this ston *William Wever* doth ly,
Cityzon, and *Elizabeth* his wyf hym by.
He died the viij and she the vij day of September,
Leving *Geffrey, Mary* and *Ellin,* thar children as I remember.
Whos sowls God receyve to favor and pease,
Wyth joyes to lyve that nevyr sal cease. 1409.

In St. Peter's at St. Alban's, of the date of 1420, is the following :—

In the yere of Crist on thowsand four hundryd ful trow
wyth fowr and sixteen
I Rychard Skipwith gentylman in birth, late fellow of New
Inne
In my age twenti on my sowl partyd from the body in
August the sixteenth day
And now I ly her abyding Gods mercy undyr this ston in
clay
Desyring yow yt this sal see unto the Heyden pray for mee
That bare both God and Man
Like as ye wold yt oder for ye shold
When ye ne may nor can.

On a brass of William Chichele (brother of the celebrated Archbishop), and Beatrice his wife, in Higham Ferrers Church, Northamptonshire, of the date of 1425 :—

Such as ye be, such wer we
Such as we be, such shal ye be :
Lerneth to deye, that is the Lawe,
That this Lif yow to wold drawe,
Sorroe or Gladnes noughte letten age,
But on he cometh to Lord or Page,
Wherfor for us that ben [goo]
[Preyeth as oth]er shal you doo,
That God of his benignyte,
On us habe mercy and Pite,
And nought rememb'r ou[r Wykedne]sse,
Sith he has bought us of his Goodnesse. Amen.

On a brass in Arreton church, Isle of Wight, *circa* 1430, is also an early example in the English language :—

Here is ybyried . under this grabe
Harry Hawles . his soule god sabe
longe tyme steward . of the yle of wyght
habe m'cy on hym . god ful of myght.

On a brass representing an emaciated figure in a sheet in Salle church, Norfolk. (1454.)

Here lyth John Brigge undir this marbil ston,
Whos sowle our lorde ihu habe mercy bpon,
For in this world worthyly he libed many a day,
And here his bodi is berried and cowched undir clay,
Lo, frendis, see, whateber ye be, pray for me i you pray,
As ye me see in soche degree so schall ye be another day.

This is given in Cotman's Monumental Brasses, and is probably the earliest representation known of a skeleton on a brass.—Gough does not mention any so early.

Of 1459, there is at Stone,

On Richard Bonevant.

Preyeth for the sowl in wey of cheritie
Of *Richard Bontfant* late mercer of London.
For the brethren and sisters of this fraternitie,
Owner of the plas called Castle of the Ston ;
Remembyr hym that is leyd under ston.
For hys soul, & al christian to prey
To the merciful *Jesew,* a pater-noster anon,
An ave to his moder, and mak no delay.
In March which decyssyd the xix dey.
In the year of our Lord God who kepe hym fro pyne
A thousand fowr hundryd fifty and nine.

Weever records one of the date of 1460, on John Burton and his wife, at St. Michael Bassishaw.

John Burton lyeth under here,
Sometimes of London, citizen and mercer ;
And Jenet his wife with their progeny,
Been turned to erth, as ye may see.

Frends fere, what so yee bee,
Prey for us we you prey,
As you see us in this degree;
So shall you be another dey.

Lipscombe, in his History of Buckingham, (vol. i. p. 125,) records the following at Chearsley. On a slab in the middle of the chancel are the effigies of John and Margaret Franklyn, and beneath them seven children, with the following inscription:

Her' lyth John Ffrankeleyn and Margarete hys wyff, which ordeyned 1 leystowe to this Chirche, and divine service to be doone every holyday in the yer'. A°. M°cccclxij. on whos' soules God have mercy. Amen.

In the middle of the same century, on a brass[1] in Thame church, Oxon, we have

O Certeyn Deth that now hast outhrow
Richard Quatremayns squyer and Sibil his Wife that lie here now full (lowe)
That with Rial Princes of Counsel was true and wise famed
To Richard Duke of York and aftur with his sone Kyng Edward the iiijth named
That foundid in the Chirche of Thame a Chauntrie. vi. Pore men and a Fraternyte
In the Worship of Seynt Christofere to be relevid in Ppetuyte
(They) that of ther almys for their Soulis a Pater Noster and (Ave) devoutly wul sey
Of Holy Ffadurs is granted they pdon of Dayes Forty alwey
Wiche Richard and Sibil out of the worlde passid yere of
Oure Lorde A M° cccclx — uppon their Soules jhu have Mercy amen.

Of 1463 I have met with two examples, one on John Baret, at St. Mary's church, St. Edmund's Bury.

[1] Boutell's Brasses.

JOHN He that will sadly behold me with his ie,
Maye see his own Merowr and lerne to die. BARET.

Wrappid in a schete, as a ful rebli wretche,
No mor of al my minde to me ward wil streche.
From erthe I kam and on to erth I am brought,
This is my natur: for of erthe I was wrought.
Thus erthe on to erthe tendeth to knet.
So endeth ech creature: doeth John Baret.
Wherfore ye pepil in waye of charitie,
With your goode prayers I praye ye helpe me.
For such as I am: right so shelle ye al bi,
Now God on my sowle: habe merci and pitie.
Amen.

The other in St. Nicholas Acons,

ON RICHARD AND ELIZABETH PAYNE.

O ye dere frendys whych sall here aftyr be,
Of yowr devotion plese ye to remembyr
Me *Richard Payne*, which of this noble cite
Somtym whylst I liv'd, was citizen and drapier:
And now thro Goddys grace buryd am I here,
For mercy to abyd aftyr this lif present;
Trestyng by preyer celestiall, joy to be my judgment.
Wherfor o my frendys dere, my soul ye like assist,
And eke *Elizabeth* my wyf and chyldren[1] on by on,
And I sall prey God fro peyne yowr souls to resist,
The sooner by mediation of blessyd St. Albion,
On whos day in Jun on M CCCC. lx. and thrice on,
Then being the year of God, as hit him did plese,
Out of this present world did I discese.

Two years later, at St. Lawrence Old Jewry,

ON JOHN AND ELIZABETH PICKERING.

The honorable merchant *Jo'n Pickering*,
And *Elizabyth*, lyc undyr this ston:
Of the English merchant venturers undyr the kyng,
In the martis beyond see, governor was this *Jon*,

[1] 16.

Thirty yeere & more that roome he did manteyn,
To his honor & worschip, and died in Novembyr,
The xxix day, M CCCC fourty & eight certeyn.
Whos soul & al christians for cheritie remembyr.

On a brass[1] in Broxbourne church, 1473 :—

Here lyeth Dame Elizabeth sometyme wyf to Sir John Say Knight, daughter of Laurence Cheny Esquyer of Cambrigge Shire, a woman of noble blode and most noble in gode maners which decessed the xth day of September. The yere of oure Lord A Mcccc lxxiij and entired in this chirche of Brokesborn abydyng the bodye of hir said husband whose soules God bryng to eberlasting blisse.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, we learn from the same authority, on a brass in Standon church, Hertfordshire :—

Here lyeth John Feld sometyme Alderman of London a merchant of the Stapull of Caleys the whech decessed the xbi day of August in the yere of our lord god Mcccc lxxiij. Also her' lyeth John hys son Squire ye whech decessed the iiij day of May ye yere of .....

At Colney :—

On Thomas Bettys.

Qwan the Belle ys solemplye rownge
And the messe wyth devosyon songe
Ande the mete meryly hete
Sone shall sere Thomas Bettys be forgete.

On whose sowle God have mercy. Amen.
Qui obiit v° die Aprilis A°. D'ni M.CCCCLXXXI.

At St. Alphage, Canterbury :—

John Caxton.

Pray for the sawlys of John Caxton and of Jone
And Isabel that to this church great good hath done,
In making new in the Chancell
Of Dextrys, and Sotys as well,

[1] Waller's Monumental Brasses.

An Antiphon the which did bye,
With a table of the Martyrdome of St. Alphye;
For thing much which did pay,
And departed out of this life of October the 12. day.
And Isabel his second wiff
Passed to blisse where is no strife
The xijth day to tell the trowth
Of the same moneth as our Lord knoweth,
In the yeare of our Lord God, a thousand fower hundred fowerscore and five.

And in 1487, in St. Antholin's—

On Doctor Lempster.

Under this black marbl ston, lyth the body of Master *Walter Lempster*, doctor of phisick, and also phisition to the high & mighty prynce Hen. VII, whych Master Lempster gayve unto thys chyrch too cheynes of fyne gold, weying xiiii ounces and a quarter, for to make a certeyn ornament, to put on the blessyd body of our Saviour Jesu. He died the ix of March, M.cccclxxxvij. Whos sowl God pardon.

On a brass in Winwick Church, Lancashire :—

Here lieth peers Gerard esquyer son and heyre of Sir Thomas Gerard Knyght of the Bryne whiche maried Margaret daughter to Sir Willm Starley of Haton Knyght and oone of the heyres of Sir John Bromley knyght whiche died the xix day of June the yere of oure lord M cccc lxxxxij on whose sowle God habe mercy. Amen.

On Richard Brylton and wife, at Dartford, Kent, 1496 :

O pytefull creatur conceibing erthly sepulture
Of Katryn brylton subterrat ix day wt yn June
Thowsand iiij c. lxxxvj yer accurrent
wt rychard brylton Jantilmā spows to the Katryn
Expired thowsand bc — — — —
wt hyer thus cumbent ask criest ma gce yt is urgent
wher thorow y pray our of theys twen schall he be sabyour.

In the sixteenth century inscriptions multiply, and in the early part we meet with the following examples :—

At Stoke Rochford, Lincolnshire, a brass to Oliver St. John, the ancestor of the Viscounts Bolingbroke :—

Pray for the soll of Mastyr Olyb Sentjohn squier sonne unto ye right excellent hye and myghty prynces duchess of Somsete gndame unto ou sobeyn lord kynge Herre the bii and for the soll of dame Elizabeth Bygod his wiff who deptid this trnsitore liffe ye xb day of June t ye yere of ou lord m cccc and iij.

On a brass of the date of 1505, 20th Henry VII., of John Stodeley, Canon, in the chancel of Over Winchenden Church, Buckinghamshire :—

Syr iohn Stodeley and hys mother Emmot lynn under thys marbyll stone habe mynde of us forget us nat we pray to you frendys everychone that our soulis in blys may be say A pater noster with an abe .....

On a brass in St. Mary at the Tower, Ipswich :—

Of your charitie pray for the soull of Alys late the wyf of Thomas Baldry merchant somtyme the wyfe of Master Robert Wymbyll Notari which Alys decessed the iiijth day of August the yere of oure Lord thousand cccc bi on whose soul ihu habe mercy and on all cristin soullis Amen.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster :—

On John and Agnes Den.

Here lyes under this ston,
John Den barber surgeon
And Agnes hys wyf, who to hevyn went,
M. ccccc & x that is verament.
For whos soul, of your cherite,
Say a pater noster & an ave.

And in 1511, at Saffron Walden :—

On Thomas Holden.

Have mercy good Lord on the soul of *Thomas Holden*,
That hit may rest wyth God good neyghbors say Amen.
He gave the new organs whereon hys name is set ;
For bycause only yee should not hym forget ;

In your good preyers: to God he tooke hys wey,
On thowsand fyve hundryd and elevin, in Novembyr the fourth dey.

On a brass at St. Michael, Penkivil, near Falmouth :—

Pray for the soule of maister John Trembras maistr of arte & late p'son of this churche, which decessed the xiij day of Septembre in the yere of our lord god ml bc & xb on whose soule Jhu habe mercy.

At Stoke D'Aubernon, Surrey :—

Pray for the sowle of Elyn bray dowghtur of Sir Edmond bray knight and Jane hys wyfe whiche elyn dyed ye xbi day of May A° mbxbi.

At Great Berkhampstead, on a brass beneath a shrouded figure :—

Here lyeth buryed under thys stone the bodye of Katerÿne Incent sumtyme the wyf of Robert Incent gent' father and mother unto John Incent docto' of ye lawe, who hath done many benefyt and ornament gíben unto thys chapell of Seynt John which sayd Katerÿne dyed the xi day of Marche ye xii yere of the reygne of king Henry the biii.

These examples may suffice as to English inscriptions on the brasses. The most familiar language of Epitaphs is the Latin. In viewing the remains of sepulchres and monuments every one must have felt that the venerable idea of antiquity spreads a soothing, though melancholy gloom, while to the classical scholar the poetical sweetness and literary diffusion of the inscriptions in the Latin tongue, concur to preserve the remembrance even after the latest ruins of both are defaced. It is generally admitted that of all languages there is none equal to the Latin for aptness in inscriptions. The Spanish has been commended for its terseness of expression, and the English, as many of our inscriptions show, admits of considerable force and elegance. The difficulty, however, of composing an appropriate or satisfactory inscription in the English language, has been so generally felt, that many of our statues of recent erection record only the name, or at the most are accompanied by the date of birth and decease, of the individuals in whose honour they have been established. The

statues of William Pitt in Hanover Square, of George Canning at Palace Yard, of Lord George Bentinck in Cavendish Square, and of Sir Robert Peel in Cheapside, may be cited as examples of this description. Neither Nelson at Trafalgar Square, nor Wellington[1] at the Royal Exchange, or at the top of Constitution Hill, have even a name.

The late Dr. Parr, whose known excellence in the composition of Monumental inscriptions, entitles him to be regarded as a most competent authority, was decidedly in favour of the Latin language for Epitaphs; yet Dr. Parr wrote several English Epitaphs, and they are deservedly considered as the best of their kind. No one was more alive to the difficulties of this species of composition than the learned Doctor. I have enjoyed the privilege of hearing him discourse upon this subject, and have marvelled at the extent of the critical classical knowledge he had at command, and by the display of which he was in the habit of illustrating his opinions. To estimate aright the great difficulty in attaining excellence in epitaphial writing, it is sufficient to refer to the correspondence of Dr. Parr with Sir Joshua Reynolds, in relation to the monumental inscription for Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's Cathedral.[2] In 1790 Mr. Seward applied to Dr. Parr to ascertain whether he would be willing to undertake an edition of Dr. Johnson's Works for Mr. Cadell, the bookseller, and at the time of making this enquiry he expressed a wish that the Doctor would turn his

[1] Yet how appropriate (as suggested by a writer in the Quarterly Review) would have been those elegant lines composed by his brother, the Marquess Wellesley; and how deeply interesting, too, would have been their application to one so closely allied by consanguinity to their noble author. How truly graceful the alliance of the learning and taste of the one, with the heroism and distinguished qualities of the other.

Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
Invictum bello te coluere ducem
Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu
Ut desit famæ gloria nulla tuæ;

which, although elegantly translated by the noble Marquis, loses much of its power of expression in its English dress:

Europe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim,
Invincible in war, thy deathless name.
Now round thy brows the civic oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine!

[2] See Works, vol. iv. p. 679. Also vol. viii. p. 555-656. The numerous Inscriptions written by the learned Doctor, will be found in vol. iv. p. 559-676, and Illustrations of the same, p. 677-718.

thoughts upon an Epitaph for Johnson's intended monument. On the latter subject Dr. Parr was silent, which occasioned Mr. Seward to iterate a request that he would do so, at the desire of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. James Boswell. Upon this Dr. Parr addressed to Sir Joshua a letter strictly confidential, prohibiting any one except Mr. Windham (on the soundness of whose judgment and the delicacy of whose honour Dr. P. could implicitly and entirely confide) from being made acquainted with its contents. In this admirable letter the learned Doctor enters fully into the subject, and candidly states the difficulties presented to his mind with regard to the composition of the Epitaph. "Johnson (he observes) was a great writer, an accurate scholar, and a good man. Upon his correct and profound knowledge of the Latin language, I have always spoken with unusual zeal and unusual confidence, in opposition to the cavils of Monboddo, and to the insinuations of Joseph Warton. Whatever may have been the success of his efforts in Latin epitaphs, he had most just notions of the art itself; and my opinion is, that beyond all other men in the world, he has a right to such an inscription as perfectly corresponds with his ideas of the art, and his skill in Latinity. Now the question is, from whom such an inscription is to be obtained? In regard to myself, I distrust my own abilities to perform what is excellent, in proportion as I understand in what excellence consists. Already have I told Seward of my objections to the lapidary style; and yet this, unfortunately, is the style in which almost all modern epitaphs are composed. Novelty itself, therefore, will wear the appearance of singularity, and singularity will be imputed to pedantry, or to ignorance. What is simple, may be generally unintelligible and unpleasing; and what is not simple, will in my judgment be grossly improper. Besides, the peculiarity and the amplitude of Johnson's character, cannot, I fear, be luminously described in that diction which I should think myself authorized to employ. Even the most marked and splendid phraseology which usually appears upon epitaphs, would be offensive to my taste, and among real scholars, would be degrading to my reputation. Terence, Cæsar, Livy, Tacitus, and even Cicero, whose writings are the common storehouse of modern Latinity, are, according to my apprehensions, merely a *plebs superûm* upon such an occasion.

Simple must be the form of the whole epitaph, simple must be every phrase. But that which is simple will appear neither striking nor proper to the numerous class of readers, especially where every reader will think himself a critic. The inscription itself may be written according to the best Latin models; but the man upon whom it is written is an English writer, and every enlightened English reader will therefore expect to find something which he has found before, in the trite and popular language of modern epitaphs. Yet they cannot find it, if the sentiments, or if the words, or if the construction be suited to that charming simplicity, which alone I see in the epitaphs of antiquity, and which alone I can persuade myself to adopt upon a modern subject. If Latin is to be the language, the whole spirit and the whole phraseology ought to be such as a Latin writer would use."[1]

If epitaphs were addressed only to the learned, then the opinion of Johnson, Parr, and others might be received as to the propriety of universally employing the Latin language in their composition. High authorities, among whom may be mentioned the late Sir James Mackintosh, might be cited favourable to the use of the English language in particular instances, such, for example, as that upon Goldsmith, who was eminently an English writer, or upon Mr. Fox, whose claims to notice rested chiefly upon his patriotic character. Those of public characters, however, whose monuments are sought after by foreigners, should be in the Latin language, as one which is common to all civilized nations; but if the purposes of an epitaph be to record noble actions for the example of others, it seems necessary that it should be conveyed in the language which by those to whom it is principally addressed, it would be best understood. Latin certainly has been by scholars universally regarded as the language adapted to epitaphs, and Dr.

[1] Works, vol. iv. p. 680. The classical reader will be not only amused but instructed by a perusal of the entire correspondence between Dr. Parr, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Scott, Mr. Malone, Dr. Charles Burney, and Dr. Martin Routh, on this subject, the whole of which is brought to a conclusion by a letter from Dr. Parr to "Dear Ned" (*i. e.* Edward Maltby, his favourite pupil, the late learned Bishop of Durham), in which he details the original construction of the epitaph, the several objections urged to the employment of certain words, the alterations proposed, the substitution of others, and the final determination of the inscription as it now presents itself on the statue of Johnson in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Johnson's opinion on this subject being well known, it was with some hesitation, and not without much fear, that the friends of Dr. Goldsmith entertaining a strong feeling with regard to the inscription for him being in English, as more appropriate to his character and more consonant with his own wishes, ventured to make known to Dr. Johnson this their desire; and it was at length resolved that the same should be communicated to him by means of a "Round Robin," which was drawn up by the Rev. Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Bishop of Limerick, described by Mr. Prior as replete with wit and humour. Fearful, however, of exhibiting too great a levity on such an occasion, and with a profound awe of the Doctor's severity, Dr. B.'s sketch was abandoned, and Edmund Burke, seizing the pen, composed the following with his accustomed facility and ability:

"We, the circumscribers, having read with great pleasure an intended Epitaph for the monument of Dr. Goldsmith, which, considered abstractedly, appears to be, for elegant composition and masterly style, in every respect worthy of the pen of its learned author, are yet of opinion that the character of the deceased as a writer, particularly as a poet, is perhaps not delineated with all the exactness which Dr. Johnson is capable of giving it. We, therefore, with deference to his superior judgment, humbly request that he would at least take the trouble of revising it, and of making such additions and alterations as he shall think proper upon a further perusal. But if we might venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to request that he would write the epitaph in English rather than in Latin; as we think that the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works are likely to be so lasting an ornament: which we also know to have been the opinion of the late Doctor himself."

Round the circle in which this was written were the distinguished names of Edmund Burke, Thomas Franklin, Anthony Chamier, George Colman, W. Vaskell, Joshua Reynolds, W. Forbes, T. Barnard, R. B. Sheridan, P. Metcalfe, E. Gibbon, and Joseph Warton. Sir Joshua Reynolds was selected to be the bearer of this missive, and he received for answer from the intellectual lion, that "he could never consent to disgrace the

walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription." "I wonder (said he) that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool:" adding, "I should have thought 'Mund Burke, too, would have had more sense."

The following is the inscription as written by Dr. Johnson:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens, at lenis, dominator;
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus;
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus Hibernià, Forneiæ Lonfordiensis
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. xxix, MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ literis institutus.
Obiit Londini. [Apr. iv. MDCCLXXIV.]

By the love of his associates,
The fidelity of his friends,
And the veneration of his readers,
This monument is raised
To the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
A poet, a natural philosopher, and a historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched by his pen;
Nor touched any that he did not embellish;
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
He was a powerful yet gentle master
Over the affections;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject:
In expression, at once lofty, elegant, and graceful.

He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney,
And county of Longford,
29th November, 1731.[1]
Educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
April 4th, 1774.

Burke was decidedly of opinion that the vernacular language of a country was the proper one for a mortuary inscription, and considered, that though it might not be so durable as the Latin, yet that it was sufficiently so, to be intelligible as long as it was likely to be preserved, with the advantage of being universally understood. To support this opinion it has been stated that the Greeks used no Latin, and the Latins no Greek in their inscriptions. Burke wrote a few inscriptions in the English language; those on William Dowdeswell, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Sir George Saville will be found in the annexed Collection. That on Dowdeswell, however powerful and excellent, has the great fault of being too lengthy, and tires by its extent. Parr wrote a very large number of inscriptions for monuments and statues, most of which are in the Latin language; but he also wrote several English ones, and no less than sixteen of these have been preserved and printed in his Works,[2] some of which have been selected for this Collection. Among his English Inscriptions it is not a little singular that he should have left one for himself, which to me has the most perfect feature of an

[1] This has been since ascertained to be incorrect, the year of his birth was 1728.

[2] In English there are inscriptions to Dr. Priestley, Mr. Lloyd, Mrs. Dealtry, Mr. Ingram, and Mr. Bartlam: and in Latin he wrote, among others, for the following most celebrated men:—The Duke of Bedford, Edmund Burke, Dr. Charles Burney, Bennet Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Farmer, the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, Edward Gibbon, Dr. S. Johnson, Dr. James Johnstone, Dr. Lubbock, Sir John Moore, Dr. Pereival, the Right Hon. William Pitt, Professor Porson, Dr. Matthew Raine, Dr. Sumner, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Thackeray, Rev. Mr. Twining, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Joseph Warton.—These are severally to he found in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Cathedrals of Worcester and Winchester, Emanuel College, Charter House, &c. &c.

Epitaph, as it conveys to us an admonition drawn from Scripture.[1]

Many arguments might be adduced in favour of Epitaphs in the English language, and much must depend upon the situation in which they are to be placed. In a country church, amidst an agricultural population, little remembrance of their benefactor in the person of the lord of the manor, or some good and elevated individual who had resided in their vicinity, could be secured by having the inscription on their tablet written in a dead language. In the seats of learning, at our universities, it seems most appropriate to let classical elegance have its fair play; it may then be in a language with which all are acquainted, and a lesson may even be taught by its perusal in the very elegance of its composition.

The taste and the style of the language of an Epitaph is a matter of the very first consideration. I partake, in common with Sir Joshua Reynolds, an abhorrence of pertness or quaintness either in the style or sentiment of an Epitaph; yet he was not indisposed to admit of something of the epigrammatic turn in the composition of it. On this head, he, in his reply to a letter from Dr. Parr in reference to the inscription for Dr. Johnson's monument, tells us that he remembers once having made an observation to the celebrated Edmund Burke, that "it would be no bad definition of one sort of epitaphs, to call them grave epigrams. Burke repeated

[1] This monument is placed in the chancel of Hatton Church, and reads thus:—

On the north side of this chancel lieth the Body
Of Mrs. Jane Parr,
Who died at Teignmouth, Devon,
April 9th, in the year 1810,
Aged 63;
And next are deposited the Remains of her Husband,
The Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.,
Who for 39 years
Was resident and officiating Minister of this Parish,
And who died on the 6th of March, in the year 1825,
Aged 78.
Christian Readers!
What doth the Lord require of you,
But to do Justice, to Love Mercy,
To be in Charity with your neighbours,
To Reverence your Holy Redeemer,
And to walk Humbly with your God?

the words '*grave* epigrams' and gave me (says Sir Joshua) the credit of a pun, which I never intended." What Armstrong said of the *best* language is peculiarly applicable to that which should characterize epitaphs. It should be by expressing the thoughts in the shortest, clearest, and easiest way, by the most harmonious arrangement of the best chosen words both for meaning and sound. By this course it will be strong and expressive without stiffness or affectation, and it will be short and concise without being either obscure or ambiguous; thus easy, flowing, and disengaged it will not embrace one undetermined or superfluous word.

A very large proportion of epitaphs exhibit instances of glaring deficiency of taste, by the employment of unnaturally turgid writing, and the sentiment intended to be conveyed is most frequently destroyed by forced and exaggerated language. Pope's inscription for Sir Isaac Newton was not transferred to marble; it was in a certain degree a play upon a passage of Scripture, and might therefore be regarded as in bad taste; it savoured of profanity to apply to any human being, however exalted by his intellect, that which was a fiat of the Almighty:—

ISAACUS NEWTONUS,
Quem immortalem
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum,
Mortalem,
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night;
GOD said, LET NEWTON BE, and all was Light.

To Newton there are many inscriptions.

At Colsterworth:

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,
who first demonstrated the laws by which
the Almighty made and governs the universe,
was born at Woolsthorpe in this parish,
on Christmas Day, 1642,
and was buried in Westminster Abbey 1727.
Three generations of the Newtons,
Lords of the Manor of Woolsthorpe, are buried
near this place.

In Westminster Abbey :

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Here is deposited Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, who, by the light of mathematical learning, and a force of mind almost divine, first explained the motions and figures of the planets and planetary orbits : the paths of the comets, the tides, and the ocean : and discovered what no one before had ever suspected, the difference of the rays of light, and the distinction of colours thence arising. He was a diligent, faithful, and penetrating interpreter of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture. By his philosophy he asserted the Majesty of God, the greatest and most glorious of all Beings ; and by his morals expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that there has been so great, so good a man, the glory of the human race.

Dr. Johnson censures the omission of the name in many of our Poetical Epitaphs ; he considers that it ought always to be inserted, and that the absurdity of the omission may be at once exposed by inquiring how the epitaphs which have outlived the stones on which they were inscribed, would have contributed to the information of posterity, had they wanted the names of those whom they celebrated. Departure from this rule, however, is by no means uncommon, and also in Epitaphs of considerable merit. Many instances will be found in the accompanying selection for this work. There are few epitaphs which do not apply to all mankind. This must of necessity be true ; the universality of death commands it.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course :—the race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling childhood legend's store
Of their strange ventures, happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks :—the tide returning hoarse
To snatch them from our sight. Time rolls its ceaseless course."—*Walter Scott.*

And Young :

"Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep

Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss."

On more than one tomb I have found the following :—

The bitter cup that Death gave me,
Is passing round to come to thee.

The same has been variously given in different languages :

In Canterbury Cathedral :—

Ou tu passe, j'ay passe ;
Et par ou jay passe, tu passeras
Au monde comme toi jay este
Et mort comme moi tu seras.

Where now thou passest I have often passed ;
And where I have once, thou must also pass.
Now thou art in the world, and so was I ;
But yet, as I have done, so thou must die.

In Picardy, of the thirteenth century :—

Ce qu'or es je la fue
Et vous serez ce qu'or je sui
Priez pour nous
Celle qui dit ces vers
Est mangie des vers
Et serez vous.

In the village of the Authieux, near Rouen—the inscription being surmounted by a death's head—we read :

Passant penses—tu pas
Passer par ce passage
Ou passant j'ai passe ?
Si tu n'y penses pas
Passant tu n'es pas sage
Car en n'y pensant pas
Tu te berras passe.

Again :

Look, man, before thee, how thy death hasteth ;
Look, man, behind thee, how thy life wasteth ;
Look on thy right side, how death thee desireth ;
Look on thy left side, how sin thee beguileth :

Look, man, above thee, joys that ever will last;
Look, man, beneath thee, the pains without rest.

At St. Giles', South Mimms, Herts, under a niche in the wall, where a skull is represented :—

Oulde look on why turne away thine eyne.
This is no stranger's face, the phesnamey is thine.

At Higham Ferrers :—

WILLIAM CHICHELE AND BEATRIX HIS WIFE.

Such as ye be such was we, such as we bee such shall ye bee.
Lerneth to deye that is the lawe. That this lif now to wol drawe.
Sorwe or gladnesse nought letten age. But on he cometh to lord and page.
Wherfor for us that ben goo. Preyth as other shall for you doo
That god of his benignyte. On us habe mercy and pite.
and nought remember our wykedness. Sith he us bought of his goodnesse. Amen.

At Edinburgh :—

Remember man, as thou goes by;
As thou art now, so once was I;
As I am now, so shalt thou be:
Remember, man, that thou must die.

At Gunwallow, near Helstone :—

Shall we all die
We shall die all
All die shall we
Die all we shall.

Inscriptions conveying the same idea with names attached are not unfrequent.

At Brill :

Such as yee are such were we
And such as we are such shall yee be
After the present and worldly lyffe
Therefore of youre charite
Say a Pater nr and an Abe
For the soules of John Woode and Maude his wyffe.

At Islington, on Alis Fowler, ob. 1540 :—

Behold and see, thus as I am so sal ye bee
When ye be dead and layd in grave
As ye have done so sal ye have.

At Binford, in Shropshire, on the tomb of Sir Edward Cornwall, Bart. ob. 1585, æt. 50 :—

For as you are so once was I,
And as I am so shall you be :
Although that ye be fair and young,
Wise, wealthy, hardy, stout and strong.

An early epitaph on Fabian the Chronicler, who died in 1511, and was buried in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, well expresses the same idea :—

Like as the day his course doth consume,
And the new morrow springeth againe as fast,
So man and woman by nature's costume,
This life to passe, at last in earth are cast.
In joy and sorrow, which here there time doe wast.
Never in one state but in course transitorie,
So full of change is of this world the glory.

This epitaph was entirely defaced even in the time of Weever. It is evidently composed upon a passage in the seventh chapter of Job, so beautifully paraphrased by George Sandys :—

" The life of man is a perpetual warre :
In misery and sorrow circular."

The universality of death is early expressed in the epitaph on the Abbot Gervaise de Blois, ob. 1160 :—

De Regum genere pater hic GERVASIUS[1] ecce
Monstrat defunctus, mors rapit omne genus.

Even Father Gervaise borne of kings' race,
Loe is dead, thus death all sorts doth deface.

These reflections, so natural, and the examples so perpetually occurring to notice, have been expressed through many centuries, of which the following are specimens : —

[1] He was a natural son of Stephen by Dameta, a gentlewoman of Normandy.

At Crediton :—

On Eadulph, Bishop of Devon, ob. 932.

Sis testis Christe, quod non jacet hic lapis iste,
Corpus ut ornetur, sed spiritus ut memoretur.
Quisquis eris qui transiris, sta, perlege, plora ;
Sum quod eris, fueramq. ; quod es ; pro me precor ora

Christ ! bear me witness, that this stone is not
Put here t'adorn a body, that must rot ;
But keep a name, that it mayn't be forgot.
Whoso doth pass, stay, read, bewail, I am
What thou must be ; was what thou art the same ;
Then pray for me, ere you go whence ye came.

At Sittingbourne :—

On Elizabeth Poodde.

I was as yee be, now in dust and clay,
Have mercy on my sowl yat bowght hit wit yi bloodde,
For Elisabeth of cherite, a Pater noster say,
Sumtymes I was the wyff of Edmonde Poodde.

At Inverness :—

On John Stewart, ob. 1607.

Hodie mihi cras tibi. Sic transit gloria mundi.

To day is mine, to morrow yours may be,
And so doth pass this world's poor pageantry.

At Inverness :—

On John Stewart.

Ask thou, who lies with this place so narrow ?
I'm here to-day, thou may'st be here to-morrow ;
Dust must return to dust, our mother ;
The soul returns to God our Father.

At Edinburgh :—

On George Heriot, ob. 1610.

Viator, qui sapis, unde sies, quid sis, quidque futurus sis, hinc nosce.

Vita mihi mortis, mors vitæ, janua facta est,
Solaque mors mortis vivere posse dedit.

Ergo quisquis adhuc mortali vesceris aura,
Dum licet, ut possis vivere, disce mori.

Passenger, who art wise, hence know whence you are, what you are, and what you are to be.

Life, gate of death ; death, gate of life, to me ;
Sole death of death gives life eternally.
Therefore, whoever breath draws from the air,
While live thou may'st, thyself for death prepare.

St. Stephen's, Ipswich :—

Robert Gippes, ob. 1624.

Even dust as I am now
And thou in time shall be
Such one was I as thou
Behold thyself by me.

In Lavenden Church :—

John Clifton, ob. 1690, æt. 46.

You Gentell Reader that stands my Tyme to view
I was on earth as well as you.
But as I am, so must you be ;
Therefore prepare to follow me.

At Houff :—

On M. W. ; W. F. ; and H. D. Ferguson.

Vos qui transitis, memores nostri, rogo, sitis ;
Estis, quod fuimus ; quod sumus, hoc eritis ;
Omnia transibunt ; nos ivimus, ibitis, ibunt
Ignari, gnari, conditione pari.
Hoc scio, quod vivit, qui me moriendo redemit,
Spes manet hoc membris indubitata meis.

Ye who pass by, of us pray mindful be,
You're what we were ; what now, and you shall see ;
All things shall pass ; we went, and you shall go,
Learned, unlearned, equally all so ;
I know that my Redeemer lives ; this hope,
To me in grave, is comfortable prope.

At Inverness :—

On John Cuthbert, ob. 1711.

In death, no difference is made
Betwixt the scepter and the spade.

At Islington :—

HUMPHREY BRIDGES, OB. 1770, ÆT. 42.

Reader, prepare to follow me,
For as I am so shall ye be ;
Thy body too must come to dust,
Therefore prepare, for die you must.
For life's uncertain, death is sure :
Sin is the wound, and Christ the cure,
Repent in time, and sin no more.

At Tichfield :—

JAMES STUART, OB. 1794.

Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
And view'd the dead, as thou dost me,
Ere long, thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

The resolution of the elements of our bodies has frequently been adverted to in monumental inscriptions :—

At Edmonton :—

ON JOHN AND ANN KIRTON.

Erth goyth upon erth as mold upon mold
Erth goyth upon erth al glystering in gold
As though erth to erth ner turne shold
And yet must erth to erth soner than he wolde.

At St. Martin's Ludgate, on Florens Caldwell, Esq., of London, and Ann Mary Wilde, his Wife :—

Earth goes to earth, as mold to mold ;
Earth treads on earth, glittering in gold :
Earth as to earth returne ne'er should ;
Earth shall to earth, goe e'er he would.

Earth upon earth consider may ;
Earth goes to earth naked away.

Earth though on earth be stont and gay,
Earth shall from earth passe poore away.

Be mercifull and charitable
Relieve the poor as thou art able
A shrowd to the grave
Is all thou shalt have.

The same idea has on more than one occasion been played upon in the following ludicrous manner :—

At Lampspring, in Germany :

O	QUID	TUA	TE
BE!	BIS?	BIA	ABIT
RA	RA	RA	
ES	ET	IN	
RAM	RAM	RAM	

I I

ET SIS UT EGO NUNC.

Of which the following is given as a solution :

O superbe! quid superbis? tua superbia,
Te superabit.
Terra es, et in terram ibis
Et sis ut ego[1] nunc.

O vain man! what haughtiness thou assumest! thy pride shall overcome thee. Earth thou art and to earth thou shalt return, and thou shalt be as I am now.

Another version has been given in "Notes and Queries" (2,311).

O quid tuæ
be best biæ
ra ra ra
es et in
ram ram ram
ii.

The last four lines are endeavoured to be thus interpreted : Ra, ra, ra, is thrice ra, *i. e.* ter-ra=terra. Ram, ram, ram, is thrice ram, *i. e.* ter-ram=terram. ii is i twice, *i. e.* bis=ibis. Thus the last four lines are

Terra es et in terram ibis.

The Editor reads the first two thus :—

O superbe quid super est tuæ superbiæ.

There are not many examples of early epitaphs without a

[1] In some copies this line reads *Mox eris quod Ego nunc.*

name, but one occurs in the high choir of St. Alban's, on an Abbot whose name it appears is expressly omitted.

Hic quidem terra tegitur
Peccato solvens debitum
Cujus nomen non impositum
In Libro vitæ sit inscriptum.

Another instance without a name was in the cloister on the north side of St. Paul's, as recorded by Camden.[1]

Vixi, Peccavi, Penitui.
Naturæ Cessi.

Mr. Boyd[2] states it to be an established rule in the composition of epitaphs, that the name of the deceased should at least be mentioned once.

Monumental inscriptions have sometimes embraced more than one member of the same family in the same epitaph, as in the following on Alberic Vere, grandfather of the first Earl of Oxford, and his son. He was the founder of Colne Abbey. They were buried in A.D. 1088.

En puer, en senior, pater alter, filius alter,
Legem, fortunam, terram venere sub unam.

The inscription on the tomb of the Emperor Conrad, at Spires, offers a similar example of father and son :—

Filius hic, pater hic, avus hic, proavus jacet istic.

The following may also be cited as similar instances :—

Duorum Fratrum.

Una duos fratres tumuli capit urna, duosque
Una dies nasci vidit, et una mori.
F. Swertius.

Another.

Una domus vivis, est et domus una sepultis,
Lux parit una duos, lux necat una duos.
Jacobus Zevecotius.

[1] Hearne's Discourses, vol. i. p. 338. [2] Tributes to the Dead, p. 18.

St. Margaret's, Lynn :—

On William and John May.

Two brethren much endear'd, who us'd to have
In Life one Heart and Purse, have now one grave.

St. Margaret's, Lynn, 1661 :—

On Joshua Greene,

deposited in the same tomb with Gregory Gurnall.

Sleep sweetly, Greene, whose lot it is to have
Thy old companion Partner in the grave.
As Youth had made our Master's Calling one,
Age made us govern, Death enjoys this stone.

They both twice filled the office of Mayor of Lynn.

There are a few instances in which tombs have been erected and inscriptions prepared (leaving a blank for the insertion of a date) prior to the decease of those for whom they were intended. An example of this occurs at Rolleston Church, Staffordshire, to the memory of Sir Edward Moseley, Knight, Attorney-general of the Duchy of Lancaster in the reign of Charles I. He died in 1638.[1] Sir John Ley records[2] an inscription in Hungerford Church, Berkshire, on Robert Hungerford, who was living at the time :—

Ki pour monsyre Robert de Hungerford
tant comme el soit en bie preora.
Et pour son ame, apres sa mort, cink centz
cinquantz jours di pardoun abera.

The earlier epitaphs are distinguished by a feeling of devotion frequently manifested by a quotation from Scripture or a brief supplication to the Deity, or to the Saviour, or to the Virgin Mary, for mercy; or to solicitation for the prayers of the living for the benefit of the souls of the deceased or their salvation. These, it has been often remarked, harmonise best with the buildings in which they occur, so well described in a passage by Sir Walter Scott, in which he observes that "the

[1] The tomb is figured and described in the Journal of the British Archæological Association, vol. vii. plate xxxii. p. 332.
[2] Hearne's Discourses, vol. i. p. 122.

gloomy dignity of a Gothic pile reminds us instantly of the worship to which it is dedicated."

Of passages of the kind alluded to, the following may be adduced as being some of constant occurrence.

I H. S. ever to be,
I. H. S. aie pitie.

Mors patet, hora latet.
Death is certain, the hour unseen.

Hodie mihi, cras tibi.
To-day mine, to-morrow thine.

Miserere nostri Domine.
Parce nobis Domine.
Domine miserere.
O Lord have mercy upon me.

Cujus anime propicietur Deus, Amen.
On whose soul God have mercy, Amen.

Mors omnia vincit.
Omnibus mors decreta est.
Mors omnibus communis.
Death conquers all.
Death is the lot of all.

Post Funera Virtus.
Virtue survives the Grave.

Mors Janua Vitæ.
Death the Gate to Life.

In cælo quies.
There is rest in Heaven.

R. I. P. Requiescat in Pace.
May he or she rest in peace.
Common with the Roman Catholics to this day.

Ecce quid eris.
Behold what thou shalt be.

Nemo Immortalis.
No one is immortal.

A cruce salus.
Salvation from the cross.

A complex form is to be seen at Saffron Walden, on John Nichols and his four Wives :—

Of your cheritie pray for the soulys of John Nichols, Alys, Jone, Alys and Jone his wyf.

Johannes : Pater noster miserere nobis.
Alicia : Fili redemptor mundi miserere nobis.
Joanna : Spiritus sancte miserere nobis.
Alisia : Sancta Maria miserere nobis.
Joanna : Sancta dei genetrix, virgo virginum, miserere nobis.

The following is found under different forms :—

Quod expendo habui
Quod negavi potueror
Quod donavi habeo
Quod servavi p'didi.

What I spent, I had ;
What I gave, I have ;
What I kept, I lost.

Dr. Johnson Latinized a portion thus :—

Habeo, dedi, quod alteri ;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi ;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

In other instances :—

As I was so be ye,
As I am ye shall be :
That I gave, that I have,
That I spent, that I had :
Thus I end all my cost,
That I left, that I lost.

Again :—

As I was, so be ye, as I am you shall be;
What I gave, that I have, what I spent, that I had:
Thus I count all my cost, what I left, that I lost.

On a circular brass plate under a fine figure of a priest, in St. Peter's Church, at St. Alban's :—

lo al y^{t} j sp't y^{t} su' tyme had i
al y^{t} i gaf j g'd e ie't y^{t} n^{o} w haf I
y^{t} I night gaf ne let y^{t} now abie I
y^{t} y kepe til I w'et yt lost y.

Lo all that e'er I spent that sometime had I;
All that I gave in good intent that now have I;
That I neither gave nor lent that now abide I;
That I kept till I went that lost I.

And in the inner circle :—

q^{d} expe'di habui	Quod expendi habui.
q^{d} donavi habeo	Quod donavi habeo.
q^{d} negavi punior	Quod negavi punior.
q' a s'vavi p'didi.	Quod servavi perdidi.

The same is on a brass of John Killyngworth, A.D. 1412, formerly in Eddlesborough Church, now in Pitson Church, Bucks, and also on a brass at St. Olave's, Hart Street, Minories.

On the tomb of Edward Courtenay, third earl of Devon, commonly called "the blind and good Earl," in Tiverton Church, an epitaph, frequently quoted, appears. The earl died in 1419, and his countess was Maud, daughter of Lord Camoys.

Hoe! hoe! who lies here?
I, the goode Erle of Devonshere;
With Maud, my wife, to mee full dere,
We lyved togeather fyfty-fyve yere.
What wee gave, wee have;
What wee spent, wee had;
What wee left, wee loste.

This has been variously given, and in Dr. Edward Millar's History of Doncaster (p. 74) it reads thus :

Howe, howe, who is heare ?
I Robin of Doncastere, and Margaret my feare.[1]
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.

This bears date A.D. 1579, and is followed by:

Quoth Robert Byrkes, who in this world did reign
Threescore years and seven, and yet liv'd not one.

Byrkes was Mayor of Doncaster 1569, 1573, 1577.

A portion of this has been applied to many. To Christopher Chapman, in Westminster Abbey, A.D. 1680.

What I gave, I have.
What I spent, I had.
What I left, I lost by not giving it.

It was employed as late as 1731 on Stephen Manister, at St. Stephen's, Ipswich:

What I gave I have, what I spent I had.
What I left I lost for want of giving it.

Quarles has a riddle upon the idea in his "Divine Fancies:"

The goods we spend we *keep;* and what we have
We *lose;* and only what we lose we *have.*

It was not until after the Reformation, that Epitaphs assumed a florid style, and became prostituted to the base purposes of adulation. Devotional feeling in many of them after this period appears to be quite extinct, their only object seeming to be to convey to their readers a high sense of the personal dignity and importance of the deceased, to commemorate the benefactions he had made, or to acquaint the world with the number of his progeny. Mr. Markland[2] has instanced the Epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Sir Thomas More, in Chelsea Church, as the first example in which a change of style may be observed, and a concise piece of biography, as it were, recorded. There are, however, examples introductory to this change to be found a short time previously, one of which I have met with in Dodsworth's MSS., on Sir Marmaduke Constable, in Flamborough Church. He died in 1520, fifteen years previously to Sir Thomas More's execution.

[1] Wife. [2] Remarks on English Churches, &c. p. 143.

To take a few examples in chronological order, I cite the following.

At Flambro' Church, ob. 1520 :—

On Sir Marmaduke Constable.

Here lyeth Marmaduk Constable of Flamburght,
Who made aduente into France and for the right of the same
Passed over w^th^ King Edward the fourtht, that noble knyght
And also w^th^ noble King Herry the seaueneth of that name,
He was also at Berwick at the wyng[1] of the same,
And by Kyng Edward chosyn captyn ther first of any one,
And rewllid and gouernid ther all his tyme w^th^out blame,
Bott for all that as ye se he lyeth vnder this stone.

Att Brankston[2] Field wher the King of Scottys was slayne
He then beyng of the age of threescore and one
With the gode duke of Northfolke that iorney he hav^e^ tayn
And for agely advancyd himself emong other ther y then
The Kyng being in France with grete numbre of ynglishmen
He nothing hedyng his age ther but jeop'de him as on
W^th^ his sonnes brothe^r^ servants and kynsmen
But now as ye se he lyeth vnder this stone.

But now all thes tryumphes are passid and set on side
For all wordly ioyes they will not long endure
They are sonne passid and away doth glyde
And who that puttith his trust in them I call him most unsure
For when Dethe striketh he spareth no creature
Nor geuith no waring but taketh them by one and one
And now he abideth Godys mercy and hath noe other socure
For as ye se him here he lyeth vnder this stone.

I pray now my kynsmen louers and Frendes all
To pray to our Lord Jhesu to have mercy on my Sawll.

Sir Thomas More.

The following epitaph was written by Sir Thomas More for himself, and he may therefore be considered as answerable for its bad taste, a circumstance which does not apply to many whose merits have after their death been so pompously blazoned

[1] Winning. [2] Flodden.

forth by injudicious relatives or friends. So vain, however, was Sir Thomas of the composition, that he transmitted a copy of it to his friend Erasmus, in whose collection of letters it appears. As it has been incorrectly given, an accurate copy may be desirable here; it runs thus:—

Thomas Morus urbe Londinensi, familiâ non celebri, sed honestâ natus, in literis utcunq; versatus; quum et causas aliquot annos juvenis egisset in foro, et in urbe suâ pro Shirevo jus dixisset, ab invictissimo rege Henrici Octavo (cui uni regum omnium gloria prius inaudita contigit ut fidei defensor, qualem et gladio se et calamo verè præstitit, meritò vocaretur) adscitus in aulam est, delectusq; in consilium; et creatus eques Proquæstor primū, post Cancellarius Lancastriæ, tandem Angliæ, miro principis favore factus est. Sed interim in publico regni senatu lector est orator populi, præterea legatus regis nonnunquam fuit, alias alibi, postremò vero Cameraci Comes et collega junctus principi legationis, Cuthberto Tunstallo, tum Londinensi, mox Dunelmensi episcopo, quo viro vix habet orbis hodie quicquam eruditius prudentius melius. Ibi inter summos orbis christiani monarchas rursus refecta fœdera, redditamq; mundo diu desideratam pacem et lætissimus vidit et legatus interfuit.

"Quem superi pacem firment faxintq; perennem."

In hoc officiorum vel honorum cursu, quum ita versaretur ut neq; princeps optimus operam ejus improbaret neq; nobilibus esset invisus nec injucundus populo, furibus autem et homicidis, hereticisque molestus. Pater ejus tandem Johannes Morus eques et in eum judicum ordinem a principe cooptatus qui regius confessus vocatur; homo civilis, suavis, innocens, mitis, misericors, æquus et integer, annis quidem, gravis, sed corpore plusquam pro ætate vivido postquam eò productam sibi vitam vidit, ut filium viderit Angliæ Cancellarium, satis in terram jam se moratum ratus, libens emigrant in Cœlum. At filius, defuncto patre, cui quamdiu superarat comparatus et juvenis vocari consueverat, et ipse quoq; sibi videbatur, amissum jam patrem requirens et æditos ex se liberos quatuor ac nepotis undecim respiciens apud animum suum cæpit persenescere. Auxit hunc affectum animi subsccuta statim velut adpetentis senj signum, pectoris valitudo deterior. Itaq; mortalium harum rerum satur, quam rem a puero penè semper

optaverat, ut ultimos aliquot vitæ suæ annos obtineret liberos, quibus hujus vitæ negotiis paulatim se seducens futuræ possit immortalitatem meditari, eam rem tandem (si cæptis annuet Deus) indulgentissimi principis incomparabili beneficio, resignatis honoribus, impetravit: atq; hoc sepulchrum sibi, quod mortis cum nunquam cessatis adrepere quotidiè commonefaceret, translatis huc prioris uxoris ossibus extruendum curavit. Quod ne superstes frustrà sibi fecerit, neve ingruantem trepidus mortem horreat, sed desiderio Christi libens oppetat, mortemq; ut sibi non omnino mortem, sed januam vitæ fæliciori inveniat: præcibus eum piis lector optime spirantem præcor, defunctumq; prosequere.

Chara Thomæ jacet hic Joanna uxorcula Mori
Qui tumulum Aliciæ hunc destino; quiq; mihi.
Una mihi dedit hoc conjuncta virentibus annis
Me vocet ut puer et trina puella patrem.
Altera privignis (quæ gloria rara Novercæ est)
Tam pia quam gnatis vix fuit ulla suis,
Altera sic mecum vixit sic altera vivit
Charior incertum est, quæ sit an illa fuit.
O! Simul, O! Juncti poteramus vivere nos tres
Quam benè, si fatum religioq. sinant.
At societ tumulus, societ nos, obsecro cœlum
Sic Mors, non Potuit quod dare, vita, dabit.

Thomas More, born in the city of London of an honourable though not illustrious family, was yet very conversant in literature; who after he had for some years, while young, pleaded in the courts, and acted as judge in the Sheriffs' Court in the city, was summoned to court by the invincible King Henry VIII., to whom alone of all kings the unheard-of glory happened to be stiled Defender of the Faith, which honour he merited both by his pen and his sword, was chosen of the council, knighted, and at first appointed Vice Treasurer, then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and at length, by the great favour of his sovereign, Chancellor of England. But previously he had been elected Speaker of the House of Commons, had several times been sent on embassies; and lastly, in the embassy to Cambray, was joined as colleague and companion with Cuthbert Tunstall, at that time Bishop of London, but since of Durham, than whom the world has scarcely a

more learned, prudent, or virtuous man. There he was present as an ambassador, and saw, with joy, leagues renewed, and peace, so long desired in the world, restored among the greatest monarchs of the Christian world. Which peace may heaven confirm and render lasting. While he thus was employed in a course of honourable duties, so that neither the best of princes could disapprove his labours, nor was he odious to the nobility, or disliked by the people, only feared by thieves, murderers, and heretics. His father, Sir John More, knight, advanced by his sovereign to the rank of a Justice of the King's Bench; a man, courteous, gentle, blameless, mild, merciful, just, and upright, aged, indeed, but active in body, having his life prolonged to see his son Chancellor of England, conceived himself to have staid long enough upon earth, willingly departed to heaven. But the son, after his death, (to whom compared when alive he was called the young man, and seemed so to himself,) missing his absent father, and weighing in his mind that he had four children and eleven grandchildren, began to grow old; a bad state of health succeeding, another sign of old age, increased this opinion; therefore, sated with mortal affairs, that which from his infancy he had prayed for, in his latter days to be at liberty, withdrawing himself by degrees from the cares and business of this life, to meditate on immortality; that (if God should favour his endeavours) he obtained, on resigning his honours, through the incomparable favour of his prince; and he caused this tomb to be erected for himself, having brought hither the remains of his first wife, that it might admonish him daily of his approaching death. Good reader, I beseech thee that thy pious prayers may attend him while living, and follow him when dead; that he may not have done this in vain, nor trembling may dread the approach of death, but willingly for Christ's sake undergo it; and that death to him may not be altogether death, but a door to everlasting life.

Sir Thomas More's first loving wife lies here:
For Alice and myself this tomb I rear.
By Joan I had three daughters and one son
Before my prime or vig'rous strength was gone.
To them such love was by Alicia shown
In stepmothers, a virtue rarely known,
The world believed the children were her own.

Such is Alicia, such Joanna was,
It's hard to judge which was the happier choice;
If Pity or Fate our prayers could grant,
To join us three, we should no blessings want.
One grave shall hold us, yet in heaven we'll live,
And Death grants that which Life could never give.

The late Archdeacon Wrangham made a translation of the latter part of Sir Thomas More's epitaph thus:—

Within this tomb Jane, wife of More, reclines:
This, More for Alice and himself designs.
The first, dear object of my youthful vow,
Gave me three daughters and a son to know;
The next,—ah! virtue in a stepdame rare!
Nursed my sweet infants with a mother's care.
With both my years so happily have past,
Which most my love, I know not—first, or last.
O! had religion, destiny allowed,
How smoothly, mix'd, had our three fortunes flow'd!
But be we in the tomb, in heaven allied:
So kinder death shall grant, what life denied.

In the foregoing epitaph, it will be observed, there is an account of Sir Thomas More's lineage, his position in life, of the various offices he held, not only by himself but also by his father, and the whole is crowned by twelve Latin verses, the introduction of which, at this time, seems to have been regarded as a very essential part of an epitaph. Some epitaphs contain such particulars relating to the origin and descent of the deceased as to look like genealogical documents or the pedigree of the family, and to be better fitted for a college of arms than the walls of a church. To some of these a profusion of heraldic bearings have been added, to complete the essay, and desecrate the sanctuary of God.

In St. Peter's, Cornhill, ob. 1544:—

On Sir William Bowyer.

In the Year of Jesus Christ's Incarnation,
On Thowsand Five Hundred Forty and Four,
The 22 day of April by just Computacyon,
In thys place was buryed with grate honour,
Which proved a Man meet to be a Governour

For the Commonwealth of this high and famous Citie
Callyed Sir *William Bowyer*, Lord of the Mayoralty,
Which departed not with findyng greate Calamitie ;
And pray we to God to grant his sowl Mercie.
O London, if you look to the *Lacedemonies*,
There to find *Lycurgus*, that noble and kind kyng ;
Or if you seek for *Ciceroes*, Men of most Prize,
Or if thou apply thee to have all the whole desiringe
Of *Amphyon*, *Orpheus*, or of *Mæcenas* demeaninge,
Seck no farther to fynd, for here he is buried,
Which had all their Properties for *London's* good ordering.
Be we then of his honourable Degree, well conceiving,
For his Acts for ever be registered in *London's* meaning.

One of the finest monuments in Canterbury Cathedral, remarkable for a well-executed effigy, is dedicated to Nicholas Wotton, son of Sir Robert Wotton, Knt., a Doctor of Laws, Dean of Canterbury, and also of St. Peter in York. His Epitaph may be regarded as an entire history, recounting his various preferments, embassies, &c. His death occurred when he had nearly reached the seventieth year of his age ; and it is gravely said, that "Before his Death, and even before his last sickness, as being forewarned of the fatal Day, he prophetically sang his Swan-like song, and left those Things in his Study in Writing under his own hands." His form and habits are even described. It is said, "He was slender and low in stature, but straight and well shaped ; his Constitution firm, and his countenance free and easy ; his choice of Diet exquisite, which he never took above once a day ; his habit of Body so strong that he was seldom shocked by any Disease ; his Mind was wholly devoted to Books and Learning, intent on the Studies of Arts, Physic, Laws, and Divinity ; and beautifully stor'd with the knowledge of the Roman, Italian, French, and Dutch Languages." He died January 26, 1566.

In Denham Church, ob. 1569 :—

On Sir Robert Peckham, Knt.

Sir Robert Peckham, Knt. (sonne and heyre apparent of Sr Edmunde Peckham,) here entombed, was in his lyfe time a man studious in learninge, temperate in diet, and chaste of lyfe, having more than a meane judgment in the most parte of

the Artes, liberall and not ignorant of the knowledge of the Lawes of this Realme, but speciallie addicted to the studie of Divinitie. He married one of the Daughters and Coheires of the Lorde Braye. For his wisdom and gravitie he bare office in the Commonwealthe before he had fullie accomplished 24 yeares. In his countrie he did greate justice, joyned bothe with mercie and pittie towardes his neighbours. He used grate liberalitie as well in bountifull howse kepinge, as allso in gevinge his counsell frankleye, without either rewarde or monie for the same. Before he came to the age of 40 years, he was called by the Righte Vertuous Princess Queene Marye to be one of her privie cownsell. In his later age (for his farther encrease of knowledge, and for the remedie of certaine diseases which grewe uppon him throughe occasion of painfull service and studie) he gave himself to travaille, where, throughe his wisdome, liberalitie, and curtesie, he acquired unto himselfe grate fame, and specialle at the handes of his owne contrimen, suche as did want, towards whome (to his abilitie) he was no niggarde. In the 'nde of 5 yeares travaile he went to see Roome, where he parted this worlde, making a vertuous and blessed ende, willinge his Harte to be brought over and buried in this Churche in the vaulte of his ancestors, and in his Will forgot no Contriman of his owne that he knewe to be on that side the sea (being of anie name) but that he gave them somethinge more or lesse. He made the Poore his Executors, to whome he gave all his goodes in those partes, which were not smale. He leafte this lyfe (to the grate comforte of his sowle) on the 10th daie of September Anno 1569, and lyethe entombed in the Churche of Sainte Gregorie in Roome, whose sinnes oure Lorde pardon.

At St. Decuman's, Somersetshire, ob. 1574 :—

On Sir John Wyndham.

Although a man be never so posseste,
With all the gyftes that fortune can bestowe,
And thoughe his mynde be bewtified and bleste
With everye grace that from the Heavens do flowe,
Yet at the laste, this fickle life we owe,
Perforce must fele the stroke of fatal knyfe,
Suche is the frayltie of our present lyfe.

A perfeight patterne to approve the same
Lo here the corps of Syr John Wyndham Knight,
Whose faultles lyfe hathe purchaste such a fame,
As deathe with all his darts shall never frighte,
The sonne itself shall sooner lose his lighte,
Then he shall want his well deserved praise,
Suche were the deedes of his forepassed daies.
This worthie Knight of knightlie parentage,
In Norfolk borne, the midle sonne of thre,
Who when he was but yet of sornige age.
Put forthe such buddes of proofe what he wolde be,
As being stirred with zeale to heare and see
The worlde, whereby himselfe he might advaunce,
He paste the seas to serve the King of Fraunce.
Where entertaynde in place of good accompte,
Here to the Prince in favour lyved still,
Till care of country soil (which doth surmounte)
Did drawe him home, where bending witte at will,
To feates of armes and other warlike skill,
His liege in lieu of loyal service done
Advaunste him to the seat of knightlie rome.
Thus happele led this worthie knighte his life,
And died in faith by Christ of future joye.
How good and virtuous Ladye to his wyfe
He had, what seed, hir epitaphe doth showe.
To us behinde thereby this fruyte doth growe,
First in his deathe, GODES power & praise is knowne,
Then by his life we learn to mende our owne.

LADY MAGDALEN HASTINGS.

In the chancel of Cadbury North Church, in Somersetshire, there are two ancient tombs, covered with Gothic ornaments, carving, cherubs, &c., and on a brass plate over one of them an Epitaph to the Ladye Magdalen Hastings, who died in 1596. This consists of no less than sixteen stanzas of six lines each, giving the whole history of the Lady, her two marriages, her godly life, and sufferings and death.[1]

[1] The whole are printed in Collinson's History of Somersetshire, vol. ii. pp. 68—70.

In the seventeenth century, we have at St. Dennis, Faxton, ob. 1616, æt. 56,

SIR AUGUSTINE NICOLLS.

On a monument of black and white marble, representing the figure of a Judge in his robes between the figures of Justice and Wisdom.

What marks in God's law for a judge requir'd,
What parts in great men of the best admired ;
What gifts of Nature in a private Man,
What signs of Grace in a true Christian ;
This shadow would decypher if it could,
Yet what but Nature, love & beauty should.

Under the figure of Wisdom :—

One of the Cardinal virtues is his name,
The form too few to comprehend his fame :
Which now are but his Shadow's weak supporters,
More then must be his substance true reporters.

Under Justice :—

Weak Man that would decypher out such joyes,
That now are endless, by past fading toyes ;
Virtue's his proper and peculiar tombe,
Outlasting marble, living till day's dome.

At Bolsover Church, ob. 1617 :—

ON CHARLES CAVENDISH.

Sonnes seeke not me among those polish'd stones,
These only hide part of my flesh and bones,
Which did they ne're so neate, or proudly dwell,
Will all be dust, and may not make me swell.

Let such as justly have out-liv'd all prayse,
Trust in the Tombes their carefull Frends do raise,
I made my life my Monument, and yours,
To which there's no Materiall that endures.

Nor yet Inscription like it. Write but that,
And teach your Nephews it to æmulate.
It will be matter loude inough to tell
Not when I died, but how I liv'd. Farewell.

His Posteritie
of Him
To Strangers.
Charles Cavendish was a Man
whome
Knowledge, Zeale, Sincerity, Religious.
Experience, Discretion, Courage made Valiant,
Reading, Conference, Judgment Learned.
Religion, Valour, Learning made Wise.
Birth, Merites, Favour Noble.
Respect, Meanes, Charitie made Bountifull.
Equitie, Conscience, Office Just.
Nobilitie, Bountye, Justice made Honourable.
Counsell, Ayde, Secrecie A Trusty Friend.
Love, Trust, Constancie made a kind Husband.
Affection, Advice, Care a Loving Father.
Freindes, Wife, Sonnes made Content
Wisdom, Honour, Content
made Happy.

From which Happiness He was translated to the Better, on the 4 of Aprill 1617. Yet not without the sad and weeping Remembrance of his sorrowful Lady Katherine, second daughter to Cuthbert late Lord Ogle, and sister to Jane present Countesse of Shrewsbury. She of her Piety, with her two surviving Sons have dedicated this humble Monument to his Memory, and do all desire, in their time, to be gathered to his dust, expecting the happy power of Resurrection, when those Garments here put of, shall be put on glorified :—

Charles Cavendish,	William Cavendish,	Charles Cavendish,
Esquier	Esquier	Esquier
Deceased.	Both	Surviving.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century epitaphs became more bombastic.

In Oxfordshire :—

Sir Cope D'Oyly.

To the glorious Memorie of that Noble Knight Sir Cope D'Oyly, late Deputy Lieut. of Oxfordshire & Justice of Oyer & Terminer, Heir of the Antient & famous Family of the D'Oyly's of the same Countie, Founders of the Noble Abbies of Osney & Missenden, &c.

Who put on Immortality the 4th of Aug. in the Year of our Redemption 1633.

Ask not who is buried here
Go ask the Commons, ask the Shire
Go ask the Church, They'll tell thee who
As well as blubber'd Eyes can do
Go ask the Heralds, ask the poor,
Their Ears shall have enough to ask no more,
Then if thine Eye bedew this sad urn,
Each drop a Pearl will turn
To adorn his Tomb of, if thou canst not vent,
Thou bringst more Marble to his monument.

How absurdly laudatory is the following effusion, to be found at Danby Dale (ob. 1635, æt. 66) :—

Consecrated to the precious memory
Of Samuel Rabanks, gent.
Late Steward to the Right Hon. the Earl of Danby.
His life was an academy of virtue,
his conversation a precedent for piety,
his estate a store house for charity,
his good name a place for innocency,
his death a passage to eternity,
his eternity a perfection of glory ;
where he now sits, triumphs, and sings with angels, archangels,
and cherubins and seraphins ;
Holy, holy, holy,
to him that is, and that was, and that is to come.

And at Cupar :—

On William Scott.

The Scots being again raised up, the Englishes animated, the covenant being renewed, religion restored, the hierarchy thrown down, presbytery again set on foot, the most illustrious of the chief nobility & of the ministry favourers of the church, never enough to be remember'd, all appearing, the king confirming, & the estates of parliament concurring, died most pleasantly in the Lord, one who by mature counsel restored to us our business, Mr. William Scott, minister of the church at Cupar, & the 84th person lineally descended from

the illustrious & ancient family of Scott of Balweirie. He died 20 May, 1642.

In Barnstaple Church, ob. 1643, æt. 79,

RICHARD BEAPLE.

Were't not more wisely done, if with Consent
We joyn'd to batter down this Monument,
Lest when the sorrowing Poor lift up their Eyes
They drown the voice of th' Sermon with their Cries.
Let that be others Doom, such as can give
With liberal spirit but only whilst they live.
As for this Senatour his nobler mind
Within one age did scorn to be confin'd,
For wch to future ages he convey'd
So Rich a Portion to be duly pay'd
That henceforth Tears being vanish't, it might bring
To th' Orphans joy, and make poor Widows sing.
Let those who'd have their Monuments to stand
Take fayr example from this Bounteous Hand.

At Uppingham, Rutlandshire. In North Luffenham chancel, on a brass plate, to the memory of the

ARCHDEACON OF LEICESTER AND

RECTOR OF NORTH LUFFENHAM, ob. July 24, 1645.

Robart Jhonson, bacheler of Divinitie, a painfull preacher, parson of Northluffenham.
Had a godlie care of religion, and a charitable minde to the poore.
He erected a faire free grammar schoole in Okeham.
He erected a faire free grammar schoole in Uppingham.
He appointed to each of his schooles a schoolemaster and an usher.
He erected the hospitalle of Christe in Okeham.
He erected the hospitalle of Christe in Uppingham.
He procured for them a corporation and a mortmaine of fower hundred markes.
Whereby well disposed people maie give unto them as God shall move their hartes.

He bought lands of quene Elizabeth towardes the maintenance of them.
He provided place in eache of the hospitalles for xxiiii poore people.
He recovered, bought, and procured the hospitalle of William Dalby in Okeham, and caused it to be renewed, established, and confirmed, which before was found to be confiscate and conseeled, wherein divers poore people be releeved.
He was also beneficiall to the towne of North Luffenham,
And also to the towne of Stamford, where he was borne of worshipful parents.
It is the grace of God to give man a wise harte to laie up his treasure in Heaven.
Theis be good fruites and effects of a justifieng faith and of a trew profession of religion,
And a good example to all others to be benefactors to theise and suche like good workes.
That so they may glorifie God, and leave a blessed remembrance behinde them
To the comfort and profite of all posteritie.
All the glorie, honor, praise and thanckes be unto God for evermore. Amen.
Sic luceat lux vestra. Let your light so shine.

In St Margaret's Churchyard :—

On Admiral Blake,

Who died in August, 1657.

Here lies a man made Spain and Holland shake,
Made France to tremble, and the Turks to quake ;
Thus he tam'd men, but if a lady stood
In 's sight, it rais'd a palsy in his blood ;
Cupid's antagonist, who on his life
Had fortune as familiar as a wife.
A stiff, hard, iron soldier ; for he,
It seems, had more of Mars than Mercury :
At sea he thunder'd, calm'd each rising wave,
And now he's dead sent thundering to his grave.

At Houff.

ON ROBERT STRAITOUN.

Robertus Straitonus pharmacopœus monumentum hoc cædendum curavit, sibi et charissimis conjugibus Jonetæ Duncanæ et Isobellæ Robertsonæ; quarum illa fato functa est A.D. 1652, Dec. 27, ætatis 39, hæc 1657 Dec. 26, ætatis 44.

Ad dextram Duncana jacet, dilecta Juventæ
Spousa, et surgentis prima columna domus:
Robertsona tenet lævam, fidissima conjunx.
Altera si fuit hæc, altera non eadem.
Me illa opibus cumulat, quas hæc conservat et auget;
Illa beat multa prole, sed hæc nutriit.
Virtute et probitate pares, complexus amore
Sum parili; atque unus cippus utramque tegit.

Robert Straitoun, apothecary, caused this monument to be erected and cut for himself and his dearest wives, Jonet Duncan and Isobel Robertson, who died respective as above.

On righthand Duncan lies, in youth my spouse,
And the first pillar of my rising house;
Lefthand lies Robson, a most faithful wife:
Which was the best it may procure a strife
First brought to me of wealth sufficient store,
Which th' other guided well, augmented more;
First blessed me with many children fair,
The second nurst them with maternal care
Virtue and goodness in them equal shone,
And both lie buryd underneath this stone.

In the parish of Ashburnham, in Sussex, there is a monument to SIR WILLIAM ASHBURNHAM and his lady, who is represented in a recumbent posture, whilst Sir William is kneeling attired in a loose gown and periwig, with his arms extended towards his wife. The following is the inscription:—

"Under this tomb, viz., in the family vault, lie the bodies of Jane, Countess of Marlboro' and William Ashburnham, her husband, second son of John Ashburnham; she was daughter to John Lord Butler, of Hertfordshire. She was married, first to James Earl of Marlboro, Lord High Treasurer of England, who after seven years died, and left her a young,

beautiful, and rich widow; when this William coming from beyond sea, where he was bred a soldier, married her, and lived after five and fortie yeares most happily with her. She was a very great lover, and (with God's mercy) a great blessing to this family, which is hoped will ever remember it with honouring her memory. This William Ashburnham, her husband, lived after her to a great age, and gloried in nothing in this world but in this his wife, and the almost love and entire friendship that for about fiftie yeares was between his deare elder brother John Ashburnham, and himself. He was cofferer to King Charles the First, and King Charles the Second. He died without issue, and, by God's blessing, was a happy preserver of his brother's posterity. The prayse and glory of it be to God alone."

In the same church there is another monument representing the figures of Sir John Ashburnham and his two wives. There are also six children at prayer. He, in armour, is placed between his wives, one of whom is shrouded in a winding-sheet, and the other having the robe of a baroness. Then this long inscription :—

Here lyes, in a vault underneath, John Ashburnham, Esq., of this place, son to the unfortunate Sir John Ashburnham, whose good nature and frank disposition towards hys friends, in being deeply engaged for them, necessitated him to sell this place (in his family, being before the Conquest); and all his estate elsewhere, not leaving to his wyfe and six children the least subsistence; which is not inserted to the least disadvantage of his memory (God forbid it should be understood to be a charge of disrespect upon him,) but to give God the prayse, who so suddenly provided both for his wife and children, as that within less than two years after the death of the said Sir John, there was not any of them but was in condition rather to be useful to others than to want support themselves. May God be pleased to add this lesson to his posterity, that they may never be unmindful for the great things he hath done for them.

The wife of the said Sir John Ashburnham was daughter to Sir Thomas Beaumont, of Stoughton, in the county of Leicester. She was very eminent for her great temper and prudence. She died the seventy-fifth yeare of her age, and both the said

Sir John and his wyfe lye buried in the churche of St. Andrew's, in Holbourne, London. The said Mr. John Ashburnham married the daughter and heire of William Holland, of West Burton, in this county, Esq., who lies also heare interred, and by whom he had (these eight) children. Shee made the first stepp towards the recovery of some part of the inheritance wasted by the said Sir John, for she sold her whole estate to lay out the money in this place. She lived in great reputation for pyety and discretion, and dyed the seaven and thyrtieth yere of her age. The second wyfe to the said Mr. John Ashburnham, who lies also here interred, was a widow of the Lord Foulis (Qy. Poulett) of Hinton St. George, in the county of Somersett. She was daughter and heir to Christopher Kenn, of Kenn, in that county, Esq., who left her a great estate in lands, now in the possession of the Lord Foulis. She was worthy imitation to all her sex, for her honourable and religious conversation. She brought great advantages to the family of this place, and died at the age of seaventy years and four months; and her memory is precious to all considering persons that knew her. This Mr. John Ashburnham was of the bedchamber of their Majesties King Charles the First and Charles the Second; and when he had performed this service to God, in building this church at his own charge, died in the sixty-eighth year of his age, on the fifteenth day of June, 1671.

At Mulberton Church, Norfolk:—

SARAH SCARGILL.

Here lyes the Body of y^e^ most religious MRS. SARAH SCARGILL, the Wif of Mr. DANIEL SCARGILL, Rector of this Parish, with whom she lived in all Conjugall Virtue near seven years, and then Death divorced them upon the 22nd day of August, 1680. In the 30th year of her age. She was the Pious Daughter of a Loyall Gentleman, Mr. THOMAS LE NEVE, of *Aselacton*, Cosin to Sir W. LE NEVE, who was Herauld to King CHARLES the First of Blessed Memory.

She was a Person of unimitable devotion, of a most nice and tender Conscience, of sweet Behaviour, and in all things so faithfull a Servant of God, y^t^ I dare contest the Divine Goodness to have rewarded her happy Soul whose body rests here. And may it rest, by no Prophane hand disturbed till

her soul shall take it up again at the Great Day of Restitution.

Come Pilgrim to thy home.
Dear Love, one Feather'd minnute and I come,
To lye downe in thy dark retireing roome,
And mingle dust with thine yt we may have
As when alive one bed, so dead one grave.
And may my Soul tear through ye vaulted sky
To be with thine to all Eternity.
O how our bloodless formes will that day greet
With Love divine when we again shall meet,
Divest of all contagion of the Flesh
Fulfill'd with everlasting joy's and Fresh
In Heaven above And ('t may be) cast an eye
How far Elyzium doth beneath us lye.
Dear I disbody and away
More swift than Wind
Or flying Hind
I come I come away.

DANIEL SCARGILL.

In Baddow Church, ob. 1684, æt. 99 :—

THOMAS WHITEBRED.

Softly, Friend, softly, check thy saucy foot,
That rudely tramples near this aged dust,
That dust, whilst into life and vigour put,
Made the third sister her own act mistrust ;
The fatal knife almost a century
Rusty and blunt and useless laid by :
Till in her fearful hand the blade she took,
And shook, and trembled when she gave the stroake.
When others lift off living he began,
A youth at fourty, and at sixty man ;
His strength and parts at seventy in their prime,
Others October was but May with him.
Undauntedly he fought for two good Kings,
Princes as great as were their sufferings.
Till prest with years the fatal union broake,
And then down, ah ! down fell this sturdy oake.
The fatning Dew which on the Branches fell,
Cheard and supply'd the wants of all below.

His fame let *Braintree, Baddoc, Bocking* tell
How his kind hand supply'd the aged's woe.
Who by his Charity as by Omnipotence
Restor'd the Blind, to withered Limbs gave sence,
Nor was his bounteous hand determin'd here,
His zeal inspir'd him with a higher care;
A yearly contribution he allow'd
To preach the Passion of his bleeding God.
Pleased with a view of what he thus design'd
By his own generous hand and Pious Mind
Sigh'd, *All was well,* and quietly resign'd.

The monument of Dr. Edward Chamberlayne, in Chelsea Church, is singular. It is in Latin, and states that after the custom of our ancestors without the bounds of the city and near the highway, in an elevated tomb near to this place, Dr. C. desired to be buried; and he is characterised as an English Gentleman, a Christian, and a Doctor of Laws, and as being descended from the ancient Norman family of the Earls of Tanquerville. His birth in 1616 is then recorded, and followed by an enumeration of the studies he pursued, and the extensive travels he made through France, Spain, Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Upper and Lower Germany, Denmark and Sweden. His marriage, his seven children, and the six books he wrote are there specified; and he is stated to have been so studious of good to all men, and especially to posterity, that he ordered some of his books, covered with wax, to be buried with him, as they might be of use in times to come. To his friend Dr. Walter Harris he owes this testimony, inscribed, as it is said, as an example for imitation to the traveller!

Dr. Chamberlayne appears to have had an eccentric daughter —from another monument, the inscription of which is also in Latin, and to the following effect, at Chelsea:—

In an adjoining vault lies Anne, only daughter of Edward Chamberlayne, Doctor of Laws, born in London, the 20th of Jan. 1667; who having long declined marriage, and aspiring to great achievements, unusual to her sex and age, on the 30th of June, 1690, on board a fire ship, in man's clothing—as a second Pallas, chaste and fearless—fought valiantly six hours against the French, under the command of her brother.

Snatch'd alas! how soon, by sudden death, unhonour'd by a progeny, like herself, worthy to rule the main! Returned from the engagement, and, after some few months, married to JOHN SPRAGG, Esq., with whom, for sixteen more, she lived most amiably happy. At length, in childbed of a daughter, she encounter'd Death 30th October, 1691. This monument for a consort most virtuous and dearly-loved, was erected by her husband.

If her epitaph is to be relied on,

LADY MARY DIGBY,

Buried in Coleshill Church, in 1692, was possessed of every virtue under the sun. It runs thus:—

Whom it were unpardonable to lay down in silence,
And of whom 'tis difficult to speak with justice.
For her just character will look like Flattery
And the least abatement of this injury to her Memory
In every condition of Life She was a pattern to her Sex
Appear'd Mistress of those peculiar qualities
That were requisite to conduct her through it with Honour
And never fail'd to exert them in their proper Seasons
With the utmost advantage.
She was modest without Affectation
Easy without Levity and reserved without Pride
Knew how to stoop without Sinking,
And to gain Peoples Affections without lessening their regards.
She was carefull without Anxiety,
Frugal without Parsimony,
Not at all fond of the superfluous trappings of Greatness.
Yet abridged herself in nothing that her Quality required.
She was a faithfull Member of the Church of England
Her Piety was exemplary, her Charity universal,
She found herself a Widow in the beginning of her Life
When the temptations of Beauty, Honour, Youth, and Pleasure
Were in their full Strength,
Yet she made them all give way to the interest of her Family,
And betook herself entirely to the Matron's part:
The Education of her Children engross'd all her Cares,
No charge was spared in the cultivation of their minds
Nor any pains in the improvement of their Fortunes,

In a Word,
She was truly Wise, truly Honourable, and truly Good,
More can scarce be said,
And yet he that says this, knew her well
And is well assured he has said nothing
Which either Veracity or Modesty should oblidge him to suppress.

In the eighteenth century, of the same description, we have, in Aylesford Church :—

Here lyeth the Body of Sir Paul Rycaut, Knt. the tenth and youngest son of Sr Peter Rycaut, Kt. by Dame Mary his wife, without the Interposition of a Daughter, who after many years Travels in Foreign Parts, in Asia, Africa and Europe, and after several Publicque Offices performed by him as Secretary to the Earl of Winchelsea, Ambassador Extraordinary from King Charles the Second to Sultan Mahomet Chan the 4th, in wch & 2 Voyages from Constantinople to London & back again, one of wch was performed by Land thro' Hungary, & where he remained sometime in the Turkish Camp with the Great and Famous Vizier Kupriogly for Publick Affairs of the English Nation, in wch he passed seven years, after which he was made Consul for the English Nation at Smyrna, where having exercised that office the space of about Eleven Years to the great and entire satisfaction of the Turkey Company, He obtained a Licence at his own Motion and Desire to return into England, where having lived the space of Seven Years in Honour and good Esteem as also in Peace and Plenty, He was in the Reign of King James the Second, called by the Earl of Clarendon Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to be his Principal Secretary for the Provinces of Leinster and Connaught, also by the said King James to be one of his Privy Council of Ireland and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, in which he remained untill the great Revolutions in England and Ireland, at which time He was employed by King William the Third in the Quality of his Resident with the Hans Towns, in the Lower Saxony, namely, Hamburgh, Lubeck and Breme, where having continued the space of more than Ten Years to the satisfaction of all that knew him, as well to the Senators of those Republicks, as also to the Government thercof, and

to the Company of ENGLISH MERCHANTS Residing there, and having written several Books, which are now Extant, He died 16 Nov^{r}. 1700, aged 72.

And according to his desire lyes interred near
the Bodys of his FATHER and MOTHER.
Requiescat in Pace. Amen.

The following is still more particular and ridiculous. It is at Surfleet, in Lincolnshire :—

MRS. BUCKWORTH died in 1705, at the age of 34.

Nigh here lieth ye Wife of THEOPHILUS BUCKWORTH, Gent. whose Vertues out shined most of her Sex.

She was of a Mild disposition, and the most dutifull of Children from her Cradle to her Death : And tho' she was struck wth the highest Passion of Love (as she hath often confess'd) to him who was afterwards her Husband, yet she would heare of no Complyance wthout consent of her Mother (the only Parent then living) which was obtained wth difficulty.

She bore y^{e} curse of *Eve* with a true X^{n} Patience, for she not only brought forth in sorrow, but labour'd always under great Indisposition of Body from her Conception from which she was scarce ever free during her 17 years of Marriage, (being the Mother of 14 Children, all single births) And yet out of a true sense y^{t} none cou'd enjoy too great a portion of God's blessing She still desired more.

She was y^{e} most indulgent of Mothers, yet prudently afforded her Children liberal Education.

She was y^{e} best & most obedient of Wives demonstrating thro' her whole life y^{t} she esteem'd no blessing like her Husband's Company, nor wou'd so carefully have avoided death in any Shape as his displeasure. She was a most pious X^{n} of y^{e} Ch. of *England*, frequent and fervent in her devotions, She often lamented y^{t} her want of health depriv'd her of so frequent Communicating there as she desired.

She was Patient in her troubles, Just in her dealings, Generous & kind to her Servants, Courteous to her Neighbours, very Charitable to the Poor, and surely in human Nature

Greater Vertue cou'd not live
and
Less Impiety cou'd not die.

In the Cathedral of Canterbury is a very long Latin Epitaph to the Memory of

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

In English the inscription reads thus :—

Sacred to the Memory of Sir GEORGE ROOKE, Knight, (son to Sir Wm. Rooke, Knt.) Vice Admiral of England. O how much History is in that Name! And how little is this Inscription able to reveal it! The *French* flying from the Fight, *anno* MDCXCII. He, in an open Boat, amidst the showers of great and small shot, (in presence of so many *French*, a thing almost incredible) first of all prepared the Revenging Flames, which burnt thirteen of her Ships of War near *La Hogue*. Afterwards the Differences betwcen the *Swedes* & *Danes* being happily & justly Composed by his Counsel, he left the North in Peace, & returned Southward; where the whole Fleet of the Enemies Guard Ships, were either burnt or taken at *Vigo*; and the *Galleons*, Ships of immense Burthen, Loaden with Silver, faithfully conducted into *England*. With an upright Heart he conveyed the best part of the Spoils into the Public Treasury. He took *Gibraltar* with his Naval Forces, in a few Hours; which afterwards a Regular Army besieged in vain for many Months. And in the same career of Success, His Navy being as much inferior in Strength as much superior in Counsel & Courage, he put to flight the whole *French* Fleet; who, though well provided, durst not hazard a Battle. By which glorious Actions he opened the Way

for { *Charles III.* to ascend the Throne,
the *Spaniards* to recover their Liberty, and
for *Europe* to enjoy Peace.

For these and other Toils undergone, by this Heroick Christian, for this singular Piety to the Church, his Fidelity to *William* the *Great* & *Anne* the Good, ever most Religiously observed, for his causing *Britannia's* name to be born and renowned through the whole World, God did not grant him swelling Titles, nor envy'd Riches, nor the empty Applause of the Vulgar; But the Pleasure of a Sedate Mind, the Love of all Good Men, Retirement to his Paternal Inheritance, & Death at last in Christ. He departed this Life the xxiv Day of

January, in the LVIII. year of his Age, & in the year of our Lord MDCCVIII.

He Married three Wives,

Mary Howe	of	Old Benwick	in the	Wiltshire.
Mary Lutherall		Dunstan Castle	county	Somerset.
Katherine Knatchbull		Marsham Hotch	of	Kent.

By the second of which he left George, his only son.

In Westminster Abbey there is an elaborate Latin Inscription by the celebrated Dr. Freind, to the memory of Bishop Sprat:—

H.S.E.
THOMAS SPRAT, S.T.P.

In agro Durotrigum patre Clerico natus,
Collegii Wadhamensis Oxon socius
Varia egregiæ indolis ac doctrinæ specimina
Poeta adhuc impubes edidit:
Sed Musis utcumque amicis, cito valedicens,
Hanc Couleio suo gloriam relinquere
Et solutæ orationis Venustatem sequi maluit:
Hoc sese in studio exercens atque oblectans,
Inter eos qui tum linguam Anglicanam perpolire cœperant
Ferè primus emicuit;
Omnesque in sermonem patrium
Grecæ Romanæque eloquentiæ gratias acceptissimus,
Statim Georgio illustrissimo Buckinghamiæ Duci,
Deinde Regi Carolo.
Subtili illi elegantiarum arbitro
Commendatus est.
Et in Ecclesia Westmonasterii et Windsoriæ
Præbendam obtinuit:
Mox hac in Æde Decanus,
Deinde Episcopus Roffensis, constitutus,
Utramque provinciam summâ cum dignitate administravit.
Tum in scriptis, ejus, tum in quotidiano sermone
Illa enituit urbanitas,
Quæ illum cum Magnis fuisse versatum haud obscurè ostendit:
Suaviter itaque cum omnibus vixit;
Et tamen eâ quam sibi arrogare minimè videbatur,
Maxima semper valuit Authoritate:

In dubiis pariter ac secundis temporibus,
Constanti in Ecclesiam et Reges fide perstitit:
Tantamque in se perditorum hominum invidiam conflavit,
Ut falsis ipsorum criminibus
In capitis discrimen adduceretur:
Sed hisce angustiis feliciter expedito,
Æquabili deinceps temperamento defluxit vita,
Nec ipsi nec amicis injucunda:
Donec Senectutis maturitate sensim collapsus
Tranquille, uti vixerat, obiret.
Maii XX^mo A.D. MDCCXIII. A. Æt. LXXVII.
JOANNES FREIND, M.D.

Here lies
THOMAS SPRAT, D.D.
Son of a Clergyman, born in the County of Dorset,
Fellow of *Wadham* College in *Oxford*.
Whilst he was but a young Poet he published several specimens
Of an extraordinary Genius and Learning;
But soon leaving the Muses (however favourable to him),
He resign'd this Glory to his *Cowley*,
And chose rather to pursue the Beauties of Prose,
In which Study, being equally exercised and delighted,
He made the earliest appearance amongst those
Who undertook to polish the *English* tongue,
And transferr'd to his native language
All the Graces of the *Greek* and *Roman* Eloquence,
For which, being deservedly esteem'd by Men of the First Character,
He was soon made known to *George* Duke of *Buckingham*,
And by him to that nice Judge of Politeness
King CHARLES,
Who bestowed on him a Prebendary in the Churches
Of *Westminster* and *Windsor*;
Not long after he was made Dean of this Church;
And lastly, Bishop of *Rochester*;
Both which Provinces he governed with the highest Reputation.
He, both in his Writings and common Conversation,
Express'd that Politeness,
Which evidently shew him conversant with Great Men.
He carried it obligingly to all;
And yet even preserv'd that distance

Which he seem'd least to arrogate to himself.
In dangerous, as well as prosperous Times,
He stood firm in his Integrity to the Church and Monarchy,
And by that means kindled the Envy of wicked Men,
Who, by invented Crimes,
Brought him in danger of his Head.
But being happily delivered from these Troubles
His life afterwards flow'd on with an even Temperament,
Neither burthensome to himself nor his Friends.
At length falling at once by full Ripencss of Age,
He died with the same Calmness that he liv'd,
May 20, 1713, in the 77th year of his Age.

JOHN FREIND, M.D.

In Canterbury Cathedral is also a very handsome white marble monument, with a long inscription to Anne Milles, who is most egregiously praised for having lived and died a virgin. The writer of this Epitaph has indulged in a long dissertation on Beauty and Chastity, terminating thus :—"Tho' a Virgin herself, she was invited to the Marriage of the Lamb, and, like the Wise Virgins, went with her Lamp burning to meet the Bridegroom, on the 23rd of December, Anno 1714, in the 20th year of her age."

At Oakley, 1718, æt. 75 :—

On JAMES TYRELL.

He was a man of rare integrity, gravity, and wisdom : had never polished himself out of his sincerity : nor refined his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue. He was a warm and zealous lover of his country, and of that system of religion and law which he well knew could only support it. The only publick office he ever engaged in (though admirably fitted for such service) was about the time of the Peace of Reswick, when, upon the application of his singular good friend the Lord Pembroke, he was persuaded to be made one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Privy Seal, which high office he discharged in y^e^ estimation of all men with great sufficiency and credit. No man was ever more happy in all his domestick affairs, or deserved it better. He was blessed with a prudent wife and goodly issue, of which only two survived him ; James Tyrell, Lieut.-General of His Majesty's Forces, and Mary, relict of John Aldworth of Ruscomb, Esq.,

who out of the sincerest piety, duty, & affection to the honoured memory of the best of fathers, have caused this monument to be erected for him, in the year of our Redemption, 1745.

One of the most profuse details of public spirit and private virtue is to be found in an Epitaph in Amersham Church, Bucks, on Montague Garrard Drake, of Shardeloes, Esq., who died at the age of 35, April 26, 1728. The descent from his ancient and honourable family, the advantages and possessions he received from them, his own personal qualities and virtues, are all most minutely recorded, and his charities blazoned forth in great pomp and parade, occupying altogether no less than thirty-five lines; and, as if this were not adequate to his merits, a detailed narrative is appended, giving a minute account of his character and benefactions, accompanied with achievements of arms.[1] The number of monuments of this family, all indulging in the same lengthfull detail, in Amersham Church, is very great, and are duly recorded by Dr. Lipscombe, in his History of Buckinghamshire, occupying several pages in large 4to., and printed in colours.

The following singularly conceited record, inscribed in a business-like manner, is in Iver, Bucks :—

Near this place lieth the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Farington, late wife of Mr. Richard Farington, Citizen and Distiller of London, and daughter of Joseph How, late of this Parish, Gent, who departed this life the 11th of Aug. 1724, aged 40 years. Also twelve sons and daughters of the above said Richard and Elizabeth Farington :

			Y.	M.	D.
Elizabeth	died	7 Sept. 1706	aged 0	0	7
Hester		9 Dec. 1711	2	3	10
Sarah		22 Sept. 1714	0	1	19
Anne		15 Nov. 1716	1	1	27
Margaret ..		30 May 1717	4	0	22
Sarah		1 Sept. 1717	0	11	10
Robert		14 Dec. 1721	0	7	21

[1] Gough, in his Sepulchral Monuments (vol. ii. p. cccxv.), says that the first instance he has met with of arms on an episcopal monument is that of Bishop Marshall, at Exeter, of the date of 1206.

			Y.	M.	D.
Joseph	died ..	16 Dec. 1721 aged	..	..	..
Martha	.. ..	20 Sept. 1722	0	5	2
Thomas	.. ..	24 Aug. 1723	0	1	25
Anna Christina	..	10 Mar. 1724—5 ..	0	7	9
Mary	.. ..	24 June 1725	7	2	8

R[d] F. the father of the above children, died April 24, 1750, in the 74th year of his age. Two other children, Anna Maria died on the 20th Nov. 1731, in the 6th year of her age, and Elizabeth, June 25th, 1741, aged 34 years.

Peck[1] has given from the Palmer MS. the following Epitaph, than which nothing can be more pompous or ridiculous. It is at Wainfleet, in Lincolnshire, on a monument erected in 1735.

Near this place
lye the remains
of Edward Barkham Esq.

Who in his life time at his own expense
Erected the stately altar piece in this church;
Furnished the communion table
With a very rich crimson velvet carpet,
a cushion of the same, & a beautiful Common Prayer-book;
Likewise with two large flagons,
a chalice with a cover, together with a paten,
All of silver plate.
But above all (& what may very justly
preserve his name to latest posterity)
he gave and devised by will
To the curate of Wainfleet St. Mary's and his successor for ever
The sum of 35*l. per ann.* (over and above his former salary)
with this clause, *viz.*

'provided the said curate and his successors
do and shall read prayers and preach
once every Sunday in the year for ever.'

So extraordinary an instance of securing a veneration
for the most awful part of our religion,
And so rare and uncommon a zeal
For promoting God's worship every Lord's Day

[1] Desiderata Curiosa.

(Divine Service being performed aforetime only every other Sunday)
Forget not reader to proclaim to the world,
that men in power and authority
induced hereby to copy after so great an original,
may strive to excel each other
in doing likewise.

Mrs. Bate could boast of her noble alliance, and her tomb in Chillam Church records at least some of the advantages which occasionally arise from having aristocratic connexions.

Here rests all that was mortal of
Mrs. Elizabeth Bate,
relict of the Rev. Richard Bate,
a woman of unaffected piety
and exemplary virtue,
in the constant discharge of her duty towards God,
and in the several relations of
a daughter, a wife, and a mother,
few equalled,
none surpassed her.
She was honourably descended;
and, by means of her alliance to
the illustrious family of Stanhope,
She had the merit to obtain
for her husband and children
twelve several employments
in Church and State.
She died June the 9th, 1751,
in the 75th year of her age.

As the perfection of the ridiculous, the following, on a Swedenborgian, may be cited:—

At St. Edmund's, Salisbury.

Innocence Embellishes Divinely Compleat
To Prescience Coegent now Sublimely Great
In the Benign Perfecting Vivifying State;
So Heavenly Guardian Occupy the Skies
The Pre-existent God, Omnipotent, all Wise;
He can Surpassingly Immortalize thy Theme;
And Permanent thy Bliss Celestial Supreme.

When Gracious Refulgence bids the Grave Resign
The Creator's Nursing Protection be Thine;
So each Perspiring Æther will Joyfully Rise
Transcendently Good Supereminently Wise.

In Memory of three Children
of Joseph and Arabella Matson
Who all died in their Infancy,
1770.

I shall close the examples of this division by recording the military spirit of the Gastrells, strongly portrayed in their monumental inscriptions in St. Mary's Chapel, Chester, ob. 1772, æt. 64:—

Edward Peregrine Gastrell.

Is this his death bed? No! it is his shrine.
Behold him rising to an angel;
entering the harbour like a gallant, stately vessel,
he hoists his flag of hope,
through the merits of our blessed Redeemer,
riding before a stately gale of atonement,
till he makes, with all the sail of an assured faith,
the happy port of a joyful resurrection.
He lived in the fear and love of God,
and died in Christ.
Believe and look with triumph on his tomb.

In the same, ob. 1798, æt. 58:—

Edward Gastrell.

Thirsting after the bread of Heaven, and water of life,
he took up the cross at an early period,
following the steps of his blessed Master,
which enabled him to fight manfully under the banner of affliction.
He possessed a good heart,
had a great mind, and supported the gentleman
through the whole of his deportment.
He never resented an injury;
every trial he bore with exemplary patience.
After finishing his warfare,

he resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker,
to conduct safe, and place in the bosom of Jesus.
He fought the fight to win the crown.
Let us so run, that we may obtain it.

In the same :—

ELIZABETH GASTRELL,

enlisted at baptism under the Captain of our Salvation,
was called early to the standard of the Cross,
which she bore manfully,
through a long series of sharp conflicts,
and by faith and patience
overcame.
Worn out in this service,
her soul was exalted,
August the 19th, 1747,
from the militant to the triumphant state,
following the steps of her divine leader,
who endured the Cross,
despised the shame, and then sat down at the right hand
of God ;
her body in dust here sleeps,
in hopes of a joyful resurrection
to life immortal.

These instances will suffice to exemplify the vanity and folly of such extended and inordinate inscriptions.

In an Essay on the Origin and Characteristics of Epitaphs, inserted in Britton's History and Antiquities of Bath Abbey Church, the Rev. J. J. Conybeare has applied the term Rhetorical to some epitaphs remarkable for their diffuse style. He attributes, but, as it appears to me, without sufficient reason, their introduction to an imitation of the French. They did not appear in this country until after the Reformation, when they became common and popular, and extended to a most inordinate length. They chiefly belong to the seventeenth century, but have been continued to the present time, and the names of some of our most eminent writers are to be met with indulging in this style of epitaph. The following examples may be given as belonging to this class :—

Here lyes the body of FRANCES DOBBS, daughter of Edward Dobbs, rector of Great Snoring in Norfolk, a considerable sufferer for the Royal Cause in the Reign of King Charles I.; and, as if virtues were inheritable, her Father's conscience and courage seemed to descend to her. Here Religion having the ascendant governed the niceties of practice, and secured the manner and the end. She was obliging without flattery, charitable without vanity, and generous without design; and, by despising interest and hating self love, she made even the most unfriendly passions serviceable and inoffensive. Her singularities were always to advantage, being unlike her neighbours only by being better. She was humble but not mean, pious but not morose. Here was innocence and agreeableness, observance and reality, friendship and plain dealing, happily proportioned, and joined for ornament and defence; insomuch that she seems to have been made for model and example, and rather for others than herself. Her patience under sickness was invincible, her mind easy and resigned; so that here Death may be said to kill, but not to conquer, the force of it being felt, but not the terrors; and thus, to finish life to the greater exactness, the last shocks were bold and beautiful.

JEREMY COLLIER.

In Great Wychingham Church, ob. 1678, æt. 77 :—

Here lyeth OLIVER LE NEVE, Esq., a faithful Subject of the King, an obedient Son of the Church, a stout Patron of Justice, and a true lover of his Country, no friend to Popery or Presbitery, but a zealous Assertor of the Church of *England* as the nearest to Primitive Christianity, and the very Sanctuary of the English interest, liberty and Property. He was for his intellectualls of a most sound, solid, deep and piercing Judgment, for his morals, of a most prudent, sober, grave, just, generous, and every way obliging virtuous conversation, wherein he eminently exceiled and was therein constant to his death, which was 21 January 1678 & in the 78th year of his Age. May his Posterity immortalize his Name by imitation of his virtues.

Vir bonus est hic qui ut Leges Patriæ sic sacram Religionem firmiter excoluit.

Reader pause here a little on this degenerous Age, and then

condole with me the World's infelicity in the invaluable losse of this brave man.

J. Norris,
posuit.

At Kingston upon Hull, ob. 1678, æt. 57 :—

Near this Place
Lyeth the Body of Andrew Marvell, Esq. ;
A Man so endow'd by Nature,
So improved by Education, Study and Travel,
So consummated by Experience,
That joining the most peculiar Graces of Wit and Learning
With a singular Penetration, & Strength of Judgment,
And exercising all these
In the whole Course of his Life,
With unalterable Steadiness to the Ways of Virtue ;
He became the Ornament
And Example of the Age.
Belov'd by good Men, fear'd by bad,
Admired by all :
Tho' imitated, alas !
By few,
And scarce parallell'd by any.
But a Tomb-stone can neither contain his Character,
Nor is Marble necessary to transmit it to Posterity.
'Tis engraved on the Minds of his Generation,
And will be always legible in his inimitable
Writings.
Nevertheless,
He having serv'd near Twenty Years
Successively in Parliament,
And that with such
Wis-dom, Integrity, Dexterity and Courage,
As became a true Patriot,
The Town of *Kingston upon Hull*,
From whence he was constantly deputed to that Assembly,
Lamenting in his Death the Public Loss,
have erected
This Monument of Grief and Gratitude, 1688.
He dy'd in the 58th Year of his Age,
On the 6th Day of *August*, 1678.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1716, æt. 82:—

Ab hoc haud procul marmore,
Juxta præceptoris *Busbeii* cineres suos conquiescere voluit.
ROBERTUS SOUTH, S.T.P.
Vir eruditione, pietate, moribus antiquis,
Scholæ *Westmonasteriensis*, deinde Ædis Christi Alumnus.
Et post restauratum *Carolum* magno favente *Clarendono*,
Utriusque in quo sensim adoleverat Collegii Prebendarius,
Ecclesiæ *Anglicanæ* et florentis et afflictæ propugnatur assiduus,
Fidei Christianæ Vindex acerrimus,
In concionibus novo quodam et plane suo.
Sed illustri, sed admirabili dicendi genere excellens,
Ut harum rerum peritis dubitandi sit locus,
Utrum ingenii acumine an argumentorum vi,
Utrum doctrinæ ubertate an splendore verborum et pondere præstaret;
Hisce certa omnibus simul instructus adjumentis,
Animos audientium non tenuit tantum, sed percelluit, inflammavit;
Erat ille humaniorum literarum et primævæ Theologiæ, cum paucis, sciens;
In scholasticorum interim scriptis idem versatissimus,
E quibus quod sanum est et succulentum expressit,
Idque arcrum futilium disquisitione et vocabulorum involucris liberatum,
Luculenta oratione illustravit.
Si quando vel in rerum, vel in hominum, vitia acerbius est invectus,
Ne hoc aut partium studio, aut naturæ cuidam asperitate tribuatur,
Eam quippe is de rebus omnibus sententiam aperte protulit,
Quam ex maturo animi sui judicio amplexus est,
Et cum esset ipse suæ integritatis conscius.
Quicquid in vita turpe, quicquid in religione fucatum fictumque viderat,
Illud omne liberrima indignatione commotus profligavit:
His intentus studiis, hœc animo semper agitans,
Hominum a consortio cum esset remotior, auxilio tamen non defuit,

Quam enim benignum, quam misericordam in calamitosos animum gesserit,
Largis muneribus vivens moriantque testatus est.

Apud *Islipam* Ecclesiæ sacrarium et Rectoris domum deintegro extruxit.
Ibidem scholam erudiendis pauperum liberis instituit et dotavit literis et
Hic loci, et apud Ædem Christi promovendis, Ædeficiis istius Collegii,
Instaurandis libras millenas in numeratis pecuniis, ter centenas
Circiter annui reditus, ex testamento reliquit, pietatis erga Deum, benevolentiæ erga homines monumenta in æternum mansura.
Obiit Jul. 8. Ann. Dom. MDCCXVI. Æ. lxxxii.

Not far from this Monument :—

Robert South, D.D.

Gave orders his Ashes should rest near those of his Master *Busby ;*
A Man of Learning, Piety, and Simplicity of Manners.
He was Scholar of *Westminster School,* then Student of *Christ Church ;*
And after the Restoration of King *Charles,* by the interest of Lord *Clarendon*
Prebendary of both Colleges where he was educated :
A firm and indefatigable Champion of the Church,
In her flourishing and afflicted state.
A stout assertor of the Christian Faith.
Excellent in his Sermons for a new method entirely his own,
But illustrious and admirable ;
Insomuch that, vers'd in all these Qualities, there is room to doubt,
Whether he was most excellent
In his fine turn of Thought, or force of Argument,
The richness of his Doctrine, or the beauty & weight of his Language.
With these Assistances, being undoubtedly at the same time possess'd,
He not only gain'd upon the minds of his audience, but inflam'd and mov'd them.

In orthodox Divinity, as well as human Learning, he was scarce equall'd;
And at the same time, familiar with the Schoolmen,
Out of whom he made use of whatever was wholesome, and nourishing.
And having relieved it from their nice and intricate Distinctions,
And cloud and jargon of words,
He set it off in fine Language.
If at any time he was severe in his exposing the Vices of Men, or the Times,
It ought not to be ascribed to Party, or ill Nature;
For in all these cases he openly express'd,
What he had before deliberately weigh'd in his Mind:
And, being well assured of his own Innocence,
He, warm'd with a gen'rous Indignation,
Expos'd whatever was base in Life, or superficial, or affected in Religion—
Intent on these Studies, and his mind working that way,
When he was more secluded from Man in his Conversation,
He was not wanting to them in his Assistance:
How munificent, how pitiful he was in his Temper, to those in Distress,
Is evident from his extended Charity when living, and Legacies at his death.

He was Rector of *Islip*, where he rebuilt the Rectory,
And founded and endow'd a School for the Education of Poor Children.
An encourager of Learning both at this place and *Christ Church;*
For enlarging the buildings of which College, he left by
His will the sum of one thousand pounds, three hundred
Of which to be paid in one year after his decease;
Lasting monuments of his Piety to God, and Beneficence towards Men.
He died the 8th of July, A.D. 1716. Aged 82 years.

At Lewisham, ob. 1727-8, æt. 68:—

In memory of
The very Rev. Geo. Stanhope, D.D.
38 years vicar of this place, and 26 of

the neighbouring Church at Deptford ;
constituted Dean of Canterbury, A.D. 1703 ;
and thrice Prolocutor
of the Lower House of Convocation ;
whose piety was real and rational,
his charity great and universal,
fruitful in acts of mercy,
and in all good works.
His learning was elegant and comprehensive,
his conversation polite and delicate ;
grave, without preciseness,
facetious, without levity.
The good Christian, the solid Divine,
and the fine Gentleman,
in him were happily united ;
who, though amply qualified for the highest
honours of his sacred function,
Yet was content with only deserving them.
In his pastoral office a pattern to his people,
and to all who shall succeed him
in the care of them.
His discourses from the pulpit
were equally pleasing and profitable ;
a beautiful intermixture of the clearest reasoning,
with the purest diction,
attended with all the graces
of a just elocution ;
as his works from the press have spoken
the praises of his happy genius ;
his love of God and Man ;
for which
generations to come will bless his memory.

In Bristol Cathedral, ob. 1752, æt. 60 :—

On Bishop Butler.

To Butler's venerable memory,
By private gratitude for public worth,
This monument is raised, here where twelve years
Meekly the blameless prelate exercised
His pastoral charge ; and whither, though removed

A little while to Durham's wider see,
His mortal relics were convey'd to rest.
Born in dissent, and in the school of schism
Bred, he withstood the withering influence
Of that unwholesome nurture. To the Church,
In strength of mind mature, and judgment clear,
A convert, in sincerity of heart
Seeking the truth, deliberately convinced,
And finding there the truth he sought, he came.
In honour must his high desert be held,
While there is any virtue, any praise;
For he it was whose gifted intellect
First apprehended, and developed first
The analogy connate, which in its course
And constitution Nature manifests,
To the Creator's word and will divine;
And in the depth of that great argument
Laying his firm foundation, built thereon
Proofs never to be shaken of the truths
Revealed from Heaven in mercy to mankind;
Allying thus Philosophy with Faith,
And finding, in things seen and known, the type
And evidence of those within the veil.

R. Southey.

In Worcester Cathedral, ob. 1759, æt. 62:—

May this marble record to future times
the excellent endowments and beneficent virtues
of Dr. Isaac Madox, Bishop of this Diocese.
An exact knowledge of the constitution
of this National Church
and an active zeal for its support and prosperity
manifested in a variety of occasions,
and especially in writing a judicious Vindication
of the plan of the Reformation adopted by Queen Elizabeth,
eminently qualified him for the Prelacy;
all the extensive and important duties of which function
he perfectly understood and conscientiously discharged
with fervour, prudence, and integrity.

The love of his country
(the ruling passion of his truly English heart)
urged him to promote, with unwearied care,
loyalty, industry, sobriety,
and whatever might secure and increase the public welfare.
A father to his Clergy—
he directed them by his counsel,
supported them by his authority,
and assisted them by his liberality:
A rare example!
After many other bountiful donations,
he assigned £200 *per annum*, during his life,
for the augmentation of the smaller benefices of his diocese.
A guardian of the poor,
he abounded in private charities,
and encouraged every public one.
Long may the sick and impotent bless the patron,
and those of this county the institutor of Infirmaries!
Hospitality and generosity,
enlivened with cheerfulness, affability, and good nature,
were the distinguished virtues of the man and the friend;
and the piety and fortitude of the Christian
were brought to the test and stood the trial
in two most afflicting circumstances:
the death of a lovely daughter,
in whom at 11 years of age
all the graces of the mind, dwelling in the most elegant form,
not only began to dawn,
but seemed to be hastening to maturity;
and the death of a most accomplished son, at the age of 17,
whose virtuous disposition, and uncommon attainments in learning,
deserved and received the favour and applause
of Eton and Christ Church.
Conjugal and maternal affection,
weeping over the mingled ashes
of her much honoured and lamented Lord
and of her dear children,
erected this monument to their memory.

At St. Edmund's, ob. 1784, æt. 70 :—

In memory of
JEREMIAH MILLES, D.D.
Dean of Exeter,
Rector of these united parishes,
and President of the Society of Antiquaries,
who died Feb. 13, 1784, aged 70 years.
And of EDITH his wife,
daughter of the most Rev. Dr. John Potter,
late Archbishop of Canterbury,
who died June 9, 1761, aged 35 years.
Among the Scholars of his time he was conspicuous
for the variety and extent of his knowledge:
and, to the cultivation of an elegant and correct taste
for Polite Literature,
superadded the most judicious researches
into the abstruse points and learning of Antiquity.
His public character was distinguished
by an unremitted zeal and activity in those stations
to which his merit had raised him.
In private life he was beloved and respected
for the natural sweetness of his disposition,
the piety of his manners, and integrity of his conduct.
Blessed with a Consort worthy of himself,
amiable, affectionate, and truly pious,
they mutually fulfilled every domestic duty
with cheerfulness and fidelity:
and their grateful children have the fullest confidence,
that they are gone to receive in a more perfect state
the certain and final rewards
of their exemplary lives upon earth.

At Isleworth, ob. 1797, æt. 66 :—

Near this place are deposited the remains of
GEORGE KEATE, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.
and one of the Benchers of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple,
born Nov. 30, 1730, deceased June 28, 1797.
His literary compositions, both verse and prose,
give evidence of his genius;
while warm regard and fond remembrance are
Friendship's eager testimonies to the qualities of his heart.

The elegant Historian of pure and simple manners,
his own resembled those which he described.
The ingenious Anthor of works of fancy, gay, sentimental, tender,
his imagination in its freest sallies paid respect to those decorums,
the sense of which was ever conspicuous in his private life.
The tribute may be vain, which thus Affection pays his memory,
and vain the marble monument which would perpetuate his fame;
at least, they mark the spot made sacred by a husband's dust,
where widow'd love,
when it pleases Heaven to dry its sorrows, is anxious to repose.
To these revered ashes have accordingly been added
those of JANE CATHERINE KEATE, his relict,
who died 18 March, 1800, aged 70;
whose endearing virtues which graced and adorned her own life,
had, as he attests in his will, spread unceasing happiness
and sunshine over his.

At Manchester, ob. 1804, æt. 54:—

Sacred to the memory
of GEORGE LLOYD, Esq., late of Manchester,
Barrister,
who died at Bath, October the 12th, 1804,
In the 55th year of his age.
This excellent man was long and justly endeared
To his family,
By tenderness as a husband,
And kindness as a father;
To his acquaintance,
By the gentleness of his temper,
And the suavity of his manners;
And to his numerous and respectable friends,
By the ardour, the sincerity,
And the steadiness of his attachments.
In the application of his general knowledge
To the characters of men and the events of life,
He preserved that rare and happy union
Of correctness and liberality,
Which is the surest criterion of a mind
Vigorous from nature,
Comprehensive from reflection,
And virtuous from principle.

In the discharge of his professional duties
He was deservedly celebrated
For the soundest judgment,
And the strictest integrity.
His conversation
Was at once agreeable and instructive,
From the quickness and variety of his conceptions,
The acuteness and accuracy of his reasoning,
And the perspicuity,
Exactness, and elegance of his diction.
His patriotism was neither warped by prejudice,
Nor tainted by faction,
Nor staggered by real or imaginary danger.
His benevolence was enlarged without singularity.
His fortitude was alike unshaken
By the pressure
Of a lingering and complicated disease,
The consciousness
Of progressive and incurable blindness,
And the expectation of approaching death.

S. PARR.

At Leeds, ob. 1804, æt. 71 :—

This Tablet
Is consecrated to the Memory
of the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL.D.
By his affectionate congregation,
In Testimony
Of their gratitude for his faithful attention
to their spiritual improvement,
and for his peculiar diligence
in training up their youth
to rational piety and genuine virtue ;
of their respect for his great and various talents,
which were uniformly directed to the noblest purposes ;
and of their veneration
for the pure, benevolent, and holy principles,
which, through the trying vicissitudes of life.
and in the awful hour of death,
animated him with the hope
of a blessed immortality.

His discoveries as a philosopher
Will never cease to be remembered & admired
by the ablest improvers of science.
His firmness as an advocate of liberty,
and his sincerity as an expounder of the Scriptures,
endeared him to many
of his enlightened & unprejudiced contemporaries.
His example as a christian
will be instructive to the wise, & interesting to the good
of every country and every age.
He was born at Fieldhead, near Leeds, in Yorkshire,
March 13th, A.D. 1733,
was chosen a minister of this chapel, Dec. 31st, 1786,
continued in that office ten years and six months,
embarked for America, April 7th, 1794.
Died at Northumberland town in Pensylvania,
February 6th, 1804.

S. PARR.

At Worcester, ob. 1811, æt. 63 :—

RICHARD INGRAM, Esq.

A native of St. Paul's Parish, Covent Garden, London,
Formerly a member of Pembroke College, Oxford,
Afterwards a student at Lincoln's Inn,
And for more than forty years
An inhabitant of White Ladies, near Worcester,
Died October 20th, 1811,
Aged 63,
And was interred in the burying-ground
Of this Chapel.
Independent in spirit as well as fortune,
And unambitious alike of station and of fame,
He preferred
The pure and calm pleasures of a studious life,
To the brightest prospect of success in the law,
For the practice of which
He had been called to the bar in 1771.
He was a profound scholar, without pedantry,
An acute critic without acrimony,
Unwearied in his researches

Upon the most interesting subjects of Theology & Ethics.
Unshaken in his attachment
To the noblest principles of civil & religious liberty,
Exemplary in uniting the duties of justice
With the delicacies of honour,
And all the amiable graces of native benevolence.
Sincere without bigotry
In the belief of a Redeemer,
And serious without superstition
In the worship of his Creator.

S. Parr.

At Bradenham, ob. 1812, æt. 84 :—

On the twenty-eighth day of August, A.D. 1812,
Died at Bradenham, near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire,
In the 85th year of her age,
Elizabeth Dealtry,
Eldest daughter of Richard Langley, Esq.
Of Wykeham Abbey in Yorkshire,
And relict of John Dealtry,
Once the highly-favoured pupil
Of the celebrated Dr. Boerhaave,
And afterwards an eminent physician in the city of York.
The memory of this excellent woman was retentive,
Her judgment was exact,
And the knowledge which she had acquired from books
Was both ornamental and useful,
Diffusing itself without ostentation
Over the gayest and most serious subjects,
And adapting itself without effort
To the lighter and more important concerns of social life.
Her penetration
Into the characters of those with whom she conversed
Was acute not precipitate :
Her remarks
Upon all their prominent and all their latent varieties
Were luminous from good sense,
Not dazzling from refinement :
In the distinctions which she made
Between merit and demerit,
Her understanding

Was neither misled by prejudice nor warped by envy:
Her praise was appropriate without exaggeration,
And her censure was significant without asperity.
Formed by that plan of female education
Which prevailed in the reign of George II.,
Her manners were agreeable and even impressive,
From dignified ease and uniform propriety.
She united the most unruffled temper
With the most delicate sensibility.
By promoting in her family & her neighbourhood
Those innocent recreations,
Which are suited to the vivacity of youth,
And the cheerfulness of manhood,
She threw around old age
An aspect at once amiable and venerable.
Her morals were not only blameless but exemplary,
And, as her principles in religion were the result
Of judicious inquiry and frequent meditation,
They were exempt alike from the weakness of superstition
And the reveries of fanaticism:
They softened the heart, while they enlightened the head:
They regulated her actions in this world,
And they elevated her hopes to a future & better state.
For more than the space of 20 years
She was afflicted with blindness,
And for 3 years with palsy.
But these evils, which, among the generality of mankind,
Might have clouded the brightness of every joy,
And deepened the gloom of every sorrow,
Were borne by her
With the steady fortitude of a heroine,
And the humble patience of a christian.
She retained her wonted relish
For the pleasures of social intercourse:
She preserved the unimpaired & ready use
Of her intellectual faculties,
And with the assistance of her children, as readers to her,
She obtained for her curiosity
The choicest gratifications which books could supply.
She was rescued from the vicissitudes
Of melancholy and inquietude,

Which often accompany the loss of sight
And debility of limbs ;
And to her habits of observation
Upon the events of earlier and happier times,
She daily added fresh stores of information,
And found in them fresh materials
For calm and solid reflection.
Surrounded by the respect of her acquaintance,
By the gratitude of her domestics,
By the confidence of her friends,
And by the most tender affection, and dutiful attentions
Of an eldest son, (the only survivor of two infant brothers)
And also of two daughters,
All of whom had resided with her from their youth,
And who felt their own happiness inseparably connected
With the comforts and enjoyments
Of a most deserving parent,
She sunk without a struggle
Under the instantaneous and silent stroke of that death,
The approach of which she had long contemplated
With unfeigned and unshaken resignation
To the will of her Creator.

S. Parr.

Heraldic devices and gaudy colouring first appear to have destroyed the religious effect of the monuments of the close of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ; ornament indulged in, evidences of devotion receded, until at length in some instances they may be said to have entirely disappeared. Long inscriptions speedily usurped the place of the earlier more concise expressive and devotional records. These innovations permitted, tolerated, and we fear we may add admired, it will not appear surprising that witticisms should claim and obtain admittance into epitaphial inscriptions, and it is lamentable to reflect upon the number of instances of this description that have been recorded. The senseless character of many, are only calculated to excite the laugh and ridicule of the vulgar and the profane. It seems unnatural to survey Death without feelings of solemnity and awe, yet how frequently do we meet with the indulgence of humour, not to say ribaldry, emanating in many instances from those of acknowledged learning, wisdom,

and sanctity. A late excellent writer[1] remarks, "It is sad to see how unsuitable, how almost ludicrous, many of these inscriptions are. It is not only that they are devoid of beauty, but that they are calculated to drag down the minds of the survivors, chaining them to the recollection of the sufferings which their departed friends endured in their lifetime, harrowing them by the repetition, and in the end holding out no lesson to be learnt, no comfort to look to, no hope of rest in another world." The propensity to be ridiculous, and to exercise vagaries in regard to monumental inscriptions, date, however, from a very early period. Puns have been common in epitaphs, and are to be found in Greek, Latin, and still more abundantly in English compositions. I have found one by Empedocles, a celebrated philosopher and naturalist who lived B.C. 455. He employed the Paronomasia, or Pun, in an Epitaph on a Physician whose name was Pausanias.[2] It has been thus happily translated by Merivale :—

> PAUSANIAS—not so nam'd without a cause,
> As one who oft has giv'n to pain a *pause*—
> Blest son of Æsculapius, good and wise,
> Here, in his native Gela, buried lies ;
> Who many a wretch once rescu'd by his charms
> From dark Persephone's constraining arms.

In Latin many punning epitaphs are to be found. Examples are abundant in a volume of much interest to the classical scholar, published in the seventeenth century.[3] In this work are also illustrations of a similar jocose character in the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch languages. As these can be readily referred to, I shall content myself with a few derived from the Latin, previous to drawing particular attention to the English examples :—

On VITALIS, Abbot of Westminster (ob. 1082), deducing Vitalis from Vita :—

> A vita nomen qui traxit, morte vacante,
> Abbas VITALIS transiit, hicque jacet.

[1] Epitaphs for Country Churchyards, collected and arranged by Aug. J. C. Hare, Oxford, 1856, 12mo.

[2] The pun consists in the derivation of the name "Pausanias," *ἀπὸ του παύειν τὰς ἀνιάς*. See Anthologia Græca.

[3] Epitaphia Joco-Seria a Francisco Swertio. Coloniæ, 1635, 12mo.

The following appears a better arrangement of the same :—

Qui nomen traxit a vita, morte vocante,
Abbas Vitalis transiit hicque jacet.

Of a similar character is that—

On LAURENCE, 18th Abbot of Westminster, applying the word *Laurea* to *Laurence* :—

Clauditur hoc tumulo vir quondam clarus in orbe,
Quo præclarus erat hic locus, est, et erit.
Pro meritis vitæ dedit illi *Laurea* nomen,
Detur ei vitæ *Laurea* pro meritis.

Of the same description is one on FLORIDUS, which, according to Camden, has been highly commended :—

Quod vixi flos est, servat lapis hic mihi nomen,
Nolo Deos manes, flos mihi pro titulo.

The well-known lines upon Fair Rosamund, the paramour of Henry II., may here be referred to :—

His jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosamunda ;
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

One also upon Pope Lucius, by a monk of Beckenham, as recorded by Hearne[1] :—

Luca dedit lucem tibi Luci, Pontificatu.
Ostia, Papatu, Roma, Verona mori.
Imo Verona dedit tibi vero vivere, Roma
Exilium, curas Ostia, Luca mori.

Of a somewhat late period, Franciscus Swertzius[2] gives the following on DURANDUS :—

Hic est *Durandus* positus sub marmore duro,
An sit salvandus, ego nescio, nec ego curo.

Camden records one of the time of Henry III., on John Calf :—[3]

O DEVS omnipotens VITVLI miserere JOANNIS,
Quem mors præveniens non sinit esse bovem.

This has been paraphrased by a translator :—

All Christian men in my behalf,
Pray for the soul of Sir John Calf.

[1] Discourses, vol. i. p. 232.
[2] Epitaphia Joco Seria, p. 98.
[3] See also Swertii, Joco-Seria, p. 87.
[4] Hearne's Discourses, vol. i. p. 329.

O cruell Death, as subtle as a fox,
Who would not let this calf live till he'd been an oxe,
That he might have eaten both brambles and thorns,
And when he came to his father's years might have worn horns.

Camden also gives an epitaph upon some one whose name is supposed to have been NONE, from the tenor of the verses. He was buried at Wymondham, and gave nothing to the Religious, as the Holy Fraternity were styled in his days :—

Hic situs est Nullus, quia nullo nullior, iste;
Et quia nullus erat, de nullo nil tibi Christe.

To proceed, however, to English Punning Epitaphs, Weever has printed one punning on the name as early as 1407.

At Southland, on —— Palmer :—

Palmers all our faders were
I a *Palmer* livyd here
And travyld still, till worne wyth age,
I endyd this world's pylgramage,
On the blyst assention day
In the cherful month of May;
A thowsand wyth fowre hundryd seven,
And took my jorney hense to heven.

An early example is offered in the Epitaph on Sir Richard Worme, in Peterborough Cathedral, A.D. 1589 :—

Does Worm eat Worme? Knight Worme this truth confirms,
For here, with worms, lies Worme, a dish for worms.
Does worm eat Worme? sure Worme will this deny,
For Worme with worms, a dish for worms don't lie.
'Tis so, and 'tis not so, for free from worms
'Tis certain Worme is blest without his worms.

It was not until the end of the sixteenth century, and more especially the early part of the seventeenth century, that punning epitaphs became very common. The tombs, if we are to judge by the number on which inscriptions are recorded, seem to have been converted into *media* for conveying jests, epigrams, acrostics, anagrams, chronograms, and other diversities, exemplifying the very worst taste. Examples of these are abundant.

In Caius College Chapel, A.D. 1613 :—

On WILLIAM WEBBE.

A richer WEBB than any art can weave
The Soule that Faith to Christ makes firmly cleave.
This *Webbe* can Death, nor Devils sunder, nor untwist,
For Christ and Grace both ground work are and List.

On ANTHONY COOKE, in Yoxford Church, who died on Easter Monday, 1613, æt. 79 :—

At the due Sacrifice of the Paschall Lambe,
April had 8 days wept in Showers, then came
Leane, hungry death, who never pitty tooke,
And cause the feast was ended, slew this Cooke.
On Easter Munday, he lyves then noe day more,
But sunk to rise with him that rose before ;
He's here intomb'd ; a Man of virtues line,
Out reacht his yeares, yet they were seventy nine.
He left on earth ten Children of eleven
To keep his name whilst himself went to heaven.

In Bletchley, ob. 1615 :—

On Mrs. ROSE SPARKE.

Sixty-eight years a fragrant rose she lasted,
Noe vile reproach her virtues ever blasted ;
Her autume past expects a glorious springe,
A second better life more flourishing.

"Hearken unto me, ye holy children, and bud forth as a Rose."—Eccles. xxxix. 13.

In Enesham Church-yard, ob. 1615 :—

On JOHN GREEN.

If true devotion or tryde honesty
Could have for him got long lives liberty.
Nere had he withered but still growne GREEN
Nor dyed but to y^e^ Poor still helping been.
But he is tane from us y^et^ this wee comfort have
Heaven hath his Soule still (Green) though body in wasting
In progeniem filii defunctam adjacentam. [Grave.
My fruit first failed here wee low ly
Live well then fear not all must dy.

The name of Green, with its various combinations, has proved a fertile field for the punster. Thus we have, in Harrow Church-yard, on Isaac Greentree :—

There is a time when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

At Whitmarsh, Warwickshire :—

On Nicholas Greenhill, Head Master of Rugby School.

This Greenhill Periwigd with snow
Was levil'd in y^e^ spring :
This Hill y^e^ nine and three did know
Was sacred to his King.
But he must down, although so much divine,
Before he rise, never to set but shine.

In Beddington Church, Surrey, the following is

On Thomas Greenhill :

Mors super *virides montes.*

Thomas Greenhill born and bredd in the famous university of Oxon, Bachelor of Arts, and sometime Student of Magd. Coll. Steward to the noble Knight Sir Nic^s^ Carew, of Beddington, who deceased Sept. 17, 1624.

Under thy feet interr'd is here
A native born in Oxfordshire ;
First life and learning Oxford gave ;
Surry him his death and grave :
He once a *Hill* was fresh and *Greene*
Now withered is not to be seene ;
Earth in earth shovell'd up is shut,
A *Hill* into a *Hole* is put ;
But darksome earth by Power Divine,
Bright at last as the sun may shine.

Exceedingly ridiculous is that in Devonshire,

On the Wife of Edward Greenwood, D.D.

O Death, O Death, thou hast cut down
The fairest *Greenwood* in all the town ;
Her virtues and good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge ;

Yet such was her condescension and humility,
She chose to marry me, a Doctor of Divinity,
For which heroic act she stands confess'd
Above all women, the *Phœnix* of her sex;
And like that bird, one young she did beget,
That she might not leave her friends disconsolate.
My grief for her, alas! is so sore,
I can only write two lines more;
For this, and every other good woman's sake,
Never lay a blister on a lying in woman's back.

At Waltham Abbey :—

On Sir James Fullerton.

Here lies the Remnant of Sir James Fullerton, Kn^t^, first Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First (Prince and King) a gracious Rewarder of all virtue; a severe Reprover of all vice, a profest Renouncer of all Vanitie. He was a firme Pillar to the Common Wealth, a faithful Patron to the Catholique Church, a faire Patterne to the British Court. He lived to the Welfare of his Country, to the Honour of his Prince, to the glory of his God. He died *Fuller* of Faith than of *Fears*, *Fuller* of Resolution than of Pains, *Fuller* of Honour than of Days.

In Lincoln Cathedral, ob. 1616, æt. 56 :—

On Doctor Otwell Hill.

Mons sacer *Otwelli* sacratus nomine Christi
Hoc in *monte* Deum nocte dieque colens:
Hoc in *monte* Dei populo jus dicit, et inde
Moribus infames ad meliora vocat.
Excipiunt *Montes* Domini *Montem* morientem,
Mons Lincoln corpus, *monsque* Sion animam.

'Tis Otwell Hill, a holy Hill,
And truly, sooth to say,
Upon this Hill, he praised still,
The Lord both night and day.
Upon this Hill this Hill did cry,
Aloud the Scripture letter,
And strove your wicked villains by
Good counsel to make better.

And now this Hill, tho' under stones,
Has the Lord's Hill to lie on ;
For Lincoln Hill has got his bones,
His soul, the Hill of Sion.

In Tillingham Church :—

On Humphry Cole.

Hic jacet Humfridus Carbo, carbone notandus
Non nigro, Creta sed meliora tua.
Claruit in clero, nulli pietate secundus.
Cœlum vi rapuit, vi cape si poteris.
Obt 27 Mar. 1624, æt. 77.

Paraphrased thus in the Notes and Queries, vol. ix. p. 9 :—

Here lies the body of good Humphry Cole,
Tho' Black his name, yet spotless is his soul ;
But yet not black, tho' Carbo is the name,
Thy chalk is scarcely whiter than his fame.
A priest of priests, inferior was to none,
Took Heaven by storm when here his race was run.
Thus ends the record of this pious man ;
Go and do likewise, reader, if you can.

In Lincoln Cathedral :—

Dr. Wm. Cole, Dean of Lincoln, offers another example.

Reader, behold, the pious pattern here,
Of true devotion & of holy fear ;
He sought God's Glory and the Churches good.
Idle idol worship he withstood ;
Yet dyed in peace. Whose body here doth lie,
In expectation of eternity.
And, when the latter trump of heav'n shall blow,
Cole, now rak'd up in ashes, thou shalt glow.

Dr. Wm. Cole was Dean of Lincoln and President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The monument upon which the foregoing punning inscription is placed, was, as is there stated, erected in pious remembrance to his "dateless memory," by his much beloved and eldest daughter Abigail Stratford, wife of Henry Stratford, of Hawling, in the County of Gloucester, Esq., June 21, 1632.

At Nailsea. Another, ob. 1657, æt. 56 :—

On William Cole.

Mista senum ac juvenum conduntur corpora, fitque
Candidus in tumuli carcere carbo cinis.

The candid Coles which kindly burn'd
To the warmth of many by their heat,
To ashes black by death are turn'd,
Yet shine their soules in heavenly seat.

On Rose Atkinson. Ob. 1626 :—

Stay ; you that heedless of the dead,
Pass on this way ; Beholde, and read,
This Rose (e'erwhile a lovelie flowre)
Had leaves as fair as fresh as your,
Which cast their sweet perfumes about
Like pretious Oyntments, powered out.
She liv'd as others taught she should
She died as she her selfe foretolde ;
And, in a Budd, which from her grave,
Did in her Death her life renewe.
Now is't no wonder it be sedd
That branch should live whose root is dead ;
Yet here is one ; From out her Tombe
This very Rose anewe shall bloome.

At Tawton Church, ob. 1652 :—

On Rose Dart.

A Rose springing Branch no sooner bloom'd,
By Deaths impartial Dart lyes here intomb'd.
Tho' wither'd be the Bud, the stock relyes
On Christ, both sure by Faith and Hope to rise.

And at Inglishcombe, ob. 1687, æt. 79 :—

On John Rosewell.

This grave's a bed of roses : here doth ly
John Rosewell, gent. his wife nine children by.

In Barnstaple Church, ob. 1627 :—

On Grace Medford.

Scarce seven years old this Grace in glory ends,
Nature condemns but Grace the change commends ;

For Gracious Children tho' they die at seven,
Are heirs apparent to the Court of Heaven.
Then grudge not nature at so short a Race,
Tho' short yet sweet, for surely 'twas God's GRACE.

At St. Giles's Church, Norwich :—

ELIZABETHA BEDINGFIELD.
Sorori Francisce Sve
S. R. Q. P.

My name speaks what I was, and am, and have,
A Bedding field, a piece of earth, a grave,
Where I expect, untill my soule shall bring
Unto the field an everlasting spring ;
For rayse and rayse out of the earth and slime,
God did the first, and will the second time,
Obiit Die 10 Maii 1637.

At St. Andrew's, ob. 1637, æt. 15 :—

On WALTER GOOD.

A thing here singular this doth unfold,
Name and nature due proportion hold ;
In real goodness who did live his days,
He cannot fail to die well, to his praise.

At St. Mary Key, Ipswich, ob. 1641, æt. 92 :—

On JOHN WARNER.

I WARNER once was to myself
Now Warning am to thee
Both living, dying, dead I was,
See then thou warned be.

At St. Mary Key, Ipswich, ob. 1643, æt. 3 :—

On WILLIAM HASILWOOD.

The Hasel nut oft Children crops
God Haselwood in Childhood lopps
Then Parent yield, God says hee's mine,
And took him hence, say not hee's thine.

In Westminster Abbey is the subjoined:—

FRANCISCUS NEWMANNUS,
e Collegio Omnium Animarum
Apud Oxoniensis nuper Socius,
H. S. E.
Diem obiit prid. Id. Dec.
Anno parte Salutis,
MDC. XLIX.
Exuta jam Carne animarum sede receptus vere Neander factus est.

Here lies
FRANCIS NEWMAN,
late Fellow of All Souls' College in Oxford,
Who died in the Year of Health 1649.
Divested of Body, and received among the Seats of the Blessed Souls, he is now truly a New-man.

At Stepney. Ob. 1693, æt. 72:—

On MARY ANGEL.

To say an angel here interr'd doth lye,
May be thought strange, for angels never dye;
Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell;
Are lost and rise no more;
This only fell from death to earth,
Not lost, but gone before;
Her dust lodg'd here, her soul perfect in grace,
Amongst saints and angels now hath took its place.

At St. Lawrence Jewry, London. Ob. 1698, æt. 4:—

On WILLIAM BIRD.

One charming *Bird* to *Paradise* is flown,
Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft:
Since one of this fair brood is still our own,
And still to cheer our drooping souls is left.
This stays with us while that his flight doth take,
That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.

To the seventeenth century, many, to which dates are not affixed, may be ascribed.

On the Rev. Mr. Chest.

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good,
Who says so of the other?

These lines were written by a Mr. Downton, who married the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Chest, Vicar of Chepstow, who had excited his son-in-law's contempt by removing the bones of Harry Marten, the Regicide, declaring that his remains should not pollute the chancel of his church.

In the church of Barrow upon Soar, in the county of Leicester:—

On Cave.

Here, in this Grave, there lies a Cave,
We call a Cave a Grave.—
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then, reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lie in Grave,
Or Grave here lie in Cave:
If Grave in Cave here buried lie,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report, here lies a Cave,
Who conquers Death, and buries his own Grave.

On Mr. Stone.

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfill'd in me,
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

Another reads thus:—

Grand Salem's curse shall never light on thee;
For here a stone upon a stone I see.

This is in the churchyard of Affington, in Devonshire, and Stone is said to have lived to the age of 120 years.

On Thomas Huddlestone.

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile!
But reflect, as this tomb-stone you view,
That death, who kill'd him, in a very short while
Will *huddle a stone* upon you.

On Merideth,

an Organist at St. Mary Winton College, Oxford.

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth.

The name of More has been prolific of punning inscriptions. At Ellingham, near Bungay:—

On —— More, of Norwich.

More had I once, More would I have,
More is not to be had;
The first I . . . the next is vaine,
The third is too too bad.
If I had us'd with More regard,
The More that I did give,
I might have made More use and fruit
Of More while he did live.
But time will be recal'd no More,
More since are gone in briefe
Too late repentance yeelds no More,
Save only paine and griefe.
My comfort is, that God hath More
Such Mores to send at will,
In hope whereof I sigh no More,
But rest upon him still.

Again.

Hic jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus, quomodo sic?

Here lies More, no more is he,
More and no more, how can that be?

Also at St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf:—

Here lies one *More*, & no *More* than he,
One More, & *no More!* how can that be?
Why *one More* and *no More* may well lie here alone,
But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than one.

On Mr. Thomas All.

Reader, beneath this marble lies
All that was noble good and wise;

All that once was formed on earth,
All that was of mortal birth;
All that liv'd above the ground,
May within this grave be found:
If you have lost or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies All;
Then smile at death, enjoy your mirth,
Since he has took his All from earth.

On Sir Henry Goodyear, of Polesworth.

An ill year of a Goodyear us bereft,
Who gone to God must lack of him here left:
Full of good gifts, of body and of minde,
Wise, comely, learned, eloquent, and kinde.

At Hardington Church, a Mrs. Nott is thus celebrated:—

Not born, not dead, not christen'd, not begot,
Lo here she lies, that was, and that was not;
She died, was born, baptiz'd, aye what was more,
Was in her life not honest, not a whore.
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which, while thou seems't to read, thou readest not.

On Stephen Remnant.

Here's a *Remnant* of life, and a *Remnant* of death,
Taken off both at once in a *Remnant* of breath.
To mortality this gives a happy release,
For what was the *Remnant*, proves now the *whole piece*.

At St. Giles, Cripplegate:—

On Gervase Aire.

Under this marble fair,
Lies the body entomb'd of Gervase Aire:
He dyd not of an ague fit,
Nor surfeited by too much wit
Methinks this was a wondrous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath.

In the Temple Church:—

On John White.

Here lies *John*, a burning shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were *White*.

On William Rich.

Beneath this stone in sound repose,
Lies *William Rich*, of Lydiard Close:
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five!
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grand children five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety four.

On Mr. John Berry.

How! How! who's buried here?
John Berry. Is't the younger?
No, the elder-*Berry*.
An elder-*Berry* buried? surely must
Rather rise up, and live, than turn to dust:
So may our *Berry*, whom stern death has slain,
Be only buried to rise up again.

On a farmer's daughter whose name was Letitia:—

Grim death, to please his liquorish palate,
Has taken my Lettice to put in his sallat.

On — Hatt.

By Death's impartial scythe was mown
Poor Hatt—he lies beneath this stone;
On him misfortune oft did frown,
Yet Hatt ne'er wanted for a *crown*;
When many years of constant wear
Had made his *beaver* somewhat bare,
Death saw, and pitying his mishap,
Has given him here a good *long nap*.

As a late instance, I give that in St. Margaret's Chapel, Hoddesdon, ob. 1702, æt. 52:—

On Captain Harry Graves.

Here in one grave more than one *Grave* lies;
Envious Death at last hath gain'd his prize;
No pills or potions here could make death tarry;
Resolv'd he was to fetch away old Harry;
Ye foolish doctors! could you all miscarry.

Great were his actions on the boist'rous waves;
Resistless seas could never conquer *Graves.*
Ah! *Colchester,* lament his overthrow!
Unhappily you lost him at a blow.
Each marine hero for him shed a tear,
St. Margaret's, too, in this must have a share.

In a MS. in the British Museum on John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury (1736):—

Alack and well-a-day,
Potter himself is turned to clay.

In St. Anne's Churchyard, Isle of Man, said to be written by Sir Wadsworth Busk, Attorney-General of that island.

Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb.
To Joseph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
Though strange yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her *Tears.*
DANIEL TEAR, died Dec. 9, 1787, aged 110 years.

These examples must suffice. Others of curiosity are inserted in the subjoined collection.

The adoption of the form of PROSOPOPŒIA is to be found in some ancient epitaphs. In a MS. Anthologia in the Royal Library there is a fine example, worthy of the age of Augustus, in an epitaph on a youth who is made thus to express himself: "Born in Lybia, buried in the flower of my youth, under Antonian dust, I repose near Rome, beneath the sandy banks of the Tiber. The illustrious Pompeia, who educated me with the tenderness of a mother, wept my fate, and has deposited my ashes in a tomb which equals me with freemen. The fire of my funeral pyre prevents that of Hymen, which she had anxiously prepared for me; the torch of Proserpine has cheated all our hopes."

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, a few examples of this kind are to be found among epitaphial inscriptions. The following gives an instance:—

In St. Paul's Cathedral. Ob. 1609:—

On Sir Henry Croft.

Six lines this image shall delineate:—
High Croft, high borne, in spirit & in virtue high,
Approv'd, belov'd, a Knight, stout Mars his mate,
Love's fire, war's flame, in heart, head, hand, & eye;
Which flame war's comet, grace, now so refines,
That, fixed in Heaven, in Heaven and Earth it shines.

Prosopopœia.

The womb & tomb, in name, be not so near
As life to death, and birth is to the bier;
Oh, then, how soon to bier are captains brought,
That know to live, and die now with a thought!
Then, captains, stay & read—still think on me;
For, with a thought, what I am you may be.
As Mars near Mars doth sound,
So Mars near Mars is found.

Some epitaphs are so absurdly laudatory as to excite indignation, surprise at the least, that at any time such fulsome, nay, impious stuff, could be tolerated. A certain amount of panegyric may be admitted, because an epitaph is usually a record given to merit, and is commonly inscribed by those whose tender feelings are excited by the loss they have sustained. Allowance must, therefore, be made for the affectionate descriptions composed on departed relatives, and for the exaggeration of their private worth. Epitaphs are ebullitions, either of national gratitude or individual obligation, and, under such circumstances, panegyric may be reasonably expected, and, to a certain degree, deemed admissible. The vanity of survivors to connect themselves with those whose characters they record is likewise a natural feeling and a natural weakness. In such cases, therefore, judgment must not be too severely pronounced. Pope, not unjustly, considered highly laudatory epitaphs as "the burthen of church walls, and the shame as well as derision of all honest men."

In addition to some of the preceding elaborate, genealogical, historical, and punning epitaphs, the following may be cited as curious examples:—

Ob. 1604:—

On Humphry Ely.

Albion hæreseos velatur nocte, Viator,
Desine mirari; Sol suus hic latitat.

Wonder not, reader, that with heresies
England is clouded; here her Sun he lies.

He was of St. John's College, Oxford, and settled in Lorraine as Professor of Common and Civil Law.

Ob. 1608:—

On Sir Francis Vere.

When Vere sought death arm'd with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward struck him, and he dy'd.

In St. Ann, Lewes:—

On Thomas Twyne, M.D.

"Hippocrates saw Twyne lifeless, and his bones slightly covered with earth. Some of his sacred dust (says he) will be of use to me in removing diseases; for the dead, when converted into medicine, will expel human maladies, and ashes prevail against ashes. Now the physician is absent, disease extends itself on every side, and exults its enemy is no more. Alas! here lies our preserver, Twyne; the flower and ornament of his age. Sussex, deprived of her physician, languished, and is ready to sink along with him. Believe me no future age will produce so good a physician and so renowned a man as this was. He died at Lewes in 1613, on the 1st of August, in the 10th climacteric (viz. 70)."

Twyne was celebrated in his day by his almanacks, prognostications, and other curious publications. He was a native of Canterbury, and was educated at Oxford. Lord Buckhurst was his patron.

Ob. 1613:—

On Jane Gee,

Wife of the Rev. Edward Gee, D D. rector of St. Mary, Tedborn, Devon. He was fellow of Chelsea College, a fellow also of Brazennose Coll. Oxon and Chaplain to James I. He

was also the author of the following epitaphial effusion, notwithstanding the fervour of which so strongly expressed towards the deceased, he, according to Wood in his Athenæ Oxonienses, left a widow at his decease about the year 1618.

O! that in Hymenæus books I ne'er had been inroll'd!
Woe! worth alas! my light, my Jane, lies here yclad in mould.
Scarce ten years had we liv'd in bliss but death reft Jane away:
Envious death! woe! worth my light, my Jane lies here in clay.
Here Jane thou ly'st, to whom Admetus' wife unequal was;
In faithfulness Penelope thou didest far surpass.
Never was woman to her spouse or to her imps more kind;
A more godly and a modeste one than she no man could find.
Therefore, O! happy soul, in peace eternally remain.

At Willingdon, ob. 1619, æt. 73:—

SIR NICHOLAS PARKER.

Thy soul inthron'd in Paradise where I
Can nothing add to thy Felicity
Thy Body finds on Earth a sweet repose
As scepter'd Princes & my Heart which owes
All Nature's Curious Services to thee
Can nothing add to thy tranquillity
Thy name is like an Odour rich and strong
Of endless Vigour & to thee my Townge
Paying due Elogies doth but return
Super —— Spices to thy *Phœnix* Urne
Nor can black *Lethe* thy deserts deface
But sweeping first away all Human Race
What then remains for Custom sake alone
Vouchsafe to baer these lines upon thy stone
Not for thy own behoof but mine give way
For what thou wouldst not take I needs must pay.

In PHILOPŒMEN *Greece* did term her last
In CASSIUS *Rome* her Vigour did exhaust
Then blame not aged *Brittans* feeble womb
For in her PARKER'S birth she did consume
Her utmost strength. The world will scarce be strong
For such another brave conception.

At St. Martin's, Ongar :—

SIR ALLEN COTTON, KNT.

Ald^n of London and Lord Mayor, ob. 1628.

When he left earth, rich bounty dy'd,
Mild courtesie gave place to pride ;
Soft mercie to bright justice sayde,
O sister! we are both betray'd :
White innocence lay on the ground,
By truth, and wept at either's wound ;
The sons of *Levi* did lament,
Their lamps went out, their oil was spent ;
Heav'n hath his soul, and only we
Spin out our lives in misery ;
So death, thou missest of thy ends,
And kill'st not him, but kill'st his friends.

At St. Paul's, ob. 1633 :—

REV. JOHN DONNE, D.D.

Reader! I am to let thee know,
Donne's body only, lies below :
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies.

At Charlinch, ob. 1639, æt. 49 :—

On the REV. BENJAMIN VAGHAN.

Here reverend Vaghan lies, and canst thou see
His sacred vine without an eulogie?
Or pass him dry-eyed who would impetrate
A sigh from envy, wring a tear from hate?
He merits rivers of them, though the tide
Were pearls dissolv'd, or christal liquifide.

At St. Bartholomew the Great, ob. 1652, æt. 39 :—

EDWARD COOKE, M.D.

Unsluice your briny flood; what, can you keep
Your eyes from tears, & see the marble weep?
Burst out, for shame ; or if you find no vent
For tears, yet stay, & see the stones relent.

At Aberdeen, ob. 1663, æt. 79 :—

ON ANDREW CANT.

Sub hoc marmore quiescit Dei servus, D. Andræas Cantæus, vir suo seculo summus, qui orbi huic et urbi ecclesiastes voce et vita inclinatam religionem sustinuit, degeneres mundi mores refinxit, ardens et amans Boanerges et Barnabas, magnes et adamas, academiæ rector labantem rem literariam levavit, intemeratæ pietatis, illibatæ constantiæ, invicti animi; quem tot annos cum Deo purum probasset, hoc ævo virtutum effæto, atque summam hujus vitreæ felicitatis videns in vanitate sistentem, veram eam, quæ nec temporum metis, neque voluptatis modis circumscribitur propriore spe et augurio præcepisset, animam Christo suo placide reddidit, XLIX. annis sui ministerii prius emensis nec paucioribus auspicatissimi fœderis cum Magareta Irvina, muliere lectissima, anno nat. Dom. ciɔiɔcɔlxiii. pridie calendas Maii. Ætatis suæ LXXIX. qui mortuus adhuc loquitur, vale.

Under this stone rests the servant of God, Mr. Andrew Cant,[1] the greatest man in his age, who, being a preacher to the world and this town, by his words and life upheld declining religion, refined the degenerate manners of the world, a burning and loving Boanerges and Barnabas, a magnet and adamant; being rector of the college, he lifted up and recovered decayed learning; a man of unfeigned piety, untainted constancy, of an undaunted courage and spirit; which, when he had proved so many years pure towards God, in this age barren of virtues, and seeing the sum of this glossy and frail happiness to consist in vanity, and had by a nearer hope and foretaste anticipated that true felicity, which is neither circumscribed by marches of time nor measures of pleasure, he pleasantly gave back his soul to his Christ, after the expiring of XLIX. years of his ministry, and as many of his most auspicious marriage with Margaret Irvine, a most choice woman, in the year of Christ's nativity 1663, April 30, of his age 79, who being dead yet speaketh. Farewell.

[1] The Spectator derives the word *Cant* from this Aberdeen preacher. It is, however, rather to be sought for from the practice of singing, or whining out the service, too common now-a-days as well as formerly, and therefore more likely to spring from the verb *canto*, to sing, or to chant.

At Huntspill, ob. 1669 :—

On William Rodney.

If ye knew who lay here,
You'd surely ha' beene shapeing ideas rare;
And sweare you'd scan with loyal valour, and true poesie,
Congeal'd with sorrow to a Niobe;
And in that drooping statue to appear,
His sad lamentor, and his sepulcher.
'Tis Rodney, know! whose name has here surviv'd
William of Normand, Noll the regicide.
Conquer'd those conquerors; only to death
(As they have done before) did yield his breath.

At King's Teinton, Devon :—

On Richard Adlam.

Richardus Adlam hujus ecclesiæ Vicarius, obit Feb. 10, 1670. Apostrophe ad Mortem:

Damn'd tyrant! can't profaner blood suffice?
Must priests that offer be the sacrifice?
Go tell the genii that in *Hades* lye,
Thy triumphs o'er this *sacred Calvary*,
Till some just *Nemesis* avenge our cause,
And force this *kill-priest* to revere good laws.

At St. Saviour's, Southwark, ob. 1672, æt. 72 :—Upon a marble monument, with figure of the deceased in furred gown, &c. &c.

Here Lockyer lies interr'd, enough his name
Speaks, one hath few competitors in fame;
A name so great, so general it may scorn
Inscriptions which do vulgar tombs adorn!
A diminution 'tis to write in verse
His eulogies which most men's mouths rehearse;
His virtues and his pills are so well known,
That envy can't confine them under stone;
But they'll survive his dust, and not expire
Till all things else at the universal fire.
This verse is lost, his pills embalm him safe,
To future times without an epitaph.

In Kendal Church-yard is another of a right loyal Alderman, ob. 1683, æt. 84:—

WILLIAM CROOK.

Had loyalty been life, brave *Guy* thou had then,
Stood *Kendal's* everlasting *Alderman*,—
Nay, could the joint united force of all,
That's good or virtuous over death prevail,
Thy life's-time thread, no time or fate could sever,
And thou still liv'd to pray, "King live for ever."
But thou art gone, a proof such virtue is,
Too good for earth, and only fit for bliss;
And blissful seats, where if bless'd spirits do,
Concern themselves with any thing below;
Thy prayers the same thou still dost supplicate,
For CHARLES' life, for *England's* Church and State;
Whilst to thy just eternal memory,
Envy and malice must in this agree,—
None better lov'd or serv'd his Prince than thee.

At Chew Magna:—

To the memory of Major Samuel Collins, whose merit gradually recommended him to seven successive commissions in one regiment of horse; wherein he acquitted himself with honour and courage, in Scotland, Ireland, the Low Countries, Portugal, and Spain. To omit lesser actions, he had his share in the battles of Gillicranky, the Boyne, and Agrim; in the sieges of Athlone, Galway, Limerick, Namur, Badajoz; and at Barcarotta first proclaimed Charles the Third in Spain. By his first wife Elizabeth, he left issue Samuel, Eliza, and Mary; and after twenty-four years fatigue in war, died here in the year of peace, March 20th $17\frac{1}{1}\frac{2}{3}$ aged 65. Quis generosa putet nisi fortia? This monument was erected by his two sons Samuel and Emanuel.

In Dundry, ob. 1753, æt. 81:—

On WILLIAM JONES.

He was a man of well known integrity, & whose natural abilities were so great, that by them only he clearly comprehended the powers of the human mind; and unaided by academical education, was able to refute with uncommon sagacity the slavish systems of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, or the reason of mankind.

At the Abbey Church, Bath :—

On Rebecca Leybourne.

In memory of Rebecca Leybourne
Interred at the foot of this pillar.
Born June the 4th, 1698.
Deceased February 18th, 1756.

A wife more than twenty-three years to Robert Leybourne, D.D.
Rector of the Churches of St. Dunstan Stepney
And of St. Anne's Middlesex near London;
And Principal of Alban Hall in Oxford,
Who never once saw her ruffled with anger,
Or heard her utter even a peevish word;
Whether pained or injured, the same good woman,
In whose mouth as in whose character,
Was no contradiction:
Resign'd, gentle, courteous, affable;
Without Passion, though not without sense,
She took offence as little as she gave it;
She never was, or made an enemy;
To servants, mild; to relations, kind;
To the poor, a friend; to the stranger, hospitable;
Always caring how to please her husband,
Yet not less attentive to the one thing needful.
How few will be able to equal,
What all should endeavour to imitate.

Another in 1793 :—

Sacred

To the immortal Memory of William Murray, Earl of Mansfield,

Late Lord Chief Justice of England,

Who during a Course of Thirty Years and upwards, not only discharged the duties of that high office with unexampled assiduity, and unquestionable Reputation, but happily uniting
The Wisdom of *Socrates*,
The Eloquence of *Cicero*,
The Harmony of *Virgil*, and
The Wit and pleasantries of *Horace*,
With the Beauties of his own unbounded Genius, became, and

was confessedly, the brightest Ornament of human Nature, that any Age or Country has hitherto been able to boast of.

The Venerable Peer having passed the age of Fourscore, and finding his corporeal Powers too feeble much longer to display his wonderful Talents with their wonted Energy, withdrew himself from the Bench; and willing to appear with those Talents undiminished at the Throne of his Divine Creator by whom he had been so peculiarly and abundantly endued, shook off the Clog of Mortality in his 89th year.

And as an Eagle wing'd his airy Flight
Through Death's pale Shade and all surrounding night
Up to the happy realms of everlasting Light
When welcom'd by the social Powers Divine
Freely with them he drinks cœlestial Wine;
While here Philosophy remains to mourn
Her Fav'rite fled, fled never to return,
Until his God shall at the Judgment Day,
With his bright Soul reanimate his Clay
And both with him to dwell from hence to Heav'n convey.

Of a very recent period we have the following (Swedenborgian?) bombast:—

At High Ercell in Shropshire:—

Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Barklamb, passed to eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797, in the 71st year of her age. Richard Barklamb, the ante-spouse uxorious, was interred here 27th January, 1806, in his 84th year. William Barklamb, brother to the preceding, Sept. 5th 1779, aged 68 years.

When terrestriall all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
Then celestial virtues in their most refulgent brilliant essence,
Shall with beaming beauteous radiance thro' the ebullition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions beautiful sublime
Human power, absorb'd deficient to delineate such effulgent lasting sparks,
When honest plebeians ever, will her presidence o'er ambiguous great monarchs.

In Herne Church (without date), we have:—

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a china dish, which must
Be used in Heav'n, when God shall feed the just.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
Though young, like fruits that ripe, he fell.

Akin to this was the Epitaph written for himself by the fanatic

WILLIAM HUNTINGDON, S.S., ob. 1813.

At the Chapel, Lewes :—

Here lies the Coalheaver,
Belov'd of his God, but abhorred of Men.
The Omniscient Judge at the Grand Assize,
Shall ratify and confirm this
To the confusion of many thousands:
For England and its Metropolis shall know
That there hath been a Prophet among them.

W. H. S.S. (Sinner Saved).

ACROSTICS were common in Epitaphial Inscriptions, principally at the close of the sixteenth and in the seventeenth centuries; but earlier instances are to be met with, particularly such as are expressed in the Latin language. Thus we have, from Baronius, of a date as early as A.D. 657, an example of double acrostic on S. EUGENIUS MISELLUS, Bishop of Toledo :—

E xcipe, Christe potens, discretam corpore mente M,
U t possim picei pœnam vitare barathr I,
G randis inest culpa, sed tu pietate redunda S.
E lue probra, pater, et vitæ crimina toll E,
N on sim pro meritis sanctorum cœtibus exu L,
I ndice te prosit sanctum videre tribuna L.
V is lector uno, quis sim, dignoscere vers U ?
S igna priora lege, mox ultima nosse valebi S.

Aicher gives us an example

ON THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

M orte salus hominis, Summi patet aula Tonantis:
A d Superos adytus non nisi morte datur.
X enia mors miseris præbet mortalibus una:
I lla bonis prodest, et nocet illa malis.
M aximilianus habet jam funere Cæsar Olympum,
I nter Cælestes emicat ille choros.

L ata velut vivens in terris regna tenebat :
I n Cœlis residens sic meliora tenet.
A spicit empyrea sublimem sede Tonantem :
N ectar in excelsis Ambrosiamque capit.
V ix fuit huic Cæsar variis par laudibus alter ;
S umma viri virtus, Sors quoque summa fuit.

And upon the son of Maximilian,—

CHARLES V.

C arolus hîc recubat, Quintus cognomine, Cæsar
A ugustus, claro Austriaco de stemmate natus.
R ex Regum Armipotens, famam qui terminat astris,
O mnia perdomuit veluti Tirynthius alter,
L ilia cum lunâ, Clarus ensemque potentem
V icit, et ignotos felix percurrit ad Indos.
S ingula post nato mortalia regna Philippo

C edit, et Imperii fulgens decus exuit omno,
Æ ternis tantùm cupiens insistere rebus.
S obria dúmque studet claustro traducere vitam,
A d superos migrat morbis confectus et annis.
R ex capit Imperium frater Ferdnandus in orbe.

An early English example, on name and place, occurs in that at Modbiry, ob. 1573 :—

On OLIVER HILL, of Shilleston.

O wandering wayght, whose way lies now to pass by this same tomb,
L et stay your steps, survey this verse, and think on time to come.
I nclos'd in chest his carcaise lies, that erst inclos'd a mind,
V nto's appointed race that fled ; whose like were hard to find,
E mong the massye multitude of mortal men that be,
R egarding righteousness so much, and loathing vice as he.

H aving a will in all respects to make his word his deed ;
I n friendship's facts, no man more frank to aid his friend at need.
L earn you to leave your lawless lusts, and fancies fond to fly ;
L earn by his godly life to live, and quiet death to die.

S uch hap had Hill such to succeed, and princes praise possess ;
H is pains in court, and toyle in wars, deserve indeed no less.
I t's hard for men to leave their lust, possessing worldly pelf ;
L o ! yet did Hill renounce them quite, and quite forsake himself.
L ong looking for a better life, by faith in Christ to take ;
E ach reader too I wish the like, by death, exchange to make.
S ith riches fade, and form, and strength, and honour eke, and lust,
' T were best, by life, a place provide, ere thou return to dust ;
O mortal man ! that canst not 'scape death's dreadful darting stings,
N or certain know'st (uncertain life) when certain end it brings.

In Ash Church, Kent, on a brass, a very unusual, if not singular, instance of the kind :—

J ohn Brooke of the parish of Ashe
O nly he is nowe gone.
H is days are past, his corps is lay'd
N ow under this marble stone.

B rookstrete he was the honor of
R ob'd now it is of name,
O nly because he had no sede
O r children to have the same ;
K nowing that all must passe away,
E ven when God will, none can denay.

He passed to God in the yere of Grace
One thousand fyve hundredth ffower score and two it was,
The sixteenthe daye of January, I tell now playne,
The five and twentieth yere of Elizabeth rayne.

In St. Paul's Cathedral :—

On Sir Francis Walsingham,

Who died April 6th, 1590.

S hall honour, fame, and titles of renown,
I n clods of clay be thus inclosed still ?
R ather will I, tho' wiser wits may frown,

F or to enlarge his fame extend my skill.
R ight, gentle reader, be it known to thee,
A famous knight doth here interred lie,
N oble by birth, renown'd by policie,
C onfounding foes which wrought our jeopardie.
I n foreign countries their intents he knew,
S uch was his zeal to do his country good,

W hen dangers would by enemies ensue,
A s well as they themselves he understood.
L aunch fourth, ye Muses, into streams of praise,
S ing and sound forth praise-worthy harmony;
I n England death cut off his dismal days,
N ot wrong'd by death, but by false treachery:
G rudge not at this imperfect epitaph,
H erein I have exprest my simple skill,
A s the first-fruits proceeding from a graff,
M ake them a better whosoever will.

Early in the seventeenth century, we have at Barrow South, on RICHARD MORICE:—

R eade and behowlde my present state, which showeth y^e^
fatall dome:
I stood as yow, and yow as I to dust shall shortly come.
C ast of therfore this wretched worlde, his pleasant baites defie,
H is flowers are cutt and withered, in the twinklinge of an eie.
A nd when we die, most certainly, with joyes or endles paine
R ewarded of a dreadfull Judge, our souls shall still remaine.
D eath is the dongeon of our sinnes, Jerusalem above
E ase, comfort, glory, hath for those, whom God doth derely
love.

M y sowle therfore in body weake, desired thee to embrace,
O Father dere, and now she lives before thy throne of grace.
R efuse I did this worlde alive, and now in clodd of claye
I leave this precept to my friends, which yet in earth do staie;
C are for the joyes celestiall, which cannot find their peeres
E ver saie in hart, this life shall last, alas, but twenty yeeres.

At Crewkerne, ob. 1613, æt. 50 :—

On Elizabeth Wyke.

E nding on earth, to rebegin in heaven,
L oving my Maker dearer than my mate ;
I calmly in a quiet ocean driven,
S ayl'd to this port, where love admits not hate.
A nkor'd I have so safely, that I scorne,
B e it with wind, tyde, weather, to be torne ;
E clipsing sins, dark'ning bright virtue's sun,
T hat weave such webbs of woes t'intangle soules,
H ave here no residence, but downward run,
E arthy they are, Heavn's judgment them controules ;
God hath appointed firy seraphins,
To stand as sentinells 'gaynst death, 'gaynst sins.
W ell came my death, that brought me unto life,
I 'll gain my life, which would procure my death,
K nowing the careful rest from combrous strife,
E njoy I should with my Creator's breath ;
For by such meanes such pow'r I do attaine,
Ever to live, never to die again.

The following is attributed to Ben Jonson :—

On Margaret Ratcliffe.

M arble weepe, for thou dost cover
A dead Beautie underneath thee,
R ich as Nature could bequeath thee ;
G rant then no rude Hand remove her :
A ll the gazers on the skies
R ead not in fair Heav'ns Storie,
E xpresser Truth, or truer Glorie,
T han they might in her bright Eyes.

R are as Wonder, was her Wit,
A nd like Nectar, ever flowing ;
T ill Time, strong by her bestowing,
C onquer'd hath both life and it :
L ife whose griefe was out of Fashion,
I n these Times. Few so have rued
F ate in a Brother. To conclude,
F or Wit, Feature, and true Passion,
E arth, thou hast not such another.

At St. German's, Cornwall :—

JOHANNES GLANVILL, MINISTER.

A.D.		A.D.
1599		1631.
24to	ARMS.	20mo
Novembr		Octobr
natus est		denatus.

I nditur in gelidum	G regis hujus opilio bustu	M
O mnibus irriguus	L achrymis simul urbis et agr	I
H ujus erit vivax	A tque indelebile nome	N
A rtibus et linguis	N ecnon virtute probat	I
N obilis ille novæ	V atem (pro munere) legi	S
N aviter et graviter	I ucunda et suaviter egi	T
E rgo relanguenti	L icet eluctetur ab or	E
S piritus ; æternum	L ucebit totus et aste	R.

In the following a triple acrostic is made on the word Mors, in the latter verses :—

In Collingtown, ob. 1662, æt. 67 :—

On ANDREW ARCHIBALD.

Hic situs Andreas Archbaldus, candidus, arte
Lithotomus, gratis qui tulit almus opem
Pauperibus ; sacri verbi memor usque tonantis,
Qui panem gelidis mittere mandat aquis.
Lithotomi multi, tentantes tollere morbum,
Hinc, pro uno incolumi, mille dedere neci.

Dum vixi, studui morbum quam calculi acerbum
Tollere ; sic summus sensit et imus opem.
Hic jacet Archbaldus, cautus qui et usque peritus :
Sanavit multos ; nullaque causa necis.
Hæc conjunx, cui liquit opes, monumenta marito
Erigit hic, scriptis quæ super ossa notis.
Nomina forte rogas, lector ; Catherina Puræa
Dicitur : hæc vere pura quod usque fuit.

M ors solet, innumeris, M orbis, corrumpere vita	M :
O mnia mors rostr O devorat usque su	O :
R ex, princeps, sapiens, se R vus, stultus, miser æge	R,
S is quicunque veli S, pulvis et umbra sumu	S.

Here lies good Andrew Archbald, to his art
Chirurgeon; to the poor he did impart
His helpful hand; still minding God, who bids
The Christian throw his bread upon the floods.
He in his art most skilful was, and he
Excelled others in that mysterie
Of cutting of the stone; for by his skill
He many heal'd, but never one did kill.
I study'd much to cut the bladder-stone,
To poor and rich a kind chirurgeon.
Here learn'd and skilful Archbald lies, who was
To many life, of death to none the cause.
His loving wife, from his own wealth, did raise
This monument and writing to his praise.
Reader, perhaps you ask her name; Lo here
The silent stone doth Katherine Pourie bear:
As Pourie name, so she was truly pure,
And by free grace from every stain secure.
Death takes our life, by man a sore disease,
And by its force on persons all doth seize:
King, noble, servant, wise, fool, poor and needy;
Dust are and shade, subject to death most geeedy.

An instance of Acrostic and Anagram is found in an inscription at East Coker, ob. 1673:—

On the Rev. Robert Paul.

R eader not weep, to hear the story
O f his decease, was Coker's glory?
B emoan thyself, and know here lies
E ntomb'd a treasure of great prize:
R icher or more celestial dust
T ime scarce hath left to earth in trust.

P repar'd his sever'd soul is gon
A loft, its GOD to wait upon,
U pbraiding vice, it could not stay
L onger below, so fled away.

Abiit non Obiit.

Robert Paul. } *Anagr.* { *Apt Labourer.*

Apt labourer, dear saint! all those that knew
Thy works, can say, such labourers are few:
Indeed there's none could yet out-labour all
His fellow workmen, save triumphant Paul
My predecessor: yet thou wert, I know,
So apt a labourer, that death to shew
Thy worth, hence fetch'd thee upon angels' wings,
As an apt chaplain for the KING of Kings.

On HENRY MARTEN, the Regicide.

Here
September the 9th, in the year of our Lord 1680,
Was buryed a true English man;
Who in Barkshire was well known
To love his country's freedom, 'bove his own:
But living inmured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear,
His epitaph.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one to you, to me)
E arth, air, or water, gripes my ghostless dust.
N one knows how soon to be by fire sett free.
R eader, if you an oft tryed rule will trust,
Y ou'l gladly do, and suffer what you must.

M y life was spent with serving you, and you,
A nd death's my pay (it seems) and welcome too.
R evenge destroying but itself, while I
T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly.
E xamples preach to th' eye, care then (mine says)
N ot how you end, but how you spend your days.

At Stepney:—

Here lies the body of Christopher Henley, late of Ratcliffe, deceased July 2nd, 1693.

C oncal'd from care, beneath this marble lies
H is sacred relicks, which again must rise;
R emote from human discords, unoppress'd,
I n their cold urn his peaceful ashes rest:
S natch'd into earth's dark bosom, free from all
T hose troubles which a mortal life befall;

O pious reader! know, his living just
P rocures his quiet slumbers in the dust;
H is virtuous deeds crown his unthinking clay,
E rect a monument without delay
R aising his soul to everlasting day.

H is wife and children's grief their tears reveal,
E ach find their loss too weighty to conceal;
N o unjust act through his whole race we find,
L oving he liv'd and just to all mankind;
E asie he sleeps till heav'n shall raise his dust,
Y ielding his soul t' the mansions of the just

In Tewkesbury Abbey Church :—

T hough only stones salute the reader's eye,
H ere in deep silence precious dust doth lie,
O bscurely sleeping in Death's mighty store
M ingled with common earth, till time's no more,
A gainst Death's stubborn laws who does repine,
S ince so much merit did his life resign.

M urmurs and tears are useless in the grave,
E lse he whole vollies at his tomb might have;
R est here in peace, who, like a faithful steward,
R epaired the church, the poor and needy cured.
E ternal mansions do attend the just,
T o clothe with immortality their dust—
T ainted, whilst under ground, with worms and rust.

In the Tower Church :—

On Captain Valentine Pyne, Master Gunner of England.

V ndaunted hero, whose aspiring mind,
A s being not willing here to be confin'd
L ike birds in cage, in narrow trunk of clay,
E ntertain'd death & with it soar'd away;
N ow he is gone, why should I not relate
T o future ages his valour, fame, and fate:
I ust, loyal, prudent, faithful such was he,
N ature accomplish'd world's epitome.

P roud he was not, and tho' by riches try'd,
Y et virtue was his safe, his surest guide;
N or can devouring time his rapid jaws
E 'er eat away those actions he made laws.

At Stepney :—

On James Bayly.

I nclos'd lye hid as sacred Remains
A s e'er was bound by th' King of Terror's Chains.
M asters and Chaplain's Place he well did bear ;
E ach threat'ning Wave, astonish'd with his Pray'r,
S hrunk in his Head when pious *James* was there.

B ayly on board the baffled Tempest flew
A s swift as Morning Sun exhales the dew :
Y onder he comes, his joyful Men would cry,
L ower your Topsails, see the Master's by,
Y ou'd think when he was there some Angel nigh.

God gave him Leave to breath his last on Shore ;
And what was lent him by th' Almighty Pow'r,
He safely did convey by trusty Friend,
Who strictly did perform the Donor's End,
And spread the Bounty of his liberal Hand,
Amongst his poor Relations ; which Command
Bought the Deceas'd sure Title to the promised Land.
Born in Landelph, in the County of Cornwall.

Another kind of play with initial letters occurs at East Bergholt, Suffolk :—

On Edward Lambe,

Second sonne of Thomas Lambe, of Trymley, Esquire. All his days he lived a Batchelor, well learned in devyne and common Laws. With his councell he helped many, yett took fees scarce of any. He dyed the nineteenth of November, 1617.

Edward	———	Lambe
Ever	———	Lived
Envied	———	Laudably
Evill	———	Lord
Endured	———	Lett
Extremities	———	Like
Even	———	Life
Earnestly	———	Learne
Expecting	———	Ledede
Eternal	———	Livers
Ease	———	Lament.

Which (in Gents. Mag. 1788, p. 972) has been read thus:—

"Edward Lambe ever lived envied, laudably evil endured. Lord, let extremities like even life learne. Ledede (he died?) expecting eternal ease. Livers lament."

Lewde has been proposed for *ledede* by Mr. Breen (Notes and Queries, x. 528), and the whole to be read as follows:—

"Edward, ever envied, evill endured, extremities even (even the extremes of prosperity and adversity); earnestly expecting eternal ease:—Lambe lived laudably. Lord! lett like life (such a life) learne (teach) lewde livers lament (to lament)."

A singular arrangement of Latin verses is in an epitaph at St. Anne in the Willows:—

On John Herenden, Mercer, Esq., upon an old stone.[1]

Qu an tris di c vul stra
os guis ti ro um nere vit.
H san Chris mi t mu la

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere lavit.

In Notes and Queries, Mr. E. S. Taylor has given an English version, whence obtained he does not recollect; but the imitation of the Latin style cannot fail to interest:—

cur f w d dis and p
A sed riend rought eath ease ain.
bles f b br and ag

A cursed friend wrought death, disease, and pain,
A blessed friend brought breath and ease again.

At Dunkerton, ob. 1634:—

On the Rev. John Dickes, Rector.

Hic, hæc, hoc, hujus, huic, hunc, bonus, optima, clarum,
Fulgor, Fama, Decus, vestit, adhærit, erit.
Mente, animâ, oh! requiem vivens ΑΙΟΕΚΛΕΤΟΣ ille
Carpsit honore sacro; jam super astra manet.

[1] See Stow's Survey of London.

This grammatical puzzle is attempted to be translated thus by Dr. Tunstall:—

"Good renown clothed him; best fame adhered;
Unspotted will be his credit. Both in mind and soul
Living he was God's friend: in sacred honour
Rest he obtained, and lives above the stars.

The following is attributed by Camden to a monk of Durham, and made upon occasion of the death of W. de la March, Chancellor of England under King John:—

Culmina qui cupi	tis	Laudes pompasque siti	tis
Est se data si		Si me pensare veli	
Qui populos regi		Memores super omnia si	
Quod mors immi		Non parcit honore poti	
Vobis præposi		Similis fueram bene sci	
Quod sum vos eri		Ad me currendo veni	

In Hadleigh Church, ob. 1630, in English, the same idea was attempted to be carried out:—

On Ellen Reson.

The Charnel mounted on the W	all
Sets to be seen in funer	
A Matron plain Domestic	
In Care and Pains continu	
Not Slow, not Gay, not Prodig	
Yet Neighbourly & Hospit	
Her Children seven yet living	
Her sixty seventh year hence did c	
To rest her Body natur	
In hopes to rise Spiritu	

Enigmatical, or obscurely conceived circumstances, have frequently been recorded on tombstones. Of the date of 1569 we have:—

On Mrs. Agatha Barlow.[1]

Hic *Agathæ* tumulus *Barloi*, præsulis inde,
Exulis inde, iterum præsulis, uxor erat.
Prole beata fuit, plena annis; quinque suarum,
Præsulibus vidit, præsulis ipsa, datas.

[1] Wm. Barlow, D.D. flourished in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. Fuller vainly attempted to ascertain the place of

Barlow's wife, Agatha, doth here remain;
Bishop, then exile, bishop then again.
So long she lived, so well his children sped,
She saw *five* bishops her *five* daughters wed.

In Christ Churchyard, Hants :—

We were not slayne but raysd;
Raysd not to life,
Bvt to be bvried twice
By men of strife
What rest covld the living have,
When dead had none?
Agree amongst yov
Here we ten are one.

Hen. Rogers died April 17, 1641.
I. R.

This enigmatical epitaph is generally attempted to be explained by a popular legend of ten men having perished by the falling in of a gravel-pit, and their being buried together; this will not, however, explain the line

"By men of strife,"

and it has been conjectured to refer to the time of the Civil Wars, when the bodies of ten persons may have been disinterred for the lead of their coffins, and deposited in one grave, or taken out of their graves and suspended on gibbets by the soldiers of Cromwell.

In Ketteringham Church, Norfolk :—

On Thos. Aid, of Norwich, 1665, and Ann, his wife, 1664.

Here *Two* in *One* at rest reposed be,
In expectation of the *One* in *Three*.

his nativity, and seeing, as he quaintly says, "I cannot fix his character on his cradle, I am resolved to fasten it on his coffin." He therefore placed him among the Worthies of Sussex, in which county he last held preferment. He describes him as a man of "much motion and promotion." He was canon regular of St. Osith's in Essex, then prior of Bisham in Berkshire; made bishop of St. Asaph by Henry VIII., translated to St. David's, and in the 3rd of Edward VI. removed to the bishopric of Bath and Wells. During the persecutions in the reign of Queen Mary, he fled from England to Embden, and upon his return, in the reign of Elizabeth, was advanced to be bishop of Chichester. He died in 1569.

In Lavenham Church, Norfolk, ob. 1694 :—

On JOHN WELLS.

Quod fuit esse, quod est
Quod non fuit esse, quod esse,
Esse quod non esse,
Quod est, non est, erit, esse.

This is well amended, and made into a couple of hexameters by a writer in Notes and Queries (vii. 342) :—

"Quod fuit esse, quod est ; quod non fuit esse, quod esse ;
Esse quod (est) non esse ; quod est, non est, erit esse."

Translated thus :—

What was existence, is that which lies here ; that which was not existence, is that which is existence ; to be what is now, is not to be ; that which is now, is not existence, but will be hereafter.

Or thus :—

All that I really was lies here in dust ;
That which was death before, is life, I trust.
To be what *is*, is not, I ween, to *be ;*
Is not, but *will* be in eternity.

Another version, in Amwell Churchyard :—

That which a Being was ; what is it ? show :
That being which it was, it is not now.
To be what 'tis ; is not to be, you see ;
That which now is not, shall a Being be.

Another, probably by John Byrom, given by Mr. Crossley :[1]—

What was John Wiles is what John Wiles was not,
The mortal Being has immortal got.
The Wiles that was but a non Ens is gone,
And now remains the true eternal John.

A paraphrase of these celebrated lines has also been given :—

What we have been, and what we are,
The present & the time that's past,
We cannot properly compare
With what we are to be at last.

[1] Notes and Queries, vii. 391.

Tho' we ourselves have fancied Forms,
And Beings that have never been;
We into something shall be turn'd,
Which we have not conceived or seen.

In Martham Church, Norfolk:—

Here Lyeth the Body of Christ^r. Burraway, who departed this Life y^e 18 day of October, Anno Domini 1730.
Aged 59 years.

And there Lyes ☞
Alice who by his Life
Was my Sister, my mistres
My mother and my wife.
Dyed Feb y^e 12. 1729
Aged 76 years.

This is attempted to be explained thus:—

"That Ch^r. B. was the fruit of an incestuous connexion between a father and daughter, and was early placed in the Foundling Hospital, whence, when he came of age, he was apprenticed to a farmer. Coming, in after years, by chance to Martham, he was hired unwittingly by his own mother, as farm steward, her father (or rather, the father of both) being dead. His conduct proving satisfactory to his mistress, she married him, who thus became successively, mother, sister, mistress and wife, to this modern Œdipus. The episode remains to be told. Being discovered by his wife to be her son, by a peculiar mark on his shoulder, she was so horror stricken that she soon after died, he surviving her scarcely four months." [1]

This extraordinary case will find a parallel, recorded by Boxhornius.[2] On a ruined sarcophagus at Rome, he met with an inscription to Marulla, mother, sister, and wife:—

Senicapri quicumque suris sacraria fauni
Hæc lege Romana verba notata manu.
Hersilus hic jacco mecum Marulla quiescit
Quæ soror et genetrix, quæ mihi sponsa fuit

[1] Notes and Queries, iv. 20.
[2] Monumenta Illustrium Virorum et Elogia, Amst. 1638, fol. 112.

Vera negas, frontemque trahis : enigmata sphyngos
Credis, sunt Pythio vera magis Tripode.
Me Pater e nata genuit, mihi jungitur illa,
Sic soror et Conjunx, sic fuit illa Parens.

At Dalkeith, ob. 1738, æt. 125 :—

On Margaret Scott.

Stop, passenger, until my life you read ;
The living may get knowledge by the dead.
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life ;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife ;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste ;
Now weary'd of this mortal life, I rest.
Between my cradle & my grave have been
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland & a Queen ;
Four times five years the Common-wealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rose against the law.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Stewart's race I saw ; nay, more !
My native country sold for English ore :
Such desolations in my life have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

As she was born in 1613, and died in 1738, she could only have lived in the reigns of James VI., Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III., George I., George II., Queen Anne—being seven kings and one queen. Oliver Cromwell's Protectorateship may probably be estimated as equivalent to a reign.

At Seaford :—

On Mary Stevens.

In memory of Mary, wife of Richard Stevens, who lived a married life together XLVII. years. She died January the 1st. MDCCLXXXI, aged LXVIII. years. Also near this place lie two mothers, three grandmothers, four aunts, four sisters, four daughters, four grandaughters, three cousins—but VI persons.

Our peaceful graves shall keep our bones till that great day,
And we shall wake from a long sleep, and leave our bed of clay.

Of a like character are:

At Arlington, near Paris:—

HERE LIE
Two grandmothers with their two grand-daughters,
Two husbands with their two wives,
Two fathers with their two daughters,
Two mothers with their two sons,
Two maidens with their two mothers,
Two sisters with their two brothers.
Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,
All born legitimate, & from incest clear.

The above may be thus explained:—

Two widows that were sisters-in-law, had each a son, who married each other's mother, and by them had each a daughter. Suppose one widow's name Mary, and her son's name John, and the other widow's name Sarah, and her son's James; this answers the fourth line. Then suppose John married Sarah, and had a daughter by her, and James married Mary, and had a daughter also, these marriages answer the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth lines of the epitaph.

Another form of enigmatical epitaph is in Llandham Churchyard, Anglesea, and has been frequently printed. From the Cambrian Register, 1795 (vol. i. p. 441), I learn that it was translated by Jo. Puleston, Feb. 5, 1666. The subject of it was EVA, daughter of Meredidd ap Rees ap Howel, of Bodowyr, and written by Arthur Kynaston, of Pant y Byrsley, son of Francis Kynaston:—

Here lyes, by name, the world's mother,
By nature my aunt, sister to my mother;
My grandmother, mother to my mother;
My great grandmother, mother to my grandmother;
My grandfather's daughter and his mother:
All which may rightly be,
Without the breach of consanguinity.

With the preceding may be classed the following:—

ON AN OLD SERVANT.
Pass not, proud mortals! thus unmindful by;
Here moulders one, who never told a lie;
Who ne'er detracted from another's fame;
Nor e'er, by scandal, brought a neighbour shame:

In life's uneven path contented trod;
Curs'd not his neighbour, nor blasphem'd his God;
To converse private gave no list'ning ear;
Nor was one slander ever known to hear.
Who, silent to his friends as to his foes,
His master's secrets never would disclose;
But faithful, sober, pious, good, and just,
Serv'd him obedient, and fulfill'd his trust;
More quiet none, in boastful Greece or Rome;
For know, O reader, he was *deaf* & *dumb*.

In commemoration of the learning of Politian, the following was placed in the Church of the Annunciation at Florence:—

Politianus in hoc tumulo jacet Angelus, unum
Qui caput, et linguas (res nova) tres habuit.

Here lies Politian, who, things new indeed,
Had, when alive, three tongues, and but one head.

Similar to that on Politian, is the following on Edward Bovington, who was born at Burnham, and buried in the chapel. Some member of the College made these lines on him—

Unum caput tres linguas habit,
(Res mira!) Bovingtonus.[1]

Iambic verses in the composition of epitaphs are of rare occurrence. Camden records one of this description, upon the celebrated Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. It is attributed to the pen of George Buchanan. Ob. 1578-9:—

SIR NICHOLAS BACON.

Hic Nicolaum ne Baconum conditum
Existima illum, tam diu Britannici
Regni secundum columen: exitium malis,

Bonis asylum, cæca, quem non extulit
Ad hunc honorem sors; sed æquitas, fides,
Doctrina, pietas, unica et prudentia.

Neu morte raptum crede, quia unica brevi
Vita perennes emerit duas: agit
Vitam secundam cœlites inter animos.

[1] See Howard's Alumni Etonenses, A.D. 1530, Hen. VIII. p. 22.

Fama implet orbem, vitæ quæ illi tertia est,
Hac positum in ara est corpus, olim animi domus :
Ara dicata sempiternæ memoriæ.

The union of languages in an epitaph is in bad taste, and cannot be approved. The epitaph of Gordianus, we are told, was written in five languages—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Egyptian, and Arabic ; it was destroyed by the Emperor Licinius. Peck records one with a mixture of Latin and English in Lincoln Cathedral :—

Here lieth the body of Agnes Ellys, late wife of William Ellys esq. and eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Thorold Knt. & of Dame Eleanor his wife. God blessed them with three children now living, Edmund, Martha Mary, & Richard, & three departed, Alexander, Francis, & Elizabeth. She died in childbed of Elizabeth, the xvij day of October MDCXII. Of her age anno xxxix, & her marriage xx.

Underneath,
the sun.
Under the sun,
Sic illa occubuit, sic occubiturus et ipse.
About the sun,
Simul est occasus et ortus.
Nocte latet, sed mane resurget.

Under all.
Tho' neither art in metal or in stone
Can her exempt from time's oblivion,
A good report her memory doth bless ;
Whose praise than brass or stone more during is.
Sic mea, qui posui, cygnea vota cano.

W^mus Ellis.

Beata misericors, quoniam ipsa misericordiam consecuta est.
His mea, cum moriar, caro detur vermibus esca ;
Me decet hac sola ponere corpus humo.
Immundam tibi lego animam, mitissime Jesu.
Quam, precor, hyssopo aspergito, munda fiet.

Requievit a laboribus suis x^o die mensis Decembris M,DC,XXXVI. ætatis sua, xxxviii.^o

In the reign of Richard III., according to Camden, it was first attempted to make epitaphs after the manner of *Propria quæ maribus*. Of this kind was one on William, Earl of Pembroke, Earl Marshall of England, Guardian of Henry IV., and Regent of the Kingdom, who lies buried in the Temple Church :—

Sum quem Saturnum sibi sensit Hibernia, Solem
Anglia, Mercurium Normannia, Gallia Martem.

And upon Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, who died in 1602, we have—

Hic pudor Hippoliti, Paridis gena, sensus Ulyssis,
Æneæ pietas, Hectoris ira jacet.

At Monkton Combe, three Latin verses, alternately hexameters and pentameters, on an ancient tomb, having at the top a mitred pediment, terminated by three altars :—

Filia Ricæi Mansell equitis Katherina
Bassetti hic conjunx armigeri, e patria es.
Bewperium domus est, et quo jacet ille sepultus
Rex Britonum Morgan nasceris ipsa loco.

Annus erat vita decies octavus, et iste
Te velut ante virum sustulit annus anum.
Quos ut jūxit amor juvenes, sic juxit utrosque
Annorum numero mors violenta senes.

Junior illa fuit septem cum nuberet annos,
Septem annos vidua est facta coæva viro.
Conjugium ætatis magnum par tempus habebant,
Vitæ ambo et mortis par fuit ipsa dies.

Guill. Bassett
obijt A.Do. 1586
Æ. 80. Mar. 10.

Katherina Bassett
obijt A. Do. 1593
Anno Æ. 80. Mar. 10.

Thomas Leyson, posuit.

They have been thus translated by Dr. Tunstall :—

Rice Mansell, Knight; his daughter, Katheryne,
From home thou art, the wife of Bassett's squire.
Bewper thy home, and where they did enshrine
Morgan, the Briton's King, thou didst a babe respire.

Thy term of years was eight times ten; but Time
Thine age sustained, and his, who was thy care;
A youthful pair Love joined, and here they join
In death, who had of days and years an equal share.

His junior seven years; when they had wedded been
That term of life, she was a widow seven;
So that each had of life an equal share,
And the same day unlocked to both the gate of heaven.

William Bassett,
Died A.D. 1586,
Aged 80, March 10.

Katheryne Bassett,
Died A.D. 1593,
Aged 80, March 10.

Thomas Leyson, posuit.

Here is a testamentary epitaph, from an old MS. taken by Camden:—

Terram terra tegit, Dæmon peccata resumat:
Res habeat Mundus, spiritus alta petat.

Let earth take earth, the devil his sins again,
The world its goods, the soul may heaven contain.

Similar to this, and of a date so early as A.D. 1118, is the epitaph on FLORENCE of WORCESTER, written by the Author of the Continuation of his Chronicle:—

Corpus terra tegit, spiritus astra petat,
Quo cernando Deum cum sanctis regnet in ævum. Amen.

The earth covers his body, may his soul find rest in heaven,
And reign for ever there with the saints in the presence of God.
Amen.

Rebuses have been enlisted into the service of monumental inscriptions. Thus we have:—

BRE on a TUN for John Breton, Prebendary of Sutton cum Bucks, ob. 1448.

BEACON on a TUN for Beckington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, ob. 1464.

MOR on a TUN for John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, ob. 1500.

The employment of Chronograms in epitaphs also occasionally occurs; the earliest I am acquainted with is given by

Franciscus Swertius,[1] in an epitaph upon the Emperor Charles V., who died in 1557 :—

CaroLVs est IntVs reCVbans hoC noMIna qVIntVs,
EX rebVs gestIs reLIqVa haVt nesCIre potestIs.

A solution of the chronogram is to be obtained by giving to the printed capitals the power of numbers. Thus, in the preceding, we have : —

M	1.000
CCCC	400
LL	100
X	10
VVVVVVVV ..	40
IIIIIII	7
	1,557

In Albury Churchyard is an epitaphial line, giving a chronogram for the date 1640 :—

Res Vrgente e XIsto pVLVereq. IbI sepVLtI DorMIVnt.

My body pawn'd to death doth here remain
As surety for the soul's return again.

Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, and the following chronogram was made on the line

My Day Is Closed In Immortality.

In Winchester Cathedral we have an example in which a passage of Scripture is employed to give the date and circumstances of construction of the roof on which it is inscribed—that which conceals the old lantern tower from the choir :—

PII reges nVtrItII regInæ nVtriCes pIæs Int DoMVs hVIVs : 1635.

Fuller gives a chronogram epitaph on John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, A.D. 1650 :—

Iohannes prIDeaVXVs epIsCopVs VVIgornIæ MortVVs est : 1650.

And a curious illustration of chronogram offers itself on the title-page of a work entitled "Magna Charta; or the Christian's Charter, Epitomised in a Sermon preached at the

[1] Epitaphia Joco-Seria, p. 61.

Funeral of the Right Worshipfull the Lady Mary Farewell, at Hill Bishops near Taunton by Geo. Newton, Minister of the Gospel there":—

D. FareweLL obIIt MarIa saLVtIs
In anno
Hos annos posItos VIXIt et Ipsa
VaLe.

The letters in Roman numerals are to be arithmetically added thus:—

1st line giving the year of her death.		2nd line giving the years she lived.	
D	500	I	1
LL	100	VIXI	17
II	2	I	1
MI	1001	VL	55
LVI	56		
I	1		
	1660		74

In Ely Cathedral is the following numerical curiosity:—

HUMAN REDEMPTION.

	590	×	590	×	590		
	Born	●	Sara	●	Watts		
			Died				
	600	×	600	×	600		
	30	×	00	×	33		
			Aged				
y	30	×	00	×	33		
M	3	×	d 31	—	3		
h	3	×	3	×	3	×	12

Nations make fun of his
Commands.

S. M. E.
Judgments begun on Earth.
In memory of
JAMES FOUNTAIN
Died August 21, 1767.
Aged 60 years.

Epitaphs have in some few instances been given in the form

of DIALOGUE. Thus, as between the living and the dead, in the Greek we have, by Leonidas of Tarentum, a Greek poet who flourished nearly three centuries before Christ, and esteemed one of the most moral writers of his age, has left us an Epitaph in the form of a DIALOGUE, rendered by Merivale[1] thus :—

Q. Who, and whose child art thou, that sleep'st beneath this Parian pile ?
A. Prexo—my sire, Calliteles. Q. And whence ? A. From Samos' isle.
Q. By whom interr'd ? A. Theocritus—the spouse my parents chose.
Q. What brought thee to the grave ? A. Alas ! I died in childbed throes.
Q. Of years how many ? A. Twenty-two. Q. And childless all bereft ?
A. Ah, no ! one child—Calliteles—of three years old I left.
Q. Long may he live, poor boy, and to an honour'd age attain !
A. And, stranger kind, may Fate for thee whate'er is good ordain !

In Latin, in the Church of Wells :—

Vita, quid est ? Fumus. Quid ergo ? res peritura.
Ergo quid est nostrum ? vivimus et morimur.

The reply of the dead :—

Non morimur, Vivo letus, regnoque beatus,
Solus adest Christus, vita salusque mihi.

An early English one, at St. Peter's, Somersetshire, ob. 1572 ; ob. 1596 :—

On JOHN and FLORENCE WYNDHAM.

Maritus. { When changeless fate to death did change my life,
I pray'd it to be gentle to my wife.

Uxor. { But shee, who hart and hand to thee did wedd,
Desired nothing more than this thie bedd.

Fatum. { I brought youre soules that linckt were each in either,
To rest above, youre bodies here together.

[1] Greek Anthology, p. 299. *Bohn's Edition.*

In Christ Church, London :—

Time's Triumph on the Death of
Mr. Robert Rogers,
Who died in the year 1601, in a dialogue between
Time, Death and Rogers.

Death.

Stand ; fairly encountred both ; grave sovereigne Time,
Born of eternity, age's father,
Prince of all Power ! all pow'rs on earth are thine :
Thou doest my ruines truest records gather ;
Lend thy consent, thy helping hand to mine ;
And Death will make Time's sovereignty as great
As the three sisters, ladies of sterne Fate.

Time.

Impartial Death, honours respectlesse foe,
Grimme, meagre caytiffe, wherefore dost thou come,
Must Virtue's children to thy slaughter goe,
In thy blood-yawning cell to find a roome ?
Can none but they quench thy bloody thirst ?

Death.

No,
Rogers I come for ; Time thou canst not save him ;
This dart must strike him, and grim Death will have him.

Rogers.

Death, wellcome ; all by thee I know must end ;
Nor do I care for longer life than this ;
I thanke thee, thou hast staid so long, kind friend,
Sweete Time be Patient, pardon mine omisse,
If I have time mispent, alas we all offend :
If said I, yes, 'tis certaine, sure I have ;
For which offence, deare Time, I pardon crave,

Time.

Death, grant me this (sweet) doe not kill him,
Till I returne but from the destinies.

Death.

I cannot stay a moment.

Rogers.

O ! will him,
Grave Time, to strike me then, I Death despise.

Death.

There lie thou dead.

Time.

Thou canst not spill him :
Time shall erect a trophy of such fame,
That while *Time* lives, dye shall not *Rogers'* name.

Time's Epitaph.

Give me an adamantine pen, & leafe of brasse,
To character his name, whose like nere was.
A single life he led, loving to all,
The poor man's succour, the relief of thrall:
Virtue's example, guide to eternal life,
In carriage courteous, all devoid of strife,
Here lyeth he interr'd, *Rogers* his name,
Time's only sonne, eterniz'd by Fame.
Ougly Detraction flye, and black Oblivion hence ;
Whilst *Rogers'* dust lyes here, Time will his fame commence.

At St. Alban's, Wood Street, ob. 1611 :—

ANNE GIBSON.

What ! is she dead ? doth he survive ?
No : both are dead, & both alive !
She lives, he's dead, by love though grieving,
In him for her ; yet dead, yet living ;
Both dead & living ! then what is gone ?
One half of both, not any one ;
One mind, one faith, one hope, one grave,
In life, in death they had, & still they have.

Another, between the Body and the Soul :—

On MARY PAWSON, in St. Margaret Moses.

Body : I Mary Pawson ly below slepyng.
Soule : I Mary Pawson sit above waking.
Both : Wee hope to meet again wyth glory clothed,
Then Mary Pawson for ever blessed.

Pope wrote an Epitaph in the form of Dialogue, on Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester, who died in exile

at Paris, 1732. (His only daughter having expired in his arms immediately after she arrived in *France* to see him.)

Dialogue.

She.

Yes, we have liv'd—one Pang & then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are Dust like me.

He.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this Dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!
Is there on Earth, one Care, one Wish beside?
Yes—save my Country, Heav'n!
He said, and dy'd.

There is a Conversational one at Islington, on the grave of

THOMAS GIBBONS, ob. 1779, æt. 76.

Liv'st thou, Thomas? Yes, with God on high.
Art thou not dead? Yes, and here I lye.
I that with man on earth did live to die,
Died for to live with Christ eternally.

At St. Pancras:—

On GODFREY HILL, æt. 46.

——Thus far am I got on my journey;
Reader!
Canst thou inform me,
What follows next?

On the walls of Hungerford Chapel, in Salisbury Cathedral, are some exceedingly interesting paintings, one compartment of which represents two figures, the one a man dressed in the habit of the times, who appears alarmed at the approach of a figure of Death, enveloped in a shroud, and a ridged coffin at his feet. Over the man are the following lines:—

Alasse, Dethe, alasse, a blessful thyng ye were
Yf thow wolldyst spare us in our lustynesse
And en' to wretches yt bethe of heby chere
When they ye clepe to slake there dystresse.
But owte alasse thyne sely selfwyldnesse

Crewelly werrieth them yt seyge wayle and weepe
To close there yen yt after ye doth clepe.

Over Death :—

Grasles galante in all thy luste and pryde
Reme'byr yt thou ones schalte dye.
Deth shold fro thy body thy sowle deb de
Thou mayst him not him ascape certaynly.
So ye dede bodys cast downe thyne ye
Behold thaym well, consydere and see
For such as thay ar, such shalt yow be.

Mr. Wansey, of Salisbury, F.S.A., suggested to Mr. Gough that the figures were probably copied from the painting in the cloisters of old St. Paul's, London, called the Dance of Death. The common people called it Death and the Cobbler ; others, Death and the Traveller ; whilst others fancied that it alluded to an extravagant heir of the house of Hungerford. It was doubtless a morality, and not a personification of any particular individual or calling.

The Dance of Death is a subject of curious inquiry. The earliest notice of a dance I have met with occurred in an accidental discovery made in 1809, by a peasant, on the borders of the Lake of Licola, near Cuma, who, in endeavouring to open a way for his cattle, fell into a hole, which proved to be a tomb containing three skeletons and three sarcophagi, together with urns, unguentarii, &c. Around the stuccoed walls of the tomb were bas-reliefs, depicting fuuereal objects, one of which was a Dance of Death, performed by three skeletons, who are represented as engaged in that exercise. The others give the shades below, furnished with figures of Night, Charon, Nemesis, Cerberus, &c. These are all detailed in a work published at Naples in 1810, by the Canon Andrea de Jorio, of the Royal Museum of that place, entitled " Scheletri Cumani dilucidata." From the form of the skeletons, the Canon has inferred that they were females, and he hence presumes that they were dancers by profession. This is, however, a mere assumption ; and it is scarcely likely that a tomb of such a construction should have been devoted to three dancers. M. Millin, in the " Magazin Encyclopédique " for January, 1813, has, with more probability, conjectured the

tomb to have been that of a family. The discovery at Cuma, a Greek City in the Campagna of Italy, precedes, by a great length of time, any other representations of the same description, and is therefore curious and worthy of remark.

The Dances of Death were common from the fourteenth century, particularly in Germany and Switzerland, and were generally placed in cemeteries and churches, and sometimes in highways; and in all these Death is uniformly personified as the Dancer. The earliest known representations of the Dance of Death are—

1. At Minden, in Westphalia, of the year 1383.
2. At the Cemetery of the Innocents, Paris, 1424.
3. At Ste. Chapelle, at Dijon, 1436.
4. At the Cemetery of the Dominicans at Basle, 1438, attributed singularly, and most erroneously, by M. Millin to Hans Holbein.
5. In the portico of St. Mary, at Lubeck, 1463.
6. At Annaberg, in Upper Saxony, 1525.
7. At Dresden, in the Castle or Palace, 1534.

These constitute the earliest, and have their dates properly assigned to them. The Dance of Death at Basle, and that by Holbein, so well known, are entirely different, having in common only the same end in view; and the "Danse Macabre" is different from either of these. The first *printed and published* edition of the Danse Macabre of MEN, in the French language, is of the year 1485; that of WOMEN in 1486. The first Latin edition is of 1490. Macabre has been said, by the learned M. Van Praet, to be derived from the Arabic *magbarah*, *magbourah*, or *magabir*, and to signify a cemetery. It has by some been regarded as a name.[1] Peignot[2] ridiculously would have us take the derivation from its having been looked upon as an English spectacle, and to be from two words, *make* and *break*, the appositeness of which is not very evident.

The Dance of Machabray, Machaber, or Macabre, or the

[1] It has been attempted to derive the word Machaber from St. Macarius. Longpérier (see Revue Archéologique, 1845, p. 248) appears to have been the first to suggest its derivation from the Arabic, Macabre, signifying cemetery, which is certainly a very probable conjecture; yet, how it travelled from the East to Germany or Switzerland, remains unexplained, and is difficult to conceive.

[2] Recherches sur les Danses des Morts et sur l'origine des Cartes a jouer, Dijon, 1826, 8vo.

Dance of Death (for in these various ways it has been referred to), painted in old St. Paul's, is alluded to by the celebrated old chronicler of London, John Stow.[1] According to this authority, Jenkin Carpenter, town clerk of London in the reign of Henry VI., caused to be painted on board, at his own expense, about the north cloister of St. Pawles, a monument of death, leading all estates, with the speeches of death and answers of every state. The chapel, cloisters, &c., were pulled down in 1549, by command of the Duke of Somerset. The representation was frequently referred to as the dance of St. Paul's; but the painting of this subject was not confined to that cathedral, for one was executed in the cloisters of St. Innocent's, at Paris (in 1424, as before mentioned); and the poesy was translated and printed in Dugdale's St. Paul's, out of the French metre, into English, by John Lydgate, the celebrated Monk of Bury.[2] It was doubtless a portion of this subject represented in Hungerford Chapel, adjoining Salisbury Cathedral. We have the authority of Dr. Warton[3] for saying that the translation above alluded to was made at the request of the Chapter of St. Paul's. "Those verses," he says, "are founded on a sort of spiritual masquerade anciently celebrated in churches, and were originally written by one Maccaber, in German rhymes, and were translated into Latin about the year 1460, by one who calls himself Petrus Desrey, orator." The version of Lydgate was from St. Innocent's at Paris. Warton also perpetuates the error of ascribing the Dance of Death at Basle to Holbein;[4] Millin[5] also notices the Dance of Death at the cemetery of the convent of the Dominicans as having been painted by Holbein or, after him, by one of his pupils, "peinte par Holbein, ou, d'après lui, par un de ses élèves." The same work, on the following page, announces its complete destruction by an incensed populace, consisting of several females, who, proceeding with lamps at night, on the sixth of August, destroyed every remaining portion of the

1 Survey of London, vol. i. p. 640, folio edition, 1754.

2 "The Daunce of Machabree, wherein is lively expressed and showed the state of Manne, and how he is called at uncertayne tymes by Death, and when he thinketh least thereon, made by Dan John Lydgate, Monk of St. Edmund's Bury." See Ellis's edition of Dugdale, pp. 419-427.

3 History of English Poetry, 4to. edition, vol. ii. p. 53.

4 Ibid. p. 54, *note*.

5 Magazin. Encyclop. ii. 398, for 1806.

work in the course of a few minutes. The authors of the "Dictionnaire Historique" also assign the Basle Dance to Holbein *le jeune*. Holbein, it must be recollected, was born in 1498.

To M. Champollion Figeac we are indebted for a knowledge of the French edition printed anterior to 1486, not having been previously noticed by any bibliographer. The author of this representation is unknown. Each picture consists of a figure of Death personified by a skeleton leading away an emperor, or a king, a pope, or a peasant, &c.; and beneath each are eight verses in French, alluding to the subject of the painting. The edition on which M. Champollion treats was engraved on wood, and the subjects were of a small size. The verses have been attributed to Michael Marot. This very rare work, bearing the date of 1485, is in the public library at Grenoble, and has seventeen plates. The edition of 1486 has twenty-seven plates. The several subjects are given in the "Magazin Encyclopédique," tom. vi. p. 361, for 1811. They are all male persons in the edition of 1485; that of women is of 1486, and again in 1491. After that time, the sexes are united in the editions.[1] Many editions of "Les Heures" represent the danse printed in the borders of the pages.

It is not unlikely that the Dance of Death derived its origin from the Moralities; and its greatest popularity was from the middle of the fifteenth century to the time of the Reformation. The satire of this work may be regarded as having more of a political than a moral tendency; yet fragmentary portions of it, illustrative of the all-levelling power of death, have been found in various churches, and painted especially round the cloisters of cathedrals and monastic buildings. Fragments of such subjects have been occasionally discovered in some of

[1] The editions published at Paris are—
1485 —Danse Macabre des Hommes (Paris, Guyot) Ed. Pr. folio.
1846 ——————————————— 2nde edition.
1846 ——————————— Femmes (Paris, Guyot) Ed. Pr.
1491 ——————————————— 2nde edition.
Sine date ante 1500 Danse Macabres des Hommes et des Femmes (Troye, Nicolas Le Rouge), fol. Ed. Pr.
1503 ——————————————— 4to. (Génève) 2nde edition.
Michel Marot was the son of Clement Marot, who was not born until about 1481; and his son could not have been in existence at the time Guyot Marchant (in the 2nd edition) is said to have composed and printed it. ("Qu'elle a été composée et imprimée par Guyot Marchant.")

our old country churches,—in one instance[1] worked up into the panelling of some pews in Yoxford Church, Suffolk; and their execution in oil was regarded as of German or Flemish art, and belonging to the early part of the sixteenth century.[2]

An allusion to the Dance of Death occurs in an early epitaph at St. Alphage.

O ye good people that go this way
Of your charite to have in remembrance
For the sowle of Agnes Halke to pray
Sometime here of acquaintance.
In this churchyard so was her chance,
First after the hallowing of the same,
Afore all other here to begin the *dance*
Which to all creatures is the lothe game
The Tuisday next before Pentecost
The year of our Lord M. D. and two,
Whose soule J'hu pardon that of myght is most.

From this digression let us now return to the History of Epitaphs.

Epitaphs of a satirical or revengeful character are infrequent. The Greek Anthology furnishes examples:—

By Simonides (55):—

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering,
Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering.
Merivale.

By Leonidas of Tarentum, on Hipponax, a Satirist (97):—

Pass gently by this tomb—lest, while he dozes
Ye wake the hornet that beneath reposes;
Whose sting, that would not his own parents spare
Who will may risk—and touch it those who dare!
Take heed then—for his words, like fiery darts,
Have ev'n in Hell the power to pierce our hearts.
Merivale.

[1] See Journal of the British Archæological Association, ii. 153.

[2] For further and more particular information on this curious subject the reader is referred to the works of the late Mr. Douce and Mons. Langlois, which contain all that is at present known regarding it. See "The Dance of Death;" with a Dissertation on the Representations of Macaber and Hans Holbein, by F. Douce, Lond., 1853, 8vo.; and E. H. Langlois, Essai Historique et Pittoresque sur Danses des Morts, Paris, 1852, 2 vols. 8vo.

In the following by Theocritus, (20) the Satirist is justified:—

Here lies Hipponax, to the Muses dear.
Traveller! if conscience sting, approach not near!
But if sincere of heart, and free from guile,
Here boldly sit, and even sleep awhile.—*Merivale.*

Alcæus of Messene is, however, severe upon his character (18):—

Thy tomb no purple clusters rise to grace,
But thorns and briars choke the fearful place;
These herbs malign, and bitter fruits supply,
Unwholsome juices to the passer-by;
And as Hipponax, near thy tomb he goes,
Shuddering he turns, and prays for thy repose.
Bland.

By Callimachus, on a Drinker:—

"Thee, too, Lysander, doth the grave compel!
Which of thy various wines hath vanquished thee?
Doubtless the same by which the Centaur fell."
"My hour was come; and friend, 'twere quite as well
To spare good wine so foul a calumny."—*Merivale.*

By Theodorides (10) on an Usurer:—

Without the aid of crutch—entire of limb—
Servant of Mercury! to Hell thou goest;
Whose king will pleas'd, receive thee, since to him
Thou freely renderest all the debt thou owest.
Merivale.

And by the same author, and translated, on Heraclitus (18):—

Rounded by age, and like some pebble stone
O'er which the wild wave dashes, shapeless grown,
No letters speak—no graven image tells—
That here the dust of Heraclitus dwells.
But still with Fame's loud trumpet I proclaim
The barking Cur's imperishable name.

In the Anthology[1] a satirical epitaph by Nicharchus is given:—

Alexis, a physician, gave a clyster to five (patients); five he purged; five he visited in bad health; on five again he put an ointment. And for (them) all there has been one night,

[1] Bohn's Edition, p. 30.

one medicine, one coffin-maker, one grave, one Hades, one lamentation.

By Hegesippus :[1]—

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all round;
Stranger, approach it not, your feet you'll wound.
Timon the misanthrope dwells here. Pass on,
And vent your curses as you pass. Begone.

H. Wellesley.

Satirical Epitaphs are chiefly of a Political or Religious character. The following may be cited as belonging to this division :—

On STIGANDUS, Archbishop of Canterbury (ob. 1070), who had incurred the hatred of the Normans.

Hic jacet Herodes Herode ferocior, hujus
Inquinat infernum Spiritus, ossa solum.

Camden records an epitaph on King John, which exhibits the hatred borne to this sovereign by the clergy :—

Hoc in sarcophago sepelitur regis imago,
Qui moriens multum sedavit in orbe tumultum.
Et cui connexa dum vixit probra manebant.
Hunc mala post mortem timor est ne fata sequantur.
Qui legis hæc, metuens dum cernis te moriturum,
Discito quid rerum pariat tibi meta dierum.

Camden also gives from an unknown pen :—

Anglia sicut adhuc sordet fœtore Johannis,
Sordida fœdatur, fœdante Johanne, gehenna.

With John's foul deeds England's whole realm is stinking,
As doth hell, too, wherein he now is sinking.

Bale Englished a bitter epitaph on Pope Alexander VI. (Rodericus Borgia, a Spaniard), which has been attributed to Aetius Sannazarius.

Perhaps whose tombe this is (my friend) ye do not know,
Then pause a while if that you have no haste to go.
Though ALEXANDER'S name upon the stone be graven,
'Tis not that great, but he that late was prelate shorne and shaven.

[1] Bohn's Edition, p. 305.

Who thirsting after blood, devour'd so many a noble towne,
Who tost and turn'd the ruthful states of kingdoms upside downe,
Who to enrich his sonnes, so many nobles slew,
And wast the world with fire and sword & spoyling to him drew.
Defying lawes of earth & heaven, & God himself erewhile,
So that the sinful father did the daughter's bed defile.
And could not from the bands of wicked wedlock once refrayne,
And yet this pestilent prelate did in Rome tenne yeeres remaine.
Now, friend, remember *Nero*, or els *Caligula* his vice ;
Or *Heliogabalus :* enough ; the rest ye may surmise,
For shame I dare not utter all. Away, my friend, with this.

Another, not less bitter :—

The Spaniard liethe here that did all honestie defie,
To speake it briefely ; in this tombe all villanie doth lie.

Another :—

Lest Alexander's noble name, my friend, should thee beguile,
Away : for here both treachery dothe lurke, & mischief vile.

Another :—

Though Alexander after death did vomit matter blacke,
Yet marvell not : he dranke the same, and could not cause it packe.

Savaricus, Bishop of Bath and Wells (1205), the most active of prelates engaged in obtaining the ransom of Richard I. when a captive in Austria, is thus signalised for his restlessness of disposition :—

Hospes erat mundo per mundum semper eundo ;
Sic suprema dies, fit sibi prima quies.

He was archdeacon of Northampton and treasurer of the Church of Salisbury, and allied to Henry VI., Emperor of Germany. Richard I. was taken prisoner on his return from Palestine, by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who delivered him over to Henry VI. One of the conditions of the king's release, was a promise that the abbey of Glastonbury (then vacant) should thenceforth be annexed to the bishopric of Bath and Wells. Savaricus was styled Bishop of Glastonbury to his death. He was consecrated in 1192, and died in 1205.

The restless spirit of a military general, Jacobus Triulcio, has been similarly recorded by Guicciardini :—

Hic mortuus requiescit semel
Qui vivus requiescit nunquam.

To the memory of the Scotch Martyrs many inscriptions have been recorded. In St. Michael's Churchyard at Dumfries there are several monuments, in the form principally of pyramids, having inscriptions to the memory of those who suffered from religious persecution, under Archbishop Sharp, or the bigotry of James II. It is melancholy to reflect on the numbers who fell victims to the mere suspicion of disaffection, by not readily giving replies in relation to their political principles. No judge or jury was required to inquire into or condemn—they were often shot on the instant, or wherever they could be met with. Many monuments on the wild moors still mark spots where these inhuman deeds were perpetrated.

In Gray Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh :—

THE EDINBURGH MARTYRS.

Halt, passenger, take heed what thou dost see,
This tomb doth shew for what some men did die.
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood.
Adhering to the Covenants and Laws,
Establishing the same ; which was the cause
Their lives are sacrificed, unto the last
Of Prelatists abjured. Tho' here their dust
Lies mix'd with murderers, and other crew,
Whom justice, justly, did to death pursue.
But as for these, in them no cause was found
Worthy of death ; but only they were found
Constant and stedfast ; zealous witnessing
For the prerogative of CHRIST, their King.
Which truths were seal'd by famous GUTHRIE's head ;
And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood,
They did endure the wrath of Enemies,
Reproaches, Torments, Deaths and Injuries.
But yet they're these, who from such troubles came,
And now triumph in glory, with the Lamb.

From May 27, 1661, when the noble Marquis of Argyle suffered, to the 17th of February, 1688, that Mr. James Ren-

wick suffered, there were executed at Edinburgh about one hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. Most of them lie here.

ON THE SCOTCH REFORMERS.

At Glasgow:—

Here lies the corps of Robert Bunton, John Hart, Robert Scot, Mathew Patoun, John Richmond, James Johnston, Archibald Stewart, James Winning, John Main, who suffered at the cross of Glasgow, for their testimony to the covenant and work of Reformation, because they durst not own the authority of the then tyrants, destroying the same betwixt 1666 and 1688.

Years sixty-six and eighty-four,
Did send their souls home into glore,
Whose bodies here interred ly,
Then sacrificed to tyranny;
To covenants and reformation
'Cause they adheared in their station.
These nine, with others in this yard,
Whose heads and bodies were not spar'd,
Their testimonies, foes, to bury,
Caus'd beat the drums though in great fury:
They'll know at resurrection day,
To murder saints was no sweet play.

At Cathcart:—

This is the stone tomb of Robert Thome, Thomas Cooke, and John Urie, martyrs, for owning the covenanted work of Reformation the 11th of May, 1685.

The bloody murderers of these men
Were Major Balfour and Captain Metlaun,
And with them others were not frie
Caused them to search in Polmadie,
As soon as they had them outfound,
They murthered them with shot of guns,
Scarce time did they to them allow
Before their Maker their knees to bow.
Many like in this land have been,
Whose blood for vengeance crys to heav'n.
This cruel wickedness you see
Was done in lon of Polmadie;
This may a standing witness be,
'Twixt Presbyterie and Prelacie.

At St. Michael, Dumfries, ob. 1667 :—

JOHN GRIERSON.

Underneath this stone doth lie
Dust sacrificed to tyranny:
Yet precious in Immanuel's sight,
Since martyr'd for his kingly right;
When he condemns those hellish drudges
By suffrage, saints shall be their judges.

At Kilmarnock :—

Sacred to the memory of Thomas Finlay, John Cuthbertson, William Brown, Robert and James Anderson (natives of this parish), who were taken prisoners at Bothwell, June 22nd, 1679, sentenced to transportation for life, and drowned on their passage near Orkney isles. Also of John ——— who suffered martyrdom, Dec. 15, 1682, at the Grassmarket, Edinburgh :—

Peace to the church, her peace no friend invade,
Peace to each noble martyr's honest shade,
Who with undaunted courage, truth, and zeal,
Contended for the church and country's weal.
We share the fruits, we drop the grateful tear,
And peaceful altars on their ashes rear.

At Eaglesham :—

Here lies Gabriel Thompson and Robert Lockhart, which were killed for owning the covenanted . . . . by a party of highland men and dragoons, under the command of Ardencaple, May 1st, 1683.

Those men did search through moor and moss,
To find out all who had no pass,
These faithful witnesses were found,
And slaughtered upon the ground.
Their bodies in this grave do ly,
Their blood for vengeance yet doth cry!
This may a standing witness be,
For Presbytery 'gainst Prelacy.

At the Coal Basin, Glasgow, formerly the place of execution:—

Behind this stone lyes James Nisbet, who suffered martyrdom at this place, June 5th, 1684; also James Lawson and

Alexander Wood, who suffered martyrdom October 24, 1684; for their adherence to the word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation.

Here lye martyrs three,
Of memory,
Who for the covenants did die;
And witness is,
'Gainst all these nations perjury.

Against the covenanted cause
Of Christ, their royal king;
The British rulers made such laws,
Declared 'twas Satan's reign.
As Britain lyes in guilt you see,
Tis asked O, reader! art thou free?

At Fenwick:—

Here lies the dust of John Fergushill and George Woodburn, who were shot at Midland by Nisbet and his party, 1685.

When bloody prelates
Once these nations pest,
Contrived that cursed
Self contradicting test,
These men for Christ
Did suffer martyrdom,
And here their dust lies
Waiting till he come.

At Broomlands:—

Here lie the corpses of James Agie and John Park, who suffered at the Cross of Paisley, for refusing the acts of abjuration, Feb. 3, 1685.

Stay, passenger, as thou goest by,
And take a look where these do lie;
Who for the love they bare to truth,
Were depriv'd of their life and youth.
Tho' laws made then caus'd many die,
Judges, and 'sizars were not free,
He that to them did these delate,
The greater count he hath to make:

Yet no excuse to them can be;
At ten condemn'd, at two to die.
So cruel did their rage become,
To stop their speech caus'd beat the drum.
This may a standing witness be,
'Twixt presbyt'ry and prelacy.

At Fenwick :—

Here lies the corps of Peter Gemmel, who was shot to death by Nisbet and his party, 1685, for bearing his faithful testimony to the cause of Christ: aged 21 years.

This man like holy anchorites of old,
For conscience sake was thrust from house and hold,
Blood thirsty red-coats cut his prayers short,
And even his dying groans were made their sport.
Ah Scotland! breach of solemn vows repent,
For blood, thy crime wil be thy punishment.

The Greek Anthology affords us many revengeful and denunciatory epitaphs :—

By Simonides (53) :—

On the Tomb of a Murdered Man.

O holy Jove!—my murderers, may they die
A death like mine—my buriers live in joy!—*R.*

By an uncertain author (476) :—

On a Murdered Corpse.

Though here you laid my corpse, when none were nigh,
One saw thee, murderer!—one all-seeing eye.—*Hodgson.*

Another :—

On One who slew his Mother (633).

O bury not the dead, but let him lie
A prey for dogs beneath th' unpitying sky!
Our common mother Earth would grieve to hide
The hateful body of the matricide.—*Hodgson.*

A revengeful inscription of an early date is at Sjöberg, thus :—

Rodvisi and Rodalf they caused this stone to be raised after their 3 sons, and after (to) Rodfos. Him the Black men slew

in foreign lands. God help the soul of Rodfos: God destroy them that killed him.

In Norway, among Runic monuments, we have the authority of Dr. Edward Charlton, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for stating that epitaphs expressing a revengeful feeling are not at all uncommon. In Great Britain they are infrequent. Examples, however, are to be met with. A recent one is in Knaresdale Church, Northumberland:—

On Robert Baxter of Farhouse. Ob. 1796, æt. 56.

All you that please these lines to read,
It will cause a tender heart to bleed,
I murdered was upon the fell,
And by the man I knew full well;
By bread & butter, which he'd laid,
I, being harmless, was betray'd.
I hope he will rewarded be
That laid the *poison* there for me.

Of spiteful and abusive epitaphs there are many on record. The following was written on the well-known Astrologer:—

William Lilly, ob. 1681.

Epitaphium Pseudo-Prophetæ Guil. Lilly.

Here lyeth hee, that lyed in ev'ry page;
The scorn of men, dishonour of his age;
Parliament's pander, & ye nation's cheat;
Ye kingdom's iugler, impudency's seat;
The armyes spanyill, and ye gen'rall's witch;
Ye divell's godson, grandchild of a b——;
Clergy's blasphemer, enemy to ye king;
Under yis dunghill lyes ye filthy ying;
Lilly ye wise-men's hate, fooles adoration;
Lilly ye { excrement / infamy } of ye English nation.

In Glasgow Churchyard:—

Here lies Mass Andrew Gray,
Of whom ne muckle good can I say:
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit;
He was ne Papist, for he had ne merit;

He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine ;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine ;
Full forty years he preach'd and le'ed,
For which God doom'd him when he de'ed.

On the Earl of Haddington, ob. 1367.

Heir layes a lord quho quhill he stood
Had matchless bein had he beane....
This Epitaph's a sylable short,
And ye may adde a sylable to it,
But quhat yat sylable doeth importe,
My defuncte lord could never doe it.

On the Earl of Stirling, ob. 1640.

Heir layes a farmer and a millar,
A poet and a psalme book spillar
A purchassour by hooke and crooke,
A forger of the service booke,
A coppersmith quho did much evil
A friend to bischopes and the devill ;
A vain ambitious flattering thing,
Late secretary for a king.
Some tragedies in verse he pen'd
At last he made a tragicke end.

Dean Swift has supplied us with some choice *morceaux* of this description, in which his genius excelled. Among others attributed to him has been the following, which, however, had for its author his friend Dr. Arbuthnot :—

On Francis Chartres.

Here continueth to rot
The body of *Francis Chartres ;*
Who with an *inflexible constancy,*
and *inimitable uniformity* of life,
persisted,
In spite of *Age* & *Infirmities,*
In the practice of *every Human Vice,*
excepting *Prodigality* & *Hypocrisy ;*
His insatiable *Avarice* exempted him from the first,
His matchless *Impudence* from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity
of his manners, than successful in accumulating
Wealth :

For without *Trade* or *Profession*,
Without *Trust of Public Money*,
And without *Bribe-Worthy Service*,
He acquired, or, more properly, created,
A Ministerial Estate.
He was the only person of his time
Who could *cheat* without the mask of *Honesty ;*
Retain his primœval *Meanness* when possessed of
Ten Thousand a Year ;
And, having daily deserved the *Gibbet* for what he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could
not do.
O indignant reader !
Think not his life useless to mankind !
Providence connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages a conspicuous *Proof* and
Example
Of how small estimation is *exorbitant wealth* in
the sight of
GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most *unworthy* of
ALL MORTALS.

The following examples are admitted to be from the pen of Swift :—

At St. Patrick's, Dublin :—

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI Ducis de SCHOMBERG,
Ad Budindam occisi, A.D. 1690.
Decanus et *Capitulum* maximopere
Etiam atque etiam petierunt,
Ut Hæredes Ducis Monumentum
In Memoriam Parentis erigendum curarent.
Sed postquam per Epistolas, per amicos,
Diu ac sæpè orando nil profecêre ;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt ;
Saltem ut scias, Hospes,
Ubinam Terrarum *Scombergensis* cineres
delitescunt.
Plus potuit Fama Virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis Proximitas apud suos.
A.D. 1731.

Underneath lies the Body of Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, slain at the Battle of the Boyne, in the year 1690. The Dean and Chapter of this Church again and again besought the Heirs of the Duke to cause some Monument to be here erected to his Memory. But when, after many Entreaties by Letters and by Friends, they found they could not obtain this Request, they themselves placed this Stone; only that the indignant Reader may know where the Ashes of Schomberg are deposited. Thus did the Fame only of his Virtue obtain more for him from Strangers, than nearness of Blood from his own Family.

Another, ob. 1708:—

ON PARTRIDGE THE ALMANACK MAKER.

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
Who, to the stars in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes:
And you that did your fortune seek,
Step to his grave but once a week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell,
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physick, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

ON JOHN D'AMORY, THE USURER. Ob. 1720.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar the wealthy and the wise.
His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his Carcase in a Chest.
The very Chest, in which, they say,
His *other Self*, his Money, lay.
And if his Heirs continue kind
To that dear *Self* he left behind,
I dare believe that Four in Five
Will think his better self alive.

On Judge Boat. Ob. 1723.

Here lies Judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat, a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No boat was better deckt than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

A curious Satirical Epitaph has been given from Bishop Hall's Discovery of a New World, or a Description of the South Indies, hitherto unpublished, by an English Mercury. Imprinted by E. Blount. No date. 12mo.

It reads thus:—

"Passenger.

Stay, reade, walke, Here lieth Andrew Turnecoate, who was neither slave, nor soldier, nor Phisitian, nor Fencer, nor Cobler, nor Filtcher, nor Lawier, nor Usurer, but all; who lived neither in citty, nor countrie, nor at home, nor abroade, nor at sea, nor at land, nor here, nor elsewhere, but everywhere. Who died neither of hunger, nor poyson, nor hatchet, nor halter, nor dogge, nor disease, but altogether. I., I. H., being neither his debtour, nor heire, nor kinsman, nor friend, nor neighbour, but all: in his memory have erected this, neither monument, nor tombe, nor sepulcher, but all; wishing neither evill, nor well, neither to thee, nor mee, but all unto all."

The book from which the preceding has been taken is not, according to Mr. J. Crossley, by Bishop Hall, but by John Healey, and is a free translation, or rather paraphrase, of Hall's "Mundus Alter et Idem." It is not a satire upon any individual, but descriptive of the Land of Changeableness (Variana vel Moronia Mobilis), and given as an Epitaph on Andreas Vortunius (a vertendo), Andrew Turnecoate. Mr. Crossley states[1] that it occurs in the Latin edition of 1643, and is in imitation of the famous one at Bologna, on Ælia Lælia Crispis, which has been particularly distinguished by the number of commentators it has called forth, and of which Mr. C. says he

[1] Notes and Queries, iii. 338.

has collected about forty. Although frequently printed, it may not be here inappropriately repeated :—

D. M.
ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS.
Nec vir, nec mulier,
Nec androgyna ;
Nec puella, nec juvenis,
Nec anus ;
Nec casta, nec meretrix,
Nec pudica ;
Sed omnia ;
Sublata
Neque fame, neque ferro
Neque veneno ;
Sed omnibus :
Nec cœlo, nec terris,
Nec aquis,
Sed ubique jacet.
Lucius Agatho Priscius,
Nec maritus, nec amator,
Nec necessarius ;
Neque mærens, neque gaudens,
Neque flens ;
Hanc,
Nec molem, nec pyramidem,
Nec sepulchrum,
Sed omnia,
Scit et nescit, cui posuerit.

Woman has not failed, from a very early period, to be the subject of satire, dwelling chiefly upon the *cacoethes loquendi*.

Here lies my wife ; here let her lie :
She's now at rest—and so am I !

This has been ascribed to Dryden, as having been intended for his wife ; but Mr. Robert Bell has shewn that it must be a calumny. Malone has traced the origin of the epitaph to the French.

C'y gist ma femme : O, qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos,—et pour le mien !

In Cole's MSS. it is said to have been made by Jacques de Loxens[1] upon his scolding wife.

Here lies my wife, and Heaven knows
Not less for mine than her repose—

has been frequently printed.

At Old Grey Friars, Edinburgh, we have :—

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie:
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

Another version runs :—

Here rests my Spouse ; no pair through life
So *equal* liv'd as we did ;
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.

The same idea is carried out in the following :—

Here is my much lov'd Cœlia laid,
At rest from all her earthly labours!
Glory to God! peace to the dead!
And to the ears of all her neighbours!

At Belfast :—

Beneath this stone lies KATHERINE, my wife,
In death my comfort, and my plague through life.
Oh, Liberty!—But soft! I must not boast,
She'll haunt me else, by jingo, *with her ghost.*
PATRICK LEARY.

Burns has given us one

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.
As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman.

The Latin epitaph on Lord Wharton and his two wives deserves to be recorded :—

THOMAS WHARTONUS jaceo, hic utraque conjux
Eleanora suum hinc, hinc habet Anna locum
En tibi terra, tuum carnes atque ossa resume
In cœlos animas tu Deus alme tuum.

[1] Les Trois Siècles de Notre Litterature, ii. 250.

The monument is in the church of Kirkby-Stephen, in Westmoreland. The Lord is in alabaster, reposing between his two wives; and the head of his statue rests on a helmet formed of a bull's hide,—the head of that animal forming the crest of his family arms. A tradition current among the people refers this record to the Warden of the Marches' conquest over Satan, whose vanquished form they presume to behold, figured in two folds of the helmet. This fancy gave rise to the following lines, which may be regarded as a parody of his Epitaph:—

Here I, Thomas Wharton, do lie,
With Lucifer under my head,
And Nelly my wife hard bye,
And Nancy as cold as lead.
O, how can I speak without dread?
Who could my sad fortune abide?
With one devil under my head,
And another laid close on each side.

In another shape we have:—

ANNA LOVETT.

Beneath this stone, and not above it,
Lie the remains of Anna Lovett;
Be pleased good reader not to shove it,
Lest she should come again above it.
For 'twixt you and I, no one does covet
To see again this Anna Lovett.

In Essex:—

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And his wife wore the breeches.

An avaricious minister receives reprobation in the following, at West Allington Churchyard, Devonshire, in which county it is the custom to pay a fee to the clergyman when a corpse is carried into the church. The youth died of virulent small-pox.

"Here lyeth the body of Daniel Jeffery, the son of Michael Jeffery, and Joan his wife. He was buried the 2' day of September, 1746, & in ye 18' yeare of his age. This youth, When in his sickness lay, did for the Minister Send * that he would Come and With him Pray * But he would not attend * But When this young man Buried was the Minister did him admit * he should be carried into Church * that he might money geet. By this you See what man will dwo * to geet money if he can * Who did Refuse to come and pray * By the Foresaid young man."

Among Condemnatory and Deprecatory Epitaphs, may be classed the well-known one on Mr. Combe, ascribed to Shakespeare :—

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd :
If any man ask who lies in this tomb,
Oh ! ho ! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John o'Coombe.

This Epitaph is given upon the authority of Aubrey's MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum ; and Combe is described as "an old, rich usurer ;" and it is stated that Shakespeare made the epitaph extemporarily, at a tavern at Stratford-super-Avon,—hearing that the usurer was about to be buried. Rowe has given a more minute relation, and it is to the effect that the poet enjoyed an intimacy with Mr. Combe, "an old gentleman noted for his wealth and usury ;" and that in a conversation between them and among their common friends, Combe told Shakespeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him ; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately ; upon which Shakespeare wrote the four lines above printed. It is added that the sharpness of the satire stung Combe so severely that he never forgave it. Mr. Halliwell has shown, in his most intimate and unwearied search for all particulars relating to the immortal bard, that the form of this epitaph is to be found, under slight variations, in epigrammatical collections of the seventeenth century ; and he cites three instances from MSS. in the British Museum, and also from Parrot's "More the Merier," 1608 ; Pick's "Festum Voluptatis," 1639 ; Camden's "Remaines," 1639 ; and Wit's "Interpreter," the

"English Parnassus," 1671.[1] He shows also that, although the general statement may be accurate, yet the particulars are incorrect. Shakespeare wrote verses on Combe, but not those above printed and attributed to him, as is shewn by a MS., No. 213, in the Lansdown Collection, in the British Museum, though the verses he did write on Mr. Combe are not on record. In 1602, Shakespeare purchased some land of William Combe and John Combe, brothers; and the latter is written as John a Combes in some undated fragments of a subsidy roll now preserved at Carlton Ride. Mr. Halliwell has printed the will of John Combe; and by it, it appears that he left to Shakespeare a legacy of £5, which is inconsistent with the supposition of his anger at any verses he had written upon him. He seems also to have been a gentleman of fair and liberal character, and not the usurer and miser as reported. John Combe had a nephew named Thomas Combe,[2] whom Peck, in his New Memoirs of Milton (1740), makes to be a brother, and assigns to him also an epitaph under the title of Thin Beard, a feature for which he was remarkable :—

Thin in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse;
He went to th' grave with many a curse:
The devil and he had both one nurse.

This is said to have been written by Shakespeare immediately after the subsidence of the laugh occasioned by his former effusion. Internal evidence, and the allusion to the devil, militate, however, against the ascription of either to the poet. A MS. in the Ashmolean Collection, 38, p. 180, gives another version of the lines on John Combe, thus :—

Who lies in this tombe?
Hough, quoth the devil, tis my sone John a Combe.

This is reported to have been made on a covetous rich man; but that "being dead, and making the poore his heiers, hee after wrightes this for his epitaph :—

Howere he lived, judge not,
John Combe shall never be forgott

[1] Halliwell's Life of Shakespeare, vol. i. pp. 195, 196, folio edition.
[2] Shakespeare left, by will, his sword to Thomas Combe.

While poore hath memmorye, for hee did gather
To make the poore his issue : hee their father
As record of his tilth and seedes,
Did crowne him in his latter needes."

Shakespeare's own Epitaph is a denunciation against any one who should disturb his bones :—

Good Frend for Iesus sake forbeare,
To digg the Dvst enclosed lEeare :
Bleste be ye Man yt spares thes stones
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

Shakespeare was not the only one who deprecated the disturbance of his ashes. The Romans denounced any disturbance of funereal remains. By the Aurelian Gate was the following inscription, belonging to a Pagan period :—

C. TVLIVS. C. L.
BARNAEVS
OLLA. EJVS. SI. QVI
OV VIOLARIT. AD
INFEROS. NON RECIPIATVR.

C. Tullius Barnaeus. If any one violate this urn, let him not be received into the Infernal Regions (i. e. Elysium).

Maitland has recorded one to the same import among the Christian remains in the Lapidarian Gallery :—

MALE. PEREAT. INSEPVLTVS
IACEAT. NON. RESVRGAT
CVM. IVDA. PARTEM. HABEAT
SI. QVIS. SEPVLCHRVM. HVNC VIOLAVERIT.

If any one violate this Sepulchre, let him perish miserably, lie unburied, and not arise, but have his lot with Judas.

In a very early sepulchre at St. Denis, in which was entombed the royal body of Hilperic (Childeric I., father of Clovis, and deccased in 481 or 482), discovered in 1643, a stone coffin had in Roman uncial characters the following :—

Tempore nvllo volo hinc tollantvr ossa Hilperici.

And in the interior, written in vermilion colour :—

Precor ego Ilpericvs non avferantvr hinc ossa mea.

Points of resemblance to characters recorded in Scripture have been favourites of introduction in epitaphs from the

commencement of the seventeenth century. Thus we have in Oxfordshire :—

Sacred to the Pious Memory of that rare example of undestained Virtue
MARTHA,
Wife of Sir Cope D'Oyley Kn^t eldest Daughter of James Quarles of Romford, Esq ; who received the Crown of Glory in the Year of Grace, 1618.

Wouldst thou (reader) draw to life
The perfect copy of a Wife
Read on, and then redeem from shame
That lost, that honourable name,
This dust was once in Spirit a *Jael*,
Rebecca in Grace, in heart an *Abigail*,
In works a *Dorcas*, to the Church a *Hannah*,
And to her spouse *Susanna*
Prudently simple, providently warie,
To the world a *Martha*, and to Heaven a *Marie*.

In Stene Chapel, Northamptonshire, ob. 1619, æt. 28 :—

On TEMPERANCE CREWE.

A daughter of *Abraham* here doth lye
Returned to her dust
Whose life was hid in Christ with God
In whome was all her trust.
Who wisely wrought while it was day,
And in her Spirit did watch and pray.
To hear God's word attentive was her ear,
Her humble heart was full of holy fear.
Her hand which had good blood in every vein
Yet was not dainty, neither did disdaine
Salve to apply to *Lazarus* sore
And was enlarged to y^e Poor.
Like God's Angells she honoured those
That taught his Word, and did his Will disclose.
And persons vile her heart abhorr'd
But reverenc'd such as feard y^e Lord.
A true TEMPERANCE in Deed and name
Now gone to Heaven from whence she came.
Who with her lot was well contented
Who liv'd deserv'd and dy'd lamented.

In Igtham church, Kent :—

D. D. D.
To the Pretious name & Honor of
Dame Dorothy Selby
y^e^ Relicte of S^r^ William Selby kn^t^
the only D^r^ & heire, of
Charles Bonham, Esq.

She was a *Dorcas*
Whose curious needle turn'd the abused age
Of this leud world into the Golden Age.
Whose pen of steele, and silken Jack enroll'd
The acts of *Jonah* in records of gold.
Whose arte disclos'd that plot, which had it taken
Rome had triumph'd & Britons wals be shaken.
She was
In heart a *Lydia* , and in tongue a *Hanna*,
In zeale a *Ruthe*, in wedlock a *Susanna*.
Prudently simple, Providently wary,
To the world a *Martha*, & to Heaven a *Mary*.

Who put on Immortalitie { In the year of her { Pilgrimage 69 / Redeemer 1641 } } Mar. 15.

One of the most curious references to passages of Scripture in an epitaph will be found in the following :—

Here ly y^e^ Bodies of	Francis	Richard	Children which the Lord gave to Edmund Staunton D^r^ of D., late Minister of Kingston upon Thames, now President of Corpus Christi College, Oxon, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Rich^d^ Bulthrope, servant to y^e^ late Queen Elizabeth.
	Richard	Edmund	
	Mary	Edmund	
	Matthew	Sarah	
	Mary	Richard	

Ten children in one grave a dreadfull sight
Seven sons, and daughters three, Job's numbers[a] right
Childhood and youth[b] are vaine, death reigns[c] over all
Even those who never sinn'd like Adam's[c] fall

[a] Job, 1. 2.
[b] Eccles 11 10.
[c] Romans, 5, 14.

[d] Romans, 5, 12. Cor. 15, 22. But why over all in the first Mand every one
Sinned & fell, not he himself alone

[e] 1 Tim. 1, 1. Our hopes in Christ.[e] The second Adam he

[f] Matt. 1, 21. Romans. 5, 9, 10. Who saves[f] the Elect from sin and misery
What's that to us poore children this our Creed

[g] Genes. 17, 7. God is a God[g] to the faithfull and their seed

[h] 1 Thes. 4, 14. Sleepe[h] on deare Children never that you wake

[i] Rev. 20, 12. Till Christ doth raise[i] you and to glory take.

On a brass plate in the Vicar's Chapel, adjoining the Parish Church of Kingston-upon-Thames.

At Merton, Oxon, ob. 1675, æt. 57 :—

On Lady Harrington.

She that now takes her rest within this tomb,
Had *Rachel's* face, & *Leah's* fruitfull womb,
Abigail's wisdom, *Lidea's* faithfull heart,
Both *Martha's* care and *Mary's* better part.

At Higham Ferrers :—

On Ann Freeman.

Died in Childbed Aug 1, 1697. Under the inscription are the arms : three lozenges, impaling a Cross patée. Motto— *Utrinque Salus ;*—

There is inshrin'd within this place,
A Freeman's heart, a *Rachael's* face,
Ann's bended knees, *Rebecca's* head,
All female graces here lie dead :
To this brave Matron, chastest Wife
Her son gave death, God's son shall life.
Whose husband's arms quarter'd with her,
Health and Salvation inferre ;
Upon this tomb's justly ingrav'd,
A Woman in Child bearing sav'd.

At St. Margaret's, Lynn, ob. 1733, æt. 53 :—

On Robert Bourning.

With long Disease worn out, from year to year,
How can we say his Body now lies here?
A Life so sickly does Death's Power defy,
For who scarce Lives, can scarce be said to Die.
Something of *Enoch's* Fate he seems to have,
And only is translated to his Grave.

At Islington, ob. 1733, æt. 45 :—

On Ann Harnett.

Behold the silent grave, it doth embrace
A virtuous wife, with Rachel's comely face;
Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,
Martha's care, and Mary's better part.

At Scaleby Churchyard :—

On Richard Blaylock.

This stone is fix'd to let you know,
When I the *Jordan* cross'd
My *Joshua* my pilot was,
Therefore I am not lost.

My faith doth now drive back the flood,
My feet touch *Sion's* shore:
My Saviour welcomes me on land,—
I'll praise him evermore.

And on an ancestor of mine, to whose wit and humour Sir Walter Scott has alluded in Rob Roy :—

The Rev. John Pettigrew,

Late Minister at Givan (or Gowan) near Glasgow.

Here lies a reverend *Givan* priest,
Who sore against his will deceast,
His soul to *Abraham's* bosom fled,
As by his reverend elders said;
Others, who knew his youthful joyes,
Say *Sarah's* rather was his choice;
But be as 't will, his scabbard's humbled,
Death tripp'd up his heels, and down he tumbled.

At Norwich :—

On Mary Bussie.

Mary that late was William Bussie's Pride,
Heer sleepeth by her Father Hudson's side,
Who eighteen years in sacred Wedlock spent,
Then with one Child, unto the Saints she went,
She is not dead, who fixed her steady Hart,
With faithfull Mary, on the better Part.

And in the present century :—

At South Wanborough, ob. 1831, æt. 64 :—

On Mary Ann Warren.

Oh ! let not Martha's cares distract thine heart,
But wisely follow "Mary's better part."
Be useful, patient, faithful, kind & good,
Give to the naked clothes, the hungry food.
Like her we mourn ; how truly, none can tell,
Save those who owe as much and loved as well.

In some epitaphs various passages from Shakespeare will be found ridiculously applied, as for example :—

At Islington, ob. 1805, æt. 30 :—

On Elizabeth Storer.

"——— But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul."

Some epitaphs are to be looked upon as entirely Professional. Of this extensive class we have

On Sir Henry St. George—(Garter).

Here lie a knight, a king, a saint,
Who lived by tilt and tournament.
His namesake, George, the dragon slew,
But, give the herald king his due,
He could disarm ten thousand men,
And give them arms and shields again.
But now the mighty sire is dead
Reposing here his hoary head ;
Let this be sacred to the mem'ry
Of Knight St. George and of King Henry.

At St. Michael, Basinghall Street:—

On Sir John Ayliffe.

In surgery brought up in youth,
A knight here lieth dead;
A knight, and eke a surgeon, such
As England seld hath bred.

For which so sovereign gift of God,
Wherein he did excel,
King Henry 8 called him to court,
Who loved him dearly well.

King Edward, for his service sake,
Bade him rise up a knight:
A name of praise, and ever since
He Sir John Ailiffe, knight.

Sir J. A. is represented in the celebrated picture, by Holbein, of Henry VIII. delivering the Charter of the Barber Surgeons, incorporated in 1541, now at the Barbers' Hall in Monkwell Street.

In Peterborough Cathedral:—

On R. Scarlet, the Sexton.

You see old Scarlet's picture stand on hie,
But at your feete there does his body lie;
His grave stone doth his age, & death tyme show,[1]
His office by their tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdye limbe,
A scarbabe[2] mighty voice, & visage grim.
Hec had interr'd two queens[3] within this place,
And this towne's householders in his life's space
Twice over; but at length his one turne came;
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done: No doubt his soule does live for aye
In heaven, tho' his body's clad in clay.

Among the numerous eccentricities which have appeared in connexion with monumental inscriptions, that by Sir Julius

[1] Ob. July 2, 1594, æt. 98.
[2] Scarecrow.
[3] Queen Catherine of Arragon and Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards removed to Westminster.

Cæsar is not the least extraordinary, carrying even the forms and practices of his profession into the memorial by which his decease was to be recorded. It is in Great St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate, and is inclosed within a border giving the representation of a deed with a seal appended to it. Sir Julius Cæsar is answerable for this extravagance, inasmuch as it was executed during his life-time, he dying on the 20th of April, 1639, at the age of 79 years. It is as follows:—

Omnibus *Christi* fidelibus ad quos hoc præsens scriptum perveniret; Sciatis, me JULIUM DALMARE, alias CÆSAREM, Militem, utriusque Legis Doctorem; ELIZABETHÆ Reginæ Supremæ Curiæ Admiralitatis Judicem, et unum e Magistris Libellorum; JACOBO Regi a privatis Conciliis Cancellarium Scaccarii, Scriniorum Magistrum, hac præsenti Chartâ meâ confirmasse, Me, annuente Divino Numine, naturæ Debitum libenter solviturum, quamprimum Deo placuerit. In cujus rei memoriam, Manum Meam, et Sigillum apposui. Datum 27 Februarii, 1635.

Irrotulatur Cælo.

To all Christian People to whom this present writing shall come, Know ye, that I, JULIUS DALMARE, alias CÆSAR, Knight, Doctor of Laws, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and one of the Masters of Requests to Queen ELIZABETH; Privy Counsellor to King JAMES, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Master of the Rolls, have confirmed or granted by this my personal Writing, That I will, with the Divine Assistance, willingly pay my Debt to Nature, whenever it shall please God. In witness whereof, I have set my Hand and Seal, dated the 27th of February, 1635.

It is enrolled in Heaven.

Notwithstanding this singular conceit, Sir J. Cæsar is described by Echard as "a person of great gravity and integrity, and of that prodigious bounty to all of worth, or in want, that he might have been taken for almoner general to the nation."

On JOHN GREAVES, THE MATHEMATICIAN,
Author of the Pyramidologia. Ob. 1652.

The man, though truly *quadrate*, yet with all,
Strange to relate, completely *spherical*.

By such a noble heart engag'd
For skill and parts, as pilgrimag'd
Him e'en to *Stambol's* mighty Port,
Thence bringing us the Turkish court.
And then to great and glorious *Cayer*,
Exhibiting the mummies there,
And other wonders. This is he,
Here under sleeping: should there be
Some marble richly wrought and gilt,
In consequence, upon him built?
Tush! keep it rather for some wight
Of meaner principles, of light
Inferior actings, and that under bids:
His monument is made of PYRAMIDS.

G. TOOKE.

Lambeth:—

ON THE TRADESCANTS,

Father and son, the celebrated gardeners and botanists, of whom more may be known by searching the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; to which their cabinet of curiosities was added, by a deed of gift from Mr. Tradescant, Jun., bearing date December 16th, 1657.

Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;
The last dyed in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd Art and Nature through;
As by their choice collection may appear,
Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut;
These famous antiquarians that had been
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,[1]
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change this garden for a Paradise.

This monument was erected by Hesther Tradescant in 1662. The sculptures represent, on the *north* side, a crocodile, shells,

[1] Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.

&c., together with a view of some Egyptian buildings. On the *south*, broken columns, Corinthian capitals, &c., supposed to be ruins in Greece or some Eastern country. On the *east* the arms of Tradescant, on a bend three fleur-de-lys, impaling a lion passant. On the *west*, a hydra, and beneath it a skull. The corners of the tomb present trees, &c., in *rilievo*. It fell into decay, and was, by a subscription of friends, in 1773, repaired, and the foregoing inscription placed. This is given upon the authority of Sir John Hawkins; but it is said that the lines have been merely restored.

In the Artillery burial-ground :—

To
the Memory of
Colonell
MATTHEW SHEPPARD
whose Effigy this Pedestal supports
born and bred in the City of *London*
a Souldier from his youth
being more than
fifty yeares
a worthy member of the
ARTILLERY Company.
Having past through all the Military
Offices of that Honble Society
with excellent Conduct
He lived beloved to the age of 73
and then died Lamented
and was interred on the north side
of this Wall on the 18th of June, 1669.
attended by the ARTILLERY Company
to his Grave with a
solemn Funeral March.
Such honour to all Souldiers.

THE EPITAPH ON OLD HOBSON, the Cambridge Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the plague, written by Milton, is well known :—

Here lies old Hobson! Death has broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;

Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
Here's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him between *Cambridge* and the *Bull;*
And surely death could never have prevail'd
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain,
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson *has supt, and 's newly gone to bed.*

ANOTHER ON THE SAME, also by Milton:—

Here lieth one, who did most fully prove
That he could never die while he could move.
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old Truth) motion number'd out his time:
And, like an engine, mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principle being ceas'd he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted and died; nor would with ale be quicken'd.
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning-bed outstretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd;
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down, to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burthensome,

That to his last breath (there be that say 't)
As he were prest to death, he cried more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wane was his increase;
His letters are deliver'd all, and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

Lord Byron also indulged himself in the exercise of an epitaph:—

On John Adams, of Southwell,
A Carrier, who died of Drunkenness.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last;
For the liquor he drunk, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off,—so he's now *carri-on*.
Sept. 1807.

In Westminster Abbey, on a celebrated composer of music:—

Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq.,
Who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place,
Where only his own harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit 21 die Novembris, anno ætatis suæ 37.
Anno Dom. 1695.

Quebecca, or Quebeça, has been thus handed down to posterity:—

Here lies the body of John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord the King. When his spirit shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, the Almighty will say to the Angelic Choir, 'Silence, ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord the King.'

Segrais says the epitaph upon the King of Spain's precentor is to be seen at Saragossa. Another version has been given (Notes and Queries, vol. iii. p. 459):—

Here lies John Cabeça precentor to my Lord the King.

When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels, 'Cease ye calves! & let me hear John Cabeça, the precentor of my Lord the King.'

At Crayford Churchyard, Kent :—

On a Parish Clerk.

To the Memory of Peter Izod, who was 35 years parish clerk of this parish, & always proved himself a pious and mirthful man.

The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
During half of which time he had sung out Amen
He married when young, like other young men;
His wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took, she departed,—what then?
He married, and buried a third with Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then
His voice was deep bass, as he chanted Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
But his horn was exalted in blowing Amen.
He lost all his wind after threescore and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again,
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

In Iver, Bucks :—

On Venterus Mandey.

Beneath this place lyes interred the Body of Venterus Mandey, of the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, Bricklayer: son of Michael Mandey, Bricklayer, and Grandson to Venterus Mandey, of this Parish, Bricklayer, who had ye honour of being Bricklayer to the Honle Society of Lincoln's Inn, from the year of our Lord, 1667, to the day of his Death. He was studious in the Mathematicks, and wrote and published three Books for Publick good; one Entituled Mellificium Mensionis, or the Marrow of Measuring; another of Mechanic Powers, or the Mystery of Nature and Art unvayled; the third, An universal Mathematical Synopsis. He also translated into English, Directorium Generale Uranometricum, and Trigonometria Plana et Sphœrica, Linearis et Logarithmica: Auctore Fr. Bonaventura Cavalerio, Mediolanensi;

and some other tracts, which he designed to have printed if Death had not prevented him. He dyed the 26th day of July, A.D. 1701 aged 56 years and upwards. He also gave Five Pounds to the Poor of this Parish.

On W. Lowndes,

Secretary to the Treasury in the Reign of Queen Anne.

No *ways* or *means*, against the tyrant Death
Could raise *supplies* to aid thy *fund* of breath.
O Lowndes! it is *enacted*, soon or late,
Each *branch* of nature must submit to fate:
Each member of that house where thou didst stand
Intent on *credit*, with thy bill in hand,
Shall equally this *imposition* bear,
And in his turn be found *deficient* here:
But trust in heav'n, where *surplusses* of joy,
And endless *produce*, will all cares destroy:
And may'st thou there, when thy *accounts* are past,
Gain a *quietus* which shall ever last!

At Tarvin Church :—

On John Thomasen (Schoolmaster).

Near to this place lie the remains of John Thomasen, for 36 ycars master of the Grammar School, in that capacity approved and eminent, but highly excelling in all the varieties of writing, and wonderfully so in the Greek character. Specimens of his ingenuity are treasured up, not only in the cabinets of the curious, but in the public libraries throughout the kingdom. He had the honour to transcribe for her Majesty, queen Anne, the Icon Basilike of her royal grandfather: invaluable copies also of Pindar, Anacreon, Theocritus, Epictetus, Hippocrates's Aphorisms, and that finished piece the Shield of Achilles (as described by Homer), are among the productions of his valuable pen.

As his incomparable performances acquired him the esteem and friendship of the great and learned, so his affability and humanity gained him the goodwill of all his acquaintance, and the decease of so much private worth was regretted as a public loss. Obiit Jan. 25, 1740 ac æt. 54.

At Llanbeblig, Caernarvonshire :—

Here lie the remains of Thomas Chambers,
Dancing Master;
Whose genteel address and assiduity
in Teaching,
Recommended him to all that had the
Pleasure of his acquaintance.
He died June 13, 1765,
Aged 31.

At Christ Church, Macclesfield, is the following to
CHARLES ROE, MANUFACTURER.

Whoever thou art,
whom a curiosity to search into the monuments of the dead,
or an ambition to emulate their living virtues,
has brought hither,
receive the gratification of either object, in the example of
Charles Roe, Esq.

A gentleman who, with a slender portion on his entrance into business, carried on the button and twist manufacture in this town with the most active industry, ingenuity, and integrity; and by an happy versatility of genius, at different periods of his life, first established here, and made instrumental to the acquisition of an ample fortune, the silk and copper manufactories, by which many thousands of families have been since supported. The obstacles which envy and malevolence threw in his way retarded not his progress: enterprizing, emulous, and indefatigable, difficulties to others were incitements to action in him. His mind was vast and comprehensive, formed for great undertakings, and equal to their accomplishment. By an intuitive kind of knowledge, he acquired an intimate acquaintance with the mineral state of the earth; and was esteemed, by competent judges, greatly to excel in the art of mining. In that line his concerns were extensive; and the land-owners, as well as proprietors, of the valuable mine in the Isle of Anglesea, are indebted to him for the discovery.

It pleased the Almighty to bless his various labours and benevolent designs. His grateful heart delighted to acknowledge the mercies he received. God was in all his thoughts. And actuated by the purest sentiments of genuine devotion, which burnt steadily through his life, and the brighter as he ap-

proached the Fountain of Light, he dedicated to the service of his Maker a part of that increase his bounty had bestowed, erecting and endowing, at his sole expense, the elegant structure which incloses this monument; and which, it is remarkable, was built from the surface of the ground, and completely finished, both inside and out, in so short a space of time as seven months.

Reader, when thou hast performed the duties which brought thee hither, think on the founder of this beautiful edifice, and aspire after the virtues which enabled him to raise it.

He died the 3d of May, 1784, aged 67 years, leaving a widow and ten children (who have erected this monument as a tribute to conjugal and filial affection) poignantly to lament a most indulgent husband, a tender father, and a general loss.

In the present century we may adduce the following :—

Epitaph for Joseph Blackett, late Poet and Shoemaker.

Stranger! behold interr'd together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all:*
You'll find his relics in a *stall.*
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitch'd and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his sole.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella?"
For character—he did not lack it,
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

Lord Byron, at Malta, May 16, 1811.

Blackett died at Seaham in 1810. Pratt collected his poems, and published them under the patronage of Miss Milbank. Byron's opinion of their merit may be learnt from a passage written to Dallas, in June, 1811, in which he says, "I see that yours and Pratt's protégé, Blackett the Cobbler, is dead,

in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in a very good plight, shoe- (not verse) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance: who could think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb—'Ne sutor ultra crepidam!'

'But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past,
For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his *last*

Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have inserted on the tomb of the departed Blackett."

See Byron's Works, vol. vii. p. 269.

At Chiswick:—

This tomb is erected to the Memory of
Alexander Brodie, Esq.,
Late of Carey Street, in the Liberty of the Rolls, London,
And Callcutt, in the County of Salop.

First inventor of the register stoves and fire hearths for ships, & had the honour of supplying the whole British Navy with the latter, for upwards of thirty years; to the preservation of many valuable lives, since their introduction, & was a great service to government; by which, by his own industry, he accumulated a large fortune.

Died 6th Jan. 1811.
Aged 78 years.

At Stoke Poges Church, ob. 1816, æt. 77:—

On Nathaniel Marchant, R.A.
(On a monument by J. Flaxman, R.A.)

He was born in the County of Sussex, where his family had been long established, & he succeeded to the small property it had possessed there, when rather late in life. In the mean time, his skill and industry as a Gem Engraver had supplied the place of patronage, by enabling him to remove to Italy, & cultivate an Art to which his genius strongly inclined him. He continued there some years, improving his talents by the

close study of the remains of ancient sculpture, which have rendered him celebrated throughout Europe, & an honour to his native Country. They attracted the notice of its government towards the latter part of his life, & were rewarded by his appointment to places where they could be useful. About the same time, having become intimate with the owner of the adjoining Mansion House, and frequently resorting to it, he was led to choose the Parish to which it belongs as the place of his interment. He was beloved for his social qualities & benevolence, & esteemed for his uniform support of a character of strict integrity.

At Leeds, Kent :—

On a Bellringer.

In memory of James Barham of this parish, who departed this life Jan. 14, 1818, aged 93 ; & who from the year 1774 to the year 1804, rung in Kent and elsewhere, 112 peals, not less than 5040 changes in each peal, & called bobs, &c., for most of the peals : and April 7th & 8th, 1761, assisted in ringing 40,320 bob majors on Leeds bells in twenty-seven hours.

From the variety of examples already cited, the tendency to wit, humour, and ridicule cannot fail to have been apparent. It would be a task of no little difficulty to ascertain upon what principle the universality of the disposition to laugh at and sport with death is to be attributed, seeing that its certain visitation, under all circumstances, is of a solemn and awful character. A desire to make light of terror or the terrible, may, perhaps, in some measure, tend to this effect. The feeling is ancient, and Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead afford us instances of its occurrence, and the Greek wits very generally made it an object of their lucubrations. The Ancient Mysteries also partook, in innumerable instances, of the same character ; and the Missals, Books of Offices, nay, even the Holy Scriptures themselves offer to us, in their MSS., instances of the same depravity of taste, many of which I have described in the Bibliotheca Sussexiana. The architectural ornaments, bosses, corbels, &c., of our mediæval churches are of a like description. The monks indulged in this disposition to an inordinate degree. Carved chairs and stalls, in some of

our cathedrals, exhibit examples of grotesque designs and representations of a ludicrous character.

ANAGRAMS, in epitaphial inscriptions, are not uncommon. They, it must be recollected, were formerly imagined to bear a religious import, as if the character or the fortunes of the person were providentially hidden in the name. The Jews assign their origin to the Cabala. "Anagrammatists (according to the Doctor) are above the rules of orthography, just as kings, divines, and lawyers, are privileged, if it please them, to dispense with the rules of grammar." Lycophron is generally esteemed to have been the inventor of this trifling. Louis XIII. appointed the Provençal Billon to be his Royal Anagrammatist, and granted him a salary of 1200 livres.

The following may be offered as examples :—

At St. Andrew's :—

On KATHARINE CARSTAIRS.

Casta, rara Christiana.
Chaste, rare Christian.

At Newenham Church, Northampton :—

On WILLIAM THORNETON.

O little worth in Man.

Behold thou man, thy motto is my name ;
Thy motto shews thy sin hath lost thy fame :
It is the map of the great world and thee,
Thou in the world sin's map of misery.

At Keynsham :—

On MRS. JOANE FLOVER.

Love for anie.

Having by love fulfill'd the law, she dies,
That nature's law might have its sacrifice.
Be not thou curious, reader, to knowe,
The jewel in earth's cabinet below ;
If an inscription will give content,
This stone can tell she liv'd as innocent
As here she lies : If saints receive their blis,
Precious in God's sight this jewel is.

If this please not, reade thou her name, and find
The express characters of her sweet mind.
To be where she's, think thou it noe disgrace,
An element should be in its proper place.
Thus earth to earth—like is of like desir'd,
And thou expect the like when life's expir'd.
Noe triumph death! that souldier's not slayne,
That trumpet's sounds can raise—to die is gayne.

In Duloe Church, Cornwall:—

On Maria Arundell.

Man a dry laurell.

Man to the marigold compar'd may bee;
Man may be likened to the laurell tree;
Both feed the eye, both please the optic sense,
Both soon decay, both suddenly fleet hence.
What then inferre you from her name, but this:
Man fades away, Man a dry laurell is.

In Taplow Church:—

On Hester Manfield.

Here lyeth the bodie of Hester late lovinge Wife of Henry Manfield Esq who died in the Catholique Romane Faith in which shee lived. Shee dep'ted this life ye xiii of Decembre in ye yeare of our Lord 1617.

Hester Manfield.

Mars fled in thee.

The God of Mars and Discord needes must yielde
Where thy all-peacefull soule doth man the feilde.
No marvaile though dissention flie from thee,
Who alwaies didst embrace true charitie
Ætatis suæ 66.

At Mannington, ob. 1631:—

On Katherine Lougher.

A lower, taken Higher.

Here lies a lover of the Deitye,
Embalm'd with odours of her pietye;
Here lies she, nay; this lower did aspire,
Here lye her ashes, she is taken higher.

At Ashby Canons, Northampton, ob. 1639 :—

On Sarai Grime.

Is marriage.

A Virgin's death, we say, her marriage is,
Spectatours view a pregnant proofe in this ;
Her suiter's Christ, to him her troth she plights,
Being both agreed, then to the nuptial rites.
Virtue's her tire, prudence her wedding ring,
Angels the bridemen lead her to the King,
Her royal bridegroom in the heavenly quire,
Her joyneture's blisse, what more could she desire ?
Noe wonder hence soe soone shee sped away,
Her husband call'd, she must not make delay :
Not dead, but married shee, her progenye
The stem of grace, that lives eternally.

At Wendlebury, ob. 1653, æt. 77 :—

On the Rev. —— Birde.

Bride.

This Birde's the Bride, the Lamb, the Bridegroom,
This grave's the Bride's retiring room.
Old clothes must off, new ones be on
Against a joyful resurrection.
Thrice happy Birde, thrice happy Bride,
Thus to be wedded next Christ's side.
John Birde's a Bride indeed, mounting aloft doth fly
To the sacred hills of blest eternity ;
Which place of rest now terminates his flight,
Crowning his faith with his Redeemer's sight.

In Bletchley, ob. 1657, æt 47 :—

On Mrs. Faieth Walker.

Faieth Walker. *Walke by Faith.*

Well did thy life, word, anagram, agree.
To *Will and Walke Aright*, was all to thee.

Thy tender years were gracious; all thy life
Was virtuous while a virgin, when a wife;
Here thou didst walke by Faith, but now above
By sight with Him thy soule did dearly love.
A happy change, thy life now full of blisse,
Thy Christ, thy Husband, Heaven thy jointure is.

An instance of double anagram in Latin and in English is in Ruthwell Churchyard, ob. 1660 :—

On Gawin Young and his Wife Jean Stewart.

Far from our own, amids our own we ly;
Of our dear bairns thirty and one us by.

Gavinus junius.
Unus agni usui

Jean Stewart.
A true saint.

A true saint, I live it, so I die it,
Tho men saw no, my God did see it.

At Houff, ob. 1661, æt. 52 :—

On Christine Wright.
Right in Christ.

Faith without works, is dead; the scripture saith:
Shew me thy works, and thou wilt shew thy faith.
Both faith and works in this blest saint did tryste,
And shew unto the worlde, her right in Christ.

There is no boundary to the ridiculous conceits exhibited in epitaphial inscriptions. Peculiarities of persons, tastes, occurrences, &c., all have furnished materials for these serious records of mortality. An extensive progeny is handed down to the knowledge of posterity on the monument of the Rev. Dr. Honeywood, Dean of Lincoln, in the cathedral of that diocese.

Here lyeth the body of
Michael Honeywood, D.D.
Who was grandchild, & one of the

Three hundred and sixty-seven persons,
That *Mary* the wife of *Robert Honeywood, Esq.*
Did see before she died,
Lawfully descended from her,
viz.
Sixteen of her own body, 114 grand children,
288 of the third generation, and 9 of the fourth.
Mrs. Honeywood
Died in the year 1605,
And in the 78th year of her age.

Another records his love of a sop in the pan, and to this succeeds one who revelled in ale.

At Wood Ditton near Newmarket; on a gravestone in which is fixed an iron dish, according to the instructions of the deceased:—

On William Symons. Ob. 1753, æt. 80.

Here lies my corpse, who was the man
That loved a sop in the dripping pan;
But now believe me I am dead,
See here the pan stands at my head.
Still for sops till the last I cried,
But could not eat, & so I died.
My neighbours, they perhaps will laugh,
When they do read my epitaph.

In Watford Magna churchyard, Warwickshire:—

On John Randall.

Here old John Randall lies, who counting by his sale,
Lived three score years & ten, such virtue was in ale;
Ale was his meat, ale was his drink, ale did his heart revive,
And could he still have drunk his ale, he still had been alive.

The celebrated Welsh Judge George Hardinge recorded his anxiety for a rhyme.

George Hardinge,

(By himself.)

Here's the old Boy, whose heart was never cold,
Fond as in youth, when all the rest was old.

He without pain from house and land could part,
But, if he lost a rhyme, it broke his heart.

In vanities gay *Villiers* he surpass'd,
The new born whims improving on the last,
Yet has this lunatic one truth impress'd—
That fools are happy, and that life's a jest.

George Hardinge much indulged himself in versifying (see his Miscellaneous Works, 3 vols. 8vo., London, 1818); and a curious instance in illustration (which I believe is hitherto unreported), occurred at Presteigne, in the spring of 1816, a few hours before his decease. An application was made by Messrs. Tippens, addressed to the judge "if living, or his executors," for the payment of a bill. The answer I have been assured was penned by the Judge only three hours prior to his death, and was as follows :—

"Dear Messrs. Tippens, what is fear'd by you,
Alas! the melancholy circumstance is true,
That I am dead; and more afflicting still,
My legal assets *cannot pay your bill.*
To think of this, I am almost broken hearted,
Insolvent I, this earthly life departed;
Dear Messrs. T., I am yours without a farthing,
For executors and self,

GEORGE HARDINGE."

John Bell boasts of his good appetite and the mastery of his wife.

At Annandale :—

On JOHN BELL.

I Jocky Bell o' Braikenbrow, lyes under this stane.
Five of my awn sons laid it on my wame;
I liv'd aw my dayes, but sturt or strife
Was man o' my meat, and master o' my wife.
If you done better in your time, than I did in mine,
Take this stane aff my wame, and lay it on o' thine.

Thus Latinized by a Mr. Bell :—

Ipse Caledoniis Bellus benè notus in oris
Mole sub hâc, nati quam posuere, cubo;

Mensa parata mihi, mihi semper amabilis uxor,
Et placidæ noctes et sine lite dies.
Heus, bone vir! siquid fecisti rectiùs istis,
Hoc marmor tibi do quod teget ossa libens.

A Flemish epitaph has often excited the remarks of the curious :—

EFFEN UYT.

These words, which are Flemish, and mean *Exactly*, are inscribed on a tombstone formed of white marble in the New Church, Amsterdam. On this monument are also figured a pair of slippers. The person thus singularly memorialized was a man tolerably rich, a lover of the good things of this life, and who took it into his head that he should survive a certain number of years, and no longer. He therefore calculated his property, and lived accordingly ; and he died at the exact time he had decided upon, and had also expended his fortune, being reduced to nothing but a pair of slippers. He was creditably buried by his relations, his slippers carved on his tomb, and the words EFFEN UYT inscribed upon it.

Some profess too much humility to lie interred in the church, whilst another consoles himself with resting as well without, he being too poor to be so deposited.

At South Stoke, Oxon :—

On the REV. GRIFFITH HIGGS.

Inscription in the porch. He was Chaplain to the Queen of Bohemia, sister to Charles I. and probably also to the King. He was Dean of Lichfield.

Time's a thought to think upon,
Thought's time is past and quickly gone,
Yet Time stands here for all to see ;
Think on't and death then, for what thou't bee
At doome unto eternitie.
The church I lov'd, in it I fear'd
Within the church to be interr'd :
But meekly I my God implore,
A place to ly tho' at the doore.
Griffith Higgs, his memento, born the
18th of October, 1608, who died the
15th of February, 1698.

At Bath-Ford, over the church porch :—

Under this Place, lyeth the body of John Thresher, thinking himself unworthy to enter the gates of the House of the Lord, who Died Feb. 4, 1743, Aged 48 years.

At Ashburton Church, ob. 1779 : and also at Kingsbridge.

On Elizabeth Ireland.

Here I lie, at the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The farther in, the more you pay ;
Here lie I as warm as they.

In St. Paul's Churchyard, Monsehola, Cornwall :—

On Dolly Pentreath.

Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred age & two,
Both born, & in Paul Parish buried too ;
Not in the Church 'mongst People great & high,
But in the Church-yard doth old Dolly lie !

Among the similitudes common in epitaphs, that of Life to an Inn has been frequently adopted.

In Micklehurst Churchyard :—

Life is an Inn, where all men bait,
The waiter Time, the landlord Fate ;
Death is the score by all men due,
I've paid my shot—and so must you.

In Melton Mowbray Churchyard : —

This world's an Inn, & I her guest :
I've eat & drank & took my rest
With her awhile, and now I pay
Her lavish bill and go my way.

At Kinver, Staffordshire :—

Tired with wand'ring thro' a world of sin,
Hither we came to *Nature's common Inn*,
To rest our wearied bodys for a night,
In hopes to rise that Christ may give us light.

In Nether Denton Churchyard :—

On Edwᵖ Bell & Ann his Wife.
Tir'd with travelling thro' *this world of sin*,
At length we're come to nature's inn ;
To rest awhile within this silent tomb,
Till Christ doth come to take us home ;
When Christ appears we hope to rise
Unto a death that never dies.

In Langtown Churchyard, Cumberland, and in Stratton Churchyard, Cornwall :—

Life's like an Inn ; think man this truth upon.
Some only breakfast and are quickly gone,
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups & goes to bed.
Large is his score who tarries thro' the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

At Barnwell :—

On an Innkeeper.
Man's life is like a *Winter's Day*,
Some only *Breakfast* & away ;
Others to *Dinner* stay & are *full fed*,
The oldest man but *sups & goes to bed.*
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to *pay ;*
Death is the *Waiter*, some few run on *Tick*,
And some alas ! must pay the Bill to *Nick !*
Tho' *I owe'd much*, I hope *long trust* is *given*,
And truly mean to *pay all debts* in Heaven.

The grave has also been likened to a house and a cottage.

At Folkstone Churchyard :—

In memory of
Rebecca Rogers,
who died Aug. 22, 1688,
Aged 44 years.
A house she hath, it's made of such good fashion
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation,
Nor will her landlord ever raise the rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment ;

From chimney money,[1] too, this call is free,
To such a house, who would not tenant be.

At Little Walford, ob. 1693, æt. 72:—

On Hastings Ingram.

Under this stone my body lies at rest,
And all must Hither come, both worst & best;
Consider well thy end, and know that all
Must such a Cottage have at grim Death's call.
Speak not a word of ill of any Dead,
For thou thyselfe art sure of such a bed.
The lame, the crooked, feeble and ye strong,
Must to the clay return, both old & young.

The nature of the disease, or the accident by which death has been occasioned, have also formed the leading points of some epitaphs.

On John Sidney,
Who died full of the Small Pox.

In this sacred urn there lies,
Till the last trump make it rise,
A light that's wanting in the skies.

A corpse inveloped with stars,
Who, though a stranger to the wars,
Was mark'd with many hundred scars.

Death, at once, spent all his store
Of darts, which this fair body bore,
Though fewer, had kill'd many more,

For him our own salt tears we quaff,
Whose virtues shall preserve him safe,
Beyond the power of Epitaph.

T. Jordan.

[1] Smoke money or chimney money is now collected at Battle in Sussex, each householder paying one penny to the Lord of the Manor. They are also levied upon the inhabitants of the New Forest in Hants for the right of cutting peat and turf for fuel. And from Audley's Companion to the Almanac, page 76, we learn that "anciently, even in England, Whitsun farthings, or smoke farthings, which were a composition for offerings made in the Whitsun week, by every man who occupied a house with a chimney to the cathedral of the diocese in which he lived." The late Mr. E. B. Price has observed, in the Notes and Queries (Vol. ii. p. 379), that there is a church at Northampton, upon which is an inscription recording that the expense of repairing it was defrayed by a grant of chimney money for, I believe, seven years, temp. Charles II.

At Dymock, Gloucestershire :—

Too sweetur babes you nare did see
Than God amity geed too wee
But they wur ortaken wee agur fitts
And hear they lys has dead as nitts.

At Cross Kirk, Northmavine, Shetland :—

M. S.
DONALD ROBERTSON,
Born 1st of January 1785; died 4th of June 1848,
aged 63 years.

He was a peaceable quiet man, & to all appearance a sincere Christian. His death was very much regretted, which was caused by the stupidity of Laurence Tulloch, of Clotherton, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts, by which he was killed in the space of 3 hours after taking a dose of it.

At Bunhill Fields :—

Here Lies
DAME MARY PAGE,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.
Who departed this life, March 4th, 1728,
In the 56th year of her age.
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times;
Had taken away 240 gallons of water,
Without ever repining at her case,
Or ever fearing the operation.

An epitaph on one unburied occurs in the instance of the wife of a celebrated quack, Van Butchell :—

Here unentomb'd,[1] Van Butchell's consort lies,
To feed her husband's grief, or charm his eyes:
Taintless and pure her body still remains,
And all its former elegance retains:
Long had disease been preying on her charms,
Till slow she shrank in death's expecting arms;
When Hunter's [2] skill, in spite of nature's laws,
Her beauties rescu'd from corruption's jaws;

[1] The body is preserved in the Hunterian Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons.

[2] The particulars connected with, and employed in, the embalmment are detailed in my History of Egyptian Mummies, &c., chap. xviii. pp. 257-259.

Bade the pale roses of her cheeks revive,
And her shrunk features seem again to live.
—— Hunter, who first conceiv'd the happy thought,
And here at length to full perfection brought.

O lucky husband! blest of heaven,
To thou the privilege is given
A much lov'd wife at home to keep,
Caress, touch, talk to, even sleep
Close by her side, whene'er you will
As quiet as if living still.
And, strange to tell, that fairer she,
And sweeter than alive should be;

Fair, plump, and juicy as before
And full as tractable, or more,
Thrice happy mortal! envied lot,
What a rich treasure hast thou got;
Who to a woman can lay claim,
Whose temper 's every day the same.

At Walsingham :—

On Robert Anguish.

An arrow or dart with a snake twisted round it, is placed around the wall of the church. On one side is E.R., on the other, XXXII., and beneath, 1590, setting forth the year of his death, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

This emblem here is set to view,
For Robert Anguish's sake,
Hast with wisdom must insew
A happy end to make.

At Colkirk :—

On — Timperley.

A mural monument having an hour-glass with wings, a pearl, and an eye with wings.

Lo Time!—Pearl,—Eye, a rebus, which to thee
Speaks what I whilom was, a Timperley.
Wing'd Time is flown, so is the world from me,
A glittering Pearl whose gloss is vanity.
But th' Eye of hope is of a nobler flight,
To reach beyond thee (Death) enjoy his sight,
Who conquer'd thee, hence springs my hope that I
Shall rise the same, and more a Timperley.

Sir Henry Wotton, who lived in the sixteenth century, and whose life has been written by Walton, directed the following apothegm to be placed as his Epitaph.

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author :
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS, M. ECCLESIARUM SCABIES.
Nomen alias quære.

Here lies the first author of this sentence :
"The Itch of Disputation will prove the Scab of the Church."
Inquire his name elsewhere.

It is scarcely possible to conceive the intention of the writers of such ludicrous and eccentric compositions as have been recited in the preceding pages. The object of an epitaph is in no way accomplished by such productions. They could never have been intended to assuage the grief of relations, nor are they calculated to convey any moral or useful lesson. The churchyard ought not to be made a place of amusement, which with many it has been, from the introduction of such effusions.

Mr. Gladstone[1] has well remarked upon the extent to which a general secularity had encroached upon the Church in the ordinary tone of those monumental inscriptions which deface the walls of many of our sacred edifices. "It is extremely painful," he says, "to see on every hand, in almost every church, records of social respectability, of domestic affection, of professional talent, of scientific acquirement, of martial valour, in one instance which has met my eye, even of distinction in freemasonry, without any accompanying notice of the Christian hopes of the deceased, and of that character, by virtue of which alone their human qualities can justly claim either permanence or praise."

The spirit lately awakened, principally through the agency of societies for the promotion of enquiries into the Arts and Monuments of the early and middle ages, has naturally directed attention to the restoration of Ecclesiastical edifices and to improvement in the inscriptions upon the monuments contained within them. Foremost in this interesting and highly-to-be-desired amendment stands my learned friend Mr. Markland, whose knowledge and taste were for so many years suc-

[1] Church Principles considered in their Results, p. 462.

cessfully exerted as Director of the Society of Antiquaries. Since his retirement from London and the fatigue of professional life, his attention has been again brought to bear upon the subject, and the fruits of his researches may be found in an excellent little volume entitled "Remarks on English Churches, and on the expediency of rendering Sepulchral Monuments subservient to Pious and Christian uses," a third edition of which was published at Oxford in 1843. A writer in the British Critic,[1] in an article on Early Ecclesiastical Art, has also made some judicious observations in relation to the monumental sculpture of the earlier period of revived art, which he has shown to be remarkable for its simple and single character. "As one great purpose (he observes) was intended, one type, with but little variation in detail seems to have been adopted by artists generally. A recumbent figure of the deceased, individual in its character, was the most common, and the most striking object; if accessories were added, they were simply a small figure of the Virgin with the Child in her arms; or sometimes an angel on each side raised a curtain or canopy; or, as in the monument of Cardinal Gonsalvi (of the thirteenth century), in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome, is standing, as if watching over the departed. As art advanced, further additions were made in the accompaniments to the monument, but ever, it seems, with a religious view."[2]

It cannot fail to have been very commonly observed, that a correct taste is generally found to be the accompaniment of true feelings of religious reverence. This is strongly exemplified in the earlier monumental records, in which the expressions of pious feelings are seen to unite most closely with the examples on the tombs of the most pure and refined execution. The secret sympathy by which such an union is cemented it is easier to conceive than to express. If, however, we need illustration of this truth, survey our ancient cathedrals, the ecclesiastical edifices erected when the deepest religious feelings were entertained, and they will fully satisfy us on this head. There is an architecture which we all feel to be peculiarly appropriate to purposes of a devotional character, and whenever this is departed from, a violence is done to the feelings which all must be ready to admit, they have, at one time or other, experienced. A deviation from that which most men establish

[1] Vol. xxv. [2] Ib. p. 132.

in their own minds as a standard in such matters, is felt at once to be either of a theatrical nature, or an entire departure from the solemn purpose to which the building has been erected. There is a philosophy in this matter, and it is the philosophy of the heart. Similar feelings apply to the monuments themselves as to the buildings in which they are placed, and classical and heathen personifications and devices are felt at once to be occupying a position to which they are in no manner whatever entitled. The god of war, or the deity of the waters, are appropriately enough introduced into the monuments erected in honour of our military or naval heroes; but they are fitted for a National Gallery, a Guildhall, or a Senate House, rather than the House of God. Nothing has ever struck me as exhibiting greater impropriety, or as being more incongruous, than the admission of the representation of heathen gods and goddesses into our funereal monumental shrines: it is utterly indefensible—it is destructive of all devotional feeling, and a defilement of the sanctuary. No admiration of classical learning or of superior sculpture can be admitted as an excuse in toleration of so gross an inconsistency in a place devoted to Christian worship. Reverential feeling is completely destroyed, and no lesson is to be derived by the inspection of these memorials of the dead. In the reply of Dr. Wiseman to the late Mr. Poynder, upon his work entitled "Popery in Alliance with Heathenism," there must be admitted to be much truth in the observations he makes on this subject in connection with the monuments contained in St. Paul's Cathedral. Alluding to the visitor of this sacred edifice, he says:

"There he sees emblems, indeed, in sufficient numbers—not the cross, or the dove, or the olive branch, as on the ancient tombs; but the drum and the trumpet, the boarding pike and the cannon. Who are they whose attitudes and actions are deemed the fit ornaments for this religious temple? Men rushing forward with sword in hand, to animate their followers to the breach, or falling down while boarding the enemy's deck. Heroes, if you please, benefactors to their country; but surely not the illustrators of religion!" Again: "Sea and river gods, with their oozy crowns and outpouring vases; the Ganges, with his fish and calabash; the Thames, with the genii of his confluent streams; and the Nile, with his idol the Sphynx; Victory,

winged and girt up as of old, placing earthly laurel on the brows of the falling; Fame, with its ancient trumpet, blasting forth their worldly merits; Clio, the offspring of Apollo, recording their history, and besides these, new creations of gods and goddesses, Rebellion and Fraud, Valour and Sensibility; Britannia, the very copy of his own worshipped Rome, and some of those, too, with an unseemly lack of drapery, more becoming an ancient than a modern temple."

As early as 1749, a Mr. J. Gwin, in "An Essay on Design," took occasion to remark on the incongruity of the monuments in Westminster Abbey with the building itself. In architecture, as in sculpture, nothing should be crowded in, that was not part of, or analogous to, the builder's original design. The monuments in the Abbey, though some of them are finely executed, neither add beauty to, nor receive it from, the place that contains them, which was by no means intended as a mere Golgotha for the remains of the royal, noble, or meritorious dead. Most of these monuments are only stuck against parts of the structure, and do not fill up vacancies, but hide and deface particular members of the whole.

Repose must assuredly form the essential quality of all strictly monumental sculpture. The solemnity of feeling and reverential awe excited by viewing the depository of the dead, are disturbed by the association of figures implying action or the exercise of strong powers. The able writer before referred to, pertinently remarks, that "though so much money has of late years been lavished, especially on public monuments, no commensurate effect has been produced; a devotional one was not intended, but none of any kind has been made; we are not really interested by the gigantic memorials at St. Paul's; they are large and grand, and many of them finely executed, but they do not affect us; we behold them without *feeling* them; as *monuments* they fail, even allowing that as works of art they succeed; neither groups cannot satisfy; they will be loked at, just as the lions of Van Amburgh would be, were they grouped in marble; but the inward eye will not follow, and to *it* the best shaped deities are but as 'shapeless sculpture.'"[1] There is great justice in these remarks, and they ought to operate in the guidance of the erection of funereal or monumental memorials.

[1] British Critic and Quarterly Theological Review, vol. xxv. p. 140.

Foremost among those who form exceptions to this incorrect and vitiated taste, should be mentioned, that most excellent and accomplished artist, the late John Flaxman, R.A.[1] His genius, as a monumental sculptor, was first displayed in the monument erected in 1794, in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the Earl of Mansfield; it principally consists of two figures, those of Wisdom and Justice, whilst a youth is placed behind a pedestal, holding an inverted torch, as a personification of Death. No other sculptor presents to us equally correct ideas with regard to the true character of funereal monuments. No heathen gods and goddesses are exhibited upon any of his sepulchral works. Figures representing Love, or Pity, or affectionate Sorrow, weeping over a sarcophagus—a figure rising from the grave, angels beckoning, &c., all in excellent keeping, harmonising completely with the nature and design of the monument, and with the solemnity and purposes of the places in which it appears. Flaxman's works of this description are numerous, and an inspection of them never fails to excite feelings of awe and devotion.

In the monument to Captain James Montague, in Westminster Abbey, the hero is represented crowned by Victory; Lord Nelson, in St. Paul's, is leaning on an anchor, whilst Britannia is pointing out his glorious example to two young sailors. In that to Earl Howe, also in St. Paul's, there are figures of Britannia and the British Lion, whilst Fame is employed to record his achievements; Victory also places a crown in the lap of Britannia. To Captain Miller, in St. Paul's, Flaxman executed a basso rilievo of Britannia and Victory raising a Medallion of the Captain to a Palm-tree.

To the family of Sir Francis Baring, Bart., in Micheldever Church, Hants, one of his most beautiful monuments is to be seen; it consists of a figure of Resignation, in the centre to which there is the inscription, "Thy will be done." On each side of the figure is an alto rilievo, the subject being taken also from the Lord's Prayer, and illustrating the passages "Thy kingdom come," and "Deliver us from Evil."

The monument to Lady Fitz-Harris and her three children, at Christ Church, Hants, has been admired as a most lovely group, whilst to the Yarborough family, at Campsall, there is a delightful representation of The Relief of the Poor.

[1] See his "Lectures," 1829, 8vo., and "Compositions of the Acts of Mercy," 1831, folio.

To the Dowager Countess Spencer, at Brington Church, Northamptonshire, the artist has a tablet, consisting of a figure of Faith at one end, and of Charity at the other. The monument to Sir Isaac Pocock, in Cookham Church, Bucks, representing his sudden death in a boat on the Thames. Mr. Bosanquet, in Layton Church, Essex, is personified as the Good Samaritan.

Flaxman was engaged to execute a monument to the Rev. Mr. Clowes, in St. John's Church, Manchester. This was erected in his life-time, and put up at the desire of the parishioners, who were anxious to testify, whilst he yet remained among them, the deep regard and veneration they entertained for one who had been their exemplary pastor for fifty years. Mr. Clowes is represented instructing Childhood, Maturity, and Old Age, in their religious duties.

Flaxman stands forth conspicuously in Chichester Cathedral: there are to be seen, among others, his monument to Collins the Poet, and to his own pupil, the son of Hayley the Poet.

It may be interesting to know of one so pure in his taste, and so strictly classical in all his designs, that Flaxman highly admired the monuments of Aylmer de Valence, the Earl of Pembroke, and Edmund Crouchback, in Westminster Abbey, all of the time of Edward III.; that he also frequently expressed his admiration of the Beauchamp Monument at Warwick, the figures of which he considered natural and graceful, and the architecture rich and delicate. He thought nothing in Italy excelled them at the time of their execution, although it was the period in which Donatello and Ghiberti flourished.

But not only in the construction of the monuments is there room for complaint; it extends also to the manner in which the figures are sculptured, and to the violence offered as to the appropriateness or correctness of costume. Addison was sensibly alive to this, and has justly condemned the monument of Sir Cloudesly Shovell, in Westminster Abbey, of which he says,

"Sir C. Shovell's monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave, rough, *English* Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a Beau,

dressed in a long perriwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells and coral."

All who have gazed upon the plain coped stone coffin, or those ornamented by a cross, sometimes of the most simple form, at others affording a species of ornamentation, but yet of a truly simple character, have felt much more touched than by the sight of a glaring monument, crowded with figures of various descriptions, and executed with accompanying details, altogether in the most elaborate manner.[1]

The coffins I have alluded to constitute what may be regarded as the earliest tombs of a character at all architectural, and they belong to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. As they form the earliest, so do they also present to us the most simple and the most expressive memorials of the dead. They convey to us the most solemn warning, and, at the same time, offer to us the emblem of salvation. Any advance beyond this primitive construction seems to be a violation of feeling, and a departure from true taste, which must necessarily be regulated by a strict attention to the design and purpose of the erection. Inscriptions, however, succeeded; and these, in their earliest state, embraced, as we have seen, little more than the name of the deceased individual, the date of his entrance into the world, and of his departure from it, showing the few number of years that had constituted the period of

[1] By the laws of Solon, no one was permitted to raise a sepulchral monument which should occupy ten men more than three days in its construction. The Council of Rouen, in 1581, issued a canon against too costly sepulchral monuments; and Philip II. of Spain, in 1565, directed that monuments should not be erected in churches: the memorials were to be confined to tombs, with a mourning cloth over them.

human life, and thus leaving the reader to his own natural reflections derivable from such a record. The only variation from this simplicity which could be justified, is to be found in the addition of some pious ejaculation, or the placing of some sentence of Scripture applicable to the solemn occasion.

The earliest monumental effigies in this country are to be found in the recumbent figures of ecclesiastics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, carved on coffin-shaped slabs, in very low relief. Of these, examples may be found in Westminster Abbey of the Abbots Vitalis (A.D. 1082) and Crispinus (A.D. 1117). In Salisbury, in Worcester, and in Peterborough Cathedrals there are also instances of this kind; but the best-known carved effigies, and to us the most familiar, are those of the Knights Templars, contained in the Temple Church. These are in armour, and are of the twelfth century. No sepulchral statue is known in England before the time of the Conqueror. The introduction of statues against the columns of our Cathedrals took place upon the return of the Crusaders from the Holy Wars.

In Chew-Magna in Somersetshire, there are the effigies of Sir John Hautville, a warrior, cut in one solid piece of Irish oak. He lies reclining on his left side, resting on his hip and left elbow, the left hand supporting his head. Between the left elbow and hip lies his shield, which is two feet three inches long, and fourteen inches broad in the widest part, being of an oblong shape. His right arm being brought forward over his breast, the hand rests on the edge of the shield. The under or left leg is raised from the hip, and the foot placed against the side of a lion,[1] whose open mouth is turned towards him, as it were biting his spur. The right leg is so drawn up as for the knee joint to bend in a right angle, the toes resting on a little piece of wood. The whole figure is in armour, with a red loose coat without sleeves over it, and bound round the waist with a leather girdle, fastened by a gilt buckle; just below the breast, it is fastened with a smaller belt. He has a helmet on, and spurs gilt.

In the reigns of John, Henry III., and Edward I. and II.,

[1] It is usual to find the representation of a lion at the feet of a knight, and that of a dog at the feet of a lady. My friend Mr. Dawson Turner has ingeniously surmised the former to be typical of courage and strength, the latter of attention and fidelity.

there were several highly esteemed warriors of this name. Collinson, in his History of Somersetshire,[1] says that Sir John Hautville lived in the time of Henry III., and served in all the wars of that Prince and in the fifty-fourth of that reign was signed with the cross, in order to his going to the Holy Land with Prince Edward. In his old age he is said to have resided at Norton, where he was looked upon with terror, and considered as a giant. Tradition has assigned to him great strength; and two large stones, to be seen between Chew and Pensford, are known by the name of *Hautville's Coits*, being vulgarly supposed to have been thrown there by this renowned champion.

Stone coffins were used in this country from the ninth to the fourteenth century, but rarely in the latter, and they were principally employed by the nobility and the religious. Gough says they may be traced as far back as the third century in Poitou, and that they were continued as late as the thirteenth. In France they were most generally used. Sayers, in his Disquisitions, states the stone coffins of the time of Henry V. and VI. to have been made with marks distinguishing the shoulders. Hearne[2] ascribes the use of coffin-shaped lids to Abbots, and derives the stone coffin and the crosses on it from the time of the Crusaders. I believe there is no good authority for these distinctions. It was a law of Kenneth, the King of Scotland, in the middle of the ninth century, to employ carving on monuments and gravestones—"Esteem every sepulchre or gravestone sacred, and adorn it with the Sign of the Cross, which take care you do not so much as tread on." The coffin of Llewellyn, last prince of Wales, was of granite. Mr. Pennant figured it in his Tour in Wales, Suppl. Pl. iv. It was four and a half inches thick, seven feet in the clear, and the outside was carved with quatrefoils in relief. The prince was buried in Conway Abbey, but on the dissolution removed into Llanwrst Church. There was a ledge within, to receive the lid.

Wooden coffins might not unreasonably be supposed to have preceded the use of lead or even stone. Instances occur in the tombs of Egypt, and they have in some cases been found to the number of four contained within a stone, a

[1] Vol. ii. p. 107.

[2] See Preface to Gulielmi Neubrigensis Historia, p. lxviii.

marble, or a basalt sarcophagus.[1] The most ancient wooden coffin of which in this country we have a record, is usually supposed to be that of the King Arthur, which was formed out of the entire trunk of an oak tree (Quercus cavata), it being hollowed out for the purpose. A coffin of wood was made in 1059 for Robert de Giroie of St Evreux.[2]

Other instances have been met with and recorded. In Mr. Worsaae's excellent little publication on the Primeval Antiquities of Denmark, translated and illustrated by Mr. W. J. Thoms, mention is made of a coffin formed of the trunk of an oak hollowed out for the reception of the body, found in a tumulus opened in July, 1834, by Mr. Beswick and Mr. Alexander of Halifax. It is figured by Mr. Thoms (pref. p. xii.), and is now deposited in the Scarborough Museum. The skeleton found within it was so perfect that it has since been articulated, and measures six feet two inches in height. The Nordisk Tidskrift, published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Copenhagen, has given a similar instance met with in a tumulus at Bolderup, near Harderslev, in 1827. Wooden boxes, made of the hollowed-out trunks of trees, have been met with in British barrows, and bones found within them.[3]

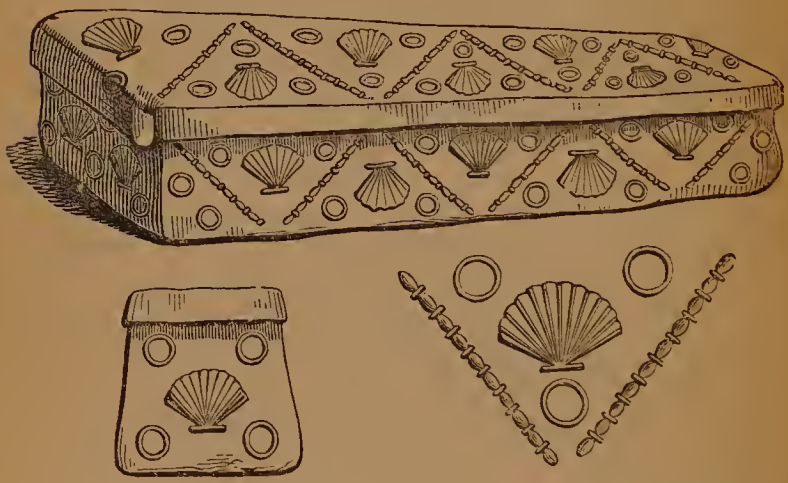
The Romans employed lead, and several specimens have been found belonging to Roman London, and to various parts of this country when possessed by the Romans.

I had an opportunity in 1853 of examining a leaden coffin and its contents (the remains of a youth), discovered in Haydon Square, near the Minories, upon excavating for the foundations of a range of warehouses for the London and North Western Railway, at a depth of thirteen feet from the surface of the ground. A stone sarcophagus here presented itself (figured in the Journal of the British Archæological Association, vol. ix. plates 23, 24, 25, 26), and is now deposited in the British Museum. It was lying nearly due east and west, the head at the former. In the sarcophagus was found a leaden coffin (plate 27), ornamented with escallop shells, &c. A coin of Valens (A.D. 364) was discovered near to the inter-

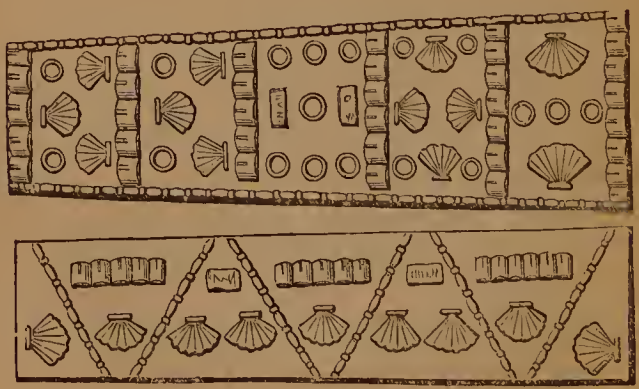
[1] See Chapter ix. of my History of Egyptian Mummies, &c.
[2] See Ordericus Vitalis, vol. i. p. 426. *Bohn's Edition.*
[3] See Hoare's Wilts, vol. i. p. 52, &c.

ment, and which may perhaps fix the period at which it was made.

A similar discovery was made at Colchester, about 1846, of which the following is a representation.



A full account will be seen in the Journal cited above (vol. ii. p. 297). Another, of a similar but more fully ornamented character (also here figured), was discovered at the same time.



These were found on the site of a Roman and Saxon cemetery; and it is worthy of remark, that they were, as in all the instances I have been able to examine, formed of one sheet of lead, cast in a mould and bent upwards into square pieces and soldered on to the upper and lower ends. Mr. Thomas Bateman, of Yolgrave, is the possessor of the Colchester specimen; that of Haydon Square is in the vault of Trinity Church, Minories. The coffins of Gundreda and William, Earl de Warenne, found at Lewes, were also of lead. Rosamund was buried in a leaden coffin at Godestone Nunnery. Leland describes it thus: "Rosamundis tumbe at Godestow Nunnery was taken up a late; it is a stone with this inscription: Tumba Rosamundæ. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that the bones were closid in lether. When it was openid ther was a very swete smell cam owt of it." Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, caused her body to be taken up in the conventual church, and put in public burying ground in 1191. It was, however, again disturbed at the Reformation.

In the seventeenth century, leaden coffins often assumed a different form, and in some cases were shaped in the figure of a mummy. This was the case in a Countess Arundel, at South Stoke, discovered in 1847, and also of the celebrated Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, buried at Hempstead, Essex, in 1657. A handsome monument is erected to his memory. Aubrey attended his funeral, and says, "hee helpt to carry him into the vault;" that "he is lapt in lead, and on his brest, in great letters, Dr. William Harvey."[1]

Leaden coffins have been, and are now, very generally employed in the interments of the rich in vaults, and their transit is well described and moralized upon by Crabbe:

> "Slow to the vault they come with heavy tread,
> Bending beneath the lady and her lead;
> A case of elm surrounds that ponderous chest,
> Close on that case the crimson's velvet press'd.
> Ungenerous this, that to the worm denies,
> With niggard caution, his appointed prize;
> For now, ere yet he works his tedious way,
> Through cloth and wood, and metal to his prey,
> That prey dissolving shall a mass remain,
> That fancy loathes, and worms themselves disdain."

[1] See my Medical Portrait Gallery, vol. iv. Art. Harvey.

Cotman[1] says a *glass* coffin was found near Walmsford, Northamptonshire.

Brasses, most probably, formed substitutes for the effigies sculptured in relief, and were, no doubt, adopted to avoid the too great occupation of room which these and other monumental tombs offered. Their convenience, being either placed on the pavement or against the walls, doubtless led to their frequent adoption, so that in the fourteenth century they had become very numerous. They appear to me as being, at the same time, an excellent means of recording an inscription; the accomplishing of that object without interfering either with the architectural features of the church, or occupying space to occasion inconvenience, or obstructing in any manner the offices of devotion. They also unquestionably increase the interest, and contribute to the ornament of the building; and might be made to do so to a still further degree, without entailing upon those who desire to place such monuments any inordinate expense. The value of such monuments, in a genealogical and heraldic point of view, and the illustration of costume which they also afford, without being unnecessarily obtrusive, are subjects not to be regarded as unimportant.

Brasses yield to us satisfactory information in regard to the costume of the different periods in which they were executed. The representations they convey are not limited to the wealthy, but embrace other less favoured classes, as they incur less expense than sculptured figures and magnificent tombs.

The application of brasses to record the character, merits, and even the person of the deceased, dates from the commencement of the thirteenth century. It would be difficult to assign the precise period of their introduction, or to name the country in which they first appeared, as they seem to have simultaneously come forth in England, France, and the Low Countries.

The materials of which they were originally composed was called Latten or Cullen (a contraction of Köln or Cologne),

[1] Introduction to Sepulchral Brasses of Norfolk, with Descriptions by Dawson Turner, Meyrick, &c., 1838, 4to.

which consisted of a mixture of copper and tin; it resembled brass, but was more costly and more durable. The metal was imported into this country from the Continent, and the principal places in which it was manufactured, and to which it afforded an important article of commerce, were Flanders and Germany; more especially at Cologne, where it was wrought to its highest perfection.

Simon de Beauchamp, Earl of Bedford, offers the earliest known specimen of monumental brass in England. He completed the foundation of Newenham Abbey and died at the beginning of the thirteenth century, it is supposed before A.D. 1208. This brass was discovered at the foot of the high altar of St. Paul's Church, at Bedford, and it was set in a marble slab. The brass is now lost, and a portion only of the inscription made known to us from memory. It is thus given in the Rev. Charles Boutell's Monumental Brasses and Slabs:[1] "De Bello Campo jacet hic sub marmore Simon ..... fundator de Newenham." Most of the earlier brasses are lost, and it is lamentable to reflect upon the causes of their destruction, having being produced either by puritanical affectation or by theft. The value of the metal was a temptation to sacrilegious robbery; the brasses were with but little difficulty torn up, and in times of disturbance these were removed, the places they occupied being now alone remaining to us, and giving simply the outline of their figure:

> "——— dark fanaticism rent
> Altar, and screen, and ornament."

How short-sighted is man! The means adopted by him to secure posthumous reputation by the employment of the valuable metals in the construction of tombs and sepulchral memorials, have only served to stimulate the cupidity of others, and occasion their removal. Thus have the names of many highly and perhaps deservedly celebrated in their day passed into oblivion!

A brass of a date as early as 1231 is recorded by Mr. Nesbitt in the Journal of the Archæological Institute for March, 1856 (p. 82). It is in the church of St. Andrew, at Verden, and

[1] Page 5.

forms the memorial of Yso Von Welpe, Bishop of Verden, who died in that year. There appears to be no reason to doubt the brass being of the same time. It presents the effigy of the bishop, habited in mitre, pallium, chasuble, dalmatic, and alb. On his right hand is placed a model of the church of St. Andrew, and on his left another model of a town with two windows in its upper part, surmounted by a cross, and enclo ed within a battlemented wall. The inscription is in Lombardic capitals.

Among the brasses in this country of which we have information as belonging to the thirteenth century, but now missing, are those of

Jocelyn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, formerly in Wells Cathedral (1242).
Abbot Richard de Barkyng, in Westminster Abbey (1246).
Bishop Bingham, in Salisbury Cathedral (1247).
Bishop Grostete, in Lincoln Cathedral (1253).
Bishop Gravesend, in Lincoln Cathedral (1279).
Dean Langton, in York Cathedral (1279).
Bishop Longspee, in Salisbury Cathedral (1297).
Elias de Beckenham, in Botsford, Cambridge (1298).

The brasses of the thirteenth century now known to be preserved are those of

Sir John D'Aubernoun, at Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey[1] (1277),
Sir Roger de Trumpington, at Trumpington (1289), and
Sir Richard de Bushingthorpe, of Bushingthorpe, Lincolnshire (1290).

England at this time contains more brasses than any other country. In France there are none, and in Flanders only a few. Germany is more remarkable for its brass or metal tombs, forming, as Mr. Albert Way[2] says, an intermediate class between the sepulchral brass and the effigy. The same authority states that no brass has hitherto been noticed as existing in

[1] This brass offers the only military whole-length example of the reign of Edward I. in which the knight is not represented cross-legged. He is completely armed, and in a suit of interlaced chain mail, fastened with rivets.

[2] Archæological Journal, No. 3.

Scotland, and that in Ireland there are only two examples, both of late date, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. There are but few also in Wales.

The brasses of other countries differ very materially from those of England, both in their arrangement and in their execution. Abroad they were generally formed of one plate of metal, whilst here they were made up of several portions. A very remarkable instance is referred to by Mr. Way, from an account in the Archæologia,[1] of the brass of an Englishman, Robert Hallum, Bishop of Salisbury, in Constance Cathedral. He was a special envoy of Henry V. to the Council of Constance, where he died in 1416, and was buried with great solemnity. His brass appears to have been made in England, and thence transmitted to Constance, as it is found to agree, in the mode of its execution, with those which were manufactured in this country. The inscription is singular, being in hexameter verse, rhymed sometimes at the middle and sometimes at the end:—

Subjacet his stratus — Robert Hallum vocitatus :
Quondam prelatus — Sarum sub honore creatus :
Hic decretorum — doctor pacisque creator :
Nobilis Anglorum — Regis fuit ambasciator :
Festum Cuthberti — Septembris mense vigebat :
In quo Roberti — mortem Constantia flebat :
Anno Mileno — tricent (et) octuageno :
Sex cum ter deno — cum Christo vivat amoeno.

Ob. 1416.

An opinion has been very current that brasses were originally manufactured in the Low Countries, and that the specimens in England were the production of foreign artists. The superior manufacturing of the metal of which they were composed may have led to this error; but a careful inquiry into their composition, and a comparison of their formation with foreign brasses, will show sufficient points of difference in execution to correct this opinion. There is good reason to believe that the number of brasses, of foreign manufacture,

[1] Vol. xxx.

in England is very small, and that some of our finest specimens are entirely the production of native talent. The particulars of costume, ornament, and character of the writing, may be regarded as evidence of their having been executed in this country.

To show the excellence of English workmen in metal, it is sufficient to refer to what has been considered as the glory of Warwick—the chapel of Richard Beauchamp, who died in 1439. According to Dugdale, who has given us many interesting particulars regarding his tomb, it was begun in 1443 and not finished until 1464, and at an expense of £2481 4*s.* 7*d.*, an enormous sum at that time. The artists engaged upon it were, with one exception (Bartholomew Lambespring, a Dutchman), English; and the figures were executed by William Austen, whose contract with the Earl is still extant. Austen was a citizen and founder of London, and he covenanted—"To cast and make an Image of a man armed, of fine latten garnished with certain ornaments, viz. with sword and dagger; with a garter, with a helm and crest under his head, and at his feet a bear musled (muzzled), and a griffin perfectly made of the finest latten, according to patterns; all of which to be brought to Warwick and laid on the tomb at the peril of the said Austen; the Executors paying for the image, perfectly made and laid, and all the ornaments in good order, besides the cost of the said workmen to Warwick, and working there to lay the image, and besides the cost of the carriages, all which are to be borne by the said Executors, in total £40."

By another covenant he agreed—"To cast, work, and perfectly to make of the finest latten to be gilded that may be found, xiv. images embossed, of lords and ladies in divers vestures, called weepers, to stand in housings made about the tomb, those images to be made in breadth, length and thickness, like unto xiv. patterns made in timber. Also he shall make xviii. less images of angels, to stand in other houseings, as shall be appointed by patterns, whereof ix. after one side, and ix. after another. Also he must make an hearse to stand on the tomb according to a pattern; the stuff and workmanship to the repairing to be at the charge of the said Wm. Austen. And the Executors shall pay for every image that shall lie on the tomb, of the weepers so made in latten, xiii*s.* iv*d.* And

for every image of angels so made, v*s*. And for every pound of latten that shall be in the hearse, x*d*. And shall pay and bear the costs of the said William Austen for setting the said images and hearse." The cost amounted to £178.

The earliest brasses are remarkable as offering specimens of the greatest excellence, and of the highest style of art, and many of them were richly gilt and burnished. Their details were finely carried out, whilst the general expression was distinguished by its boldness and precision. The finest military brass in existence is generally admitted to be that of Sir Robert de Bures, at Aston, in Suffolk. It is of the date of 1302, the thirteenth year of Edward I.

As it would be inconsistent with the object of the present work to enter upon the consideration of the minute particulars characteristic of the execution of the brasses—which properly belongs to a special history of this class of monumental memorials—I may add, that the reader will find them detailed in the works of Gough, Cotman, Stothard, Blore, Waller, Boutell, and other antiquaries.

The inscriptions on the earliest brasses are formed by letters, placed separately in distinct cavities in the slab, and arranged in lines or fillets, so as frequently to form a border round the whole of the figure. The language is Norman-French, and the character known by the denomination of Uncial or Longobardic. The nature of the inscription varies; it sometimes being confined simply to a record of the name, and date of birth and decease; a solicitation for prayers to be offered up for the departed; and in others, accompanied by some pious ejaculation or quotation from Scripture. Such are the brasses of Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, A.D. 1221, and William de Tracy, A.D. 1223. Of a later period, in Longobardic letters, at All Saints, Cotesbrook (1305):—

William : le : Botevylan : persone : de : Cotesbrok : gyt : ici : Deu : de : sa : alm : eyt : merci.

At St. John the Baptist, Pidington:—

Elys : Pouger : gyt : icy : dev : de : sa : alme : eyt : merci : ky : por : sa : alme : priera : quarante : jours : de : pardon : avera.

Longobardic characters were in use from the time of the

Norman Conquest to the latter part of the fourteenth century. The brass of Sir John Cobham (1407) is conjectured by Cotman to be the latest example known.

Enamelled brasses were principally executed at Limoges, and are in various colours. Cotman has figured some in his work, in which will be found the best specimens taken from the brasses in the county of Norfolk, where no less than 300 whole-length figures on brasses were formerly to be seen; but many have even disappeared since his publication. Examples of the enamelled kind are to be found in those of Sir Hugh Hastings, in Elsing Church; Sir Ralph and Lady Shelton, at Great Snoring; L'Estrange, at Hunstanton; Sir Simon Felbrigge, the standard-bearer to Richard II. (in which gilding has been intermixed); and Sir Miles and Lady Stapleton, A.D. 1365:[1]—

Priez pour les almes monseur Miles de Stapleton, et dame Johanne sa femme, fille de monseur Oliber de Ingham fondeurs de cette maison qe Dieu de leur almes eyt pitee.

On Ilmayne de Wynster, A.D. 1372:[2]—

Ilmayne jadis la feme Willm de Wynster qe morust le jour de Innocens l'an de gce M ccc lxxii gist icy dieu de salme eit mercy.

Approaching the middle of the fourteenth century, the inscriptions are found expressed in the Latin language, and engraved upon metal, often ornamented with the emblems of the Four Evangelists, shields of arms, monograms, &c.

At West Bradenham Church is a brass to Thomas Cailey, rector of that parish from 1318 to 1324:—

Continet. hæc. fossa. Thome. nunc. corpus. et ossa.
Ecclesiæ. rector. hujus. extitit atque protector
Gratia. queso. Dei. propitietur. ei.

[1] See Gough, vol. i. p. 119; Blomefield's Norfolk, vol. ix. p 320, and Cotman, p. 23.

[2] See Gough, Blomefield, and Cotman.

In St. Luke, Duston:—

Hac jacet in petra sculpta in marmarmore tetra
Hos dolore greges istius actus honore.
Pastor sublatus fuit hic et morigeratus
Sit ——xri natus . . . . animam . . . . spiratus.

At the close of the fourteenth century the black letter superseded the Longobardic character, and the offices and dignities of the deceased are more fully recorded. The English tongue appears in the fifteenth century; and abbreviations are not infrequent.

At Lingfield, in Sussex, in Old English characters:—

Praye for the soule of Richard Challener, the which decessed the v day of Aprill, the yere of our Lord God a thousand CCCC, and on whose soule Jehu have mercy. Amen.

In Buxted, Sussex, also in Old English character:—

Here lyeth graven thyis stoon, Xtmas Savage, both Flesh and Boon,
Robt. him sone was Parsons here, more than xxiiii yeere:
Cryst Godys sone born of a Mayde, to Xpme and Robt. him sone foresaide,
That owt of this worlde ben passed us fro, grnt thy mercy to us also. Amen.

Scrolls or labels issuing from the mouths of the persons represented are common in the fifteenth century.

The portraits of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham are in brass, forming part of their tomb at Ilminster. From the mouth of the former proceeds a label, with this scroll—*Death is unto me advantage.* From the lips of Dorothy—*I will not dye but lyve, and declare the worke of the Lord.*

1439. In the Chancel of Swainswick, in Somersetshire, there is the portrait of a man on a brass, beneath which is

Orate p̄ aīa Edmundi fforde de Swayneswyke armigeri qui obiit xvii° die Februarii, A° Dni. m.ccccxxxix° et A° Regni Regis Henrici VI° post conquestu XVIII° cuj' aīe p̄piciet Deu'.

Three scrolls are over his head, in which are written: Credo

quod Redemptor meus vivit, et in novissimo die de terra surrecturus sum. Et in carne meo videbo Deū salvatorē meū.

The scrolls were not confined to the mouths of the persons reprcsented, but also appeared at the feet or hands of the figures engraven on brass; they usually contained some portion of Scripture, or supplication, or expression of confidence, and reliance on mercy, as in the following instances.

On the brass of John Prynn, in Lincoln Cathedral:—

Expecto misericordiam tuam, Domine.

On Martyn Joyner, in the same Cathedral:—

Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei.

An auatomy or skeleton, a representation not uncommon, accompanies this inscription.

On the brass of Thomas Nelond, Prior of Lewes, who died in 1433, which is in Cowfold parish, Sussex, there is the representation of the monk in his Cluniac habit, with three labels or scrolls issuiug from his hands, with the following inscriptions:—

1. Mater sancta Jhu me serves mortis ab Esu.
2. Mater sancta Dei duc ad loca me requiei.
3. Sit Sancti Thome suscepta precatio pro me.

On other brasses:—

Misere mei, Deus secundum misericordiam tuam.
Misercre mei Deus, quia confidit in te anima mea.
Cujus anime propīetur Deus, amen.
Cujus anima in pace perpetua requiescat, amen.

An early representation of a skeleton, on a brass, is given by Cotman. It is that of Thomas Childes, A.D. 1452. The execution of it is vile, and the inscription reads:—

Hic jacet Thomas Childes quoda Clericus istius ecclīe qui obiit decimo septimo die mensis Julii Aº dni Mº CCCCº lijº cujus aīe p̄picietur de' am̄e.

The brass of Roger Felthorp, at Blickling, Norfolk (1454), figurcd by Cotman, represents nine males (children) all ranged

by their father's figure, and five females by that of their mother. The fourteen children are all depicted of the same size.

The brass of Calthrop and family in Antringham Church, Norfolk, has a grand display of children, amounting to nineteen in number, eleven males and eight females. They are ranged beneath the figures of their parents, with their several names inscribed.

The brass of Thomas Hevenhyngham, Esq., and Ann his wife, in Ketteringham Church, Norfolk, also exhibits five boys and six girls; but they are placed behind the father and mother.

Cotman gives a brass of a notary, William Curteys, in Holmhale Church, Norfolk (1490). From a girdle hangs an inkbottle and case, emblems of his calling.[1]

No Arabic numerals are met with before the middle of the fifteenth century. The first mentioned by Cotman is on a brass at Rougham, Norfolk, of William Yelverton, 1481.

The sixteenth century offers many fine examples of brasses:

At Wendover Church, a brass, figured in Lipscomb's History of Buckinghamshire,[2] represents the figures of "Wyll'm Bradshawe Gen. and Alice hys Wyffe," together with their progeny, all depicted and named Henry, Johan', Agnes, Alice, Bridget, Elizabeth, Margery, Will'm, and Sebill. It bears date "A.D. M. CCCCC. xxxvij. et A° Re. H. viij."

On another, to Erasmus Paston and his Wife (1538):—

Here Erasmus Paston and Marye his Wiffe enclosed are in Claye
Whiche is the Restinge Place of Eache untill the latter daye
Off Sonnes thre and Daughters nyne the Lorde them parents made
Ere cruell Death did worke his cruell spite or fykell lyff did fade.

At St. Botolph, Harington:—

This is most hartely for to desyre
The reders hereof of theyr devocyon

[1] See Gough, vol. ii. p. 277. [2] Vol. ii. p. 491.

To pray for the solle of Laurence Saunders Esquyer
Who departyd thys world by goddes vocacyon
In the year of Chrystys incarnacyon
A thousand five hundredth forty and fyve
The fortenth of July he was ded and alyve.

Edward Radulphus and Richard Blondevile (1490, 1568). The brass of 1571. Beneath the names and figures :—

Heare lyes in grave nowe thre tymes done
the Grandsyr Father and the Sone
Theyr names theyr age and when they dyed
above ther headys ys specyfyed
Theyr shyelde of Arms dothe eke declare
the stocke wyth whom they mached ware
They lyved well and dyed as well
and nowe wyth God in heaven they dwell
And theare do prayse his holy name
god grant that we maye do the same.

On a brass plate at Church Brampton, Northamptonshire :—

Here lieth Jone Furnace the wife of James Furnace, that was & is not : saying to them that read this, you are & shall not be ; who in my life-time trusted to have a dwellinge place in heaven with God the Father, & in Glorye eke to rayne with Christ his sonne. A^{o} Dom. 1585. die 21 Junii.

In the same, ob. 1588 :—

Knowne to the worlde by vertue and desarte
Renowne of Lyfe trewe honore of his mynde
Faythe to his Frende his free and Princelye Harte
His cuntryes love whiche yet remaynes behynde
See here the frutes of everlastinge fame
A Bodye deade but not a dying name.

At Battle, A.D. 1599 :—

Thomas Alfraye, good courteous friend, interred lyeth here,
Whose soule in active strength did pass as ne're was found his peere,
And Elizabeth did take to wyfe, one Ambrose Comfort's child,
Who with him thyrtie one yeares lived a virtuous spouse and mild ;

By whom a sonne and daughter eke behind alyve he left,
And earlie little yeares had since death him of life bereft.
On New Yeares day of Christ his birth, which was just ninety nine,
One thousand five hundreth eke, loe ere of flesh the fine.
But then his wooful wyfe of God, with piteous praises gan crave,
That her owne corps with husband's here might join in dark grave,
And that her soule, his soule might seek amongst the spirits above,
And there in endless blyss, enjoy her long desired love;
The whiche but gracious God did graunt to her the last of Marche,
When after that denouncement ower, one yere and more was past.

Of a rather later period we have, on a brass in the chancel of Worminghall Church, the effigies of a man and a woman. Behind the former are five sons, and behind the latter six daughters; an infant is also lying on the ground: below the figures are these words:—

The aged root that twelve times fruit did beare,
(Though first and last were blasted in their prime)
Is wither'd now, and warnes his children deare,
Though yet they spring, to know their winter's time.

So labour'd he, and so is gone to rest;
So liv'd, so dyed, as all (but cursed) blest.
Blesse, Lord! his fellow roote, that lives as yet,
But as a vine without her prop decayes:
And blesse their branches, which these two did gett,
And send them sapp to nourish them allwayes:
Blesse roote and branch, that all may grow in thee,
And meet at length to eat of thy roote tree.

On a brass in Boxford Church, Suffolk, representing a child on a bed:—

Dormitorium Davidis Birde Filii
Josephi Birde, Rectoris istius ecclesiæ.
Obiit vicess. Febrv. 1606.
Natus Septima [Septimanas] 22.

The Roman letter was employed in the seventeenth century, and adulatory inscriptions began to prevail upon these records; their devotional character was fast disappearing. A brass of a date as recent as 1641, on John Eager, at Crondell Church, Hants, has the representation of the recumbent figure of a skeleton, and beneath, these lines:—

You earthly impes which here behold
This picture with your eyes,
Remember the end of mortell men,
And where their glory dies.

Up to the middle of the fifteenth century attention to costume was strictly observed, and the manufacturers of brasses appear to have been guided by precise artistic rules. During the reign of Henry VIII. much license was taken and many anomalies introduced, not only as regards the representation of the figure, but in extravaganzas in the inscriptions recorded upon them.

The modern practice of taking rubbings of the early brasses is of great value, as securing records of such interesting monumental remains. How much has been lost from this not having been done at an earlier period, it is easy to conceive. The advantages thereby obtained to genealogical research, and to the illustration of costume, would have been considerable.

The incised slab is a natural succession to the brass memorials. It would be much cheaper, but not so durable; the character soon yielding to friction, and disappearing. There are, however, still a few fine examples of this description to be met with in Leicestershire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Cheshire, and Hertfordshire.

The following early example on a marble slab aronnd a cross flory, in Longobardic capitals, at Aston, in Northamptonshire, will suffice:—

I : E : de . Sottone : git : ci : dev : de : sa : alme : eyt : merci : qui : pour : sa : alme : priera : trois : cent : jours : de : Pardon : avera.

Engraved figures in stone, and not inlaid with metal, are of the fourteenth century. There is one of the date of 1325 at Wyberton, in Lincolnshire, to Adam de Franton and Sibilla his wife In Derbyshire they are most prevalent.

Lead has occasionally been mingled with brass, as in the memorial to Sir Thomas Sherborn and Lady, A.D. 1418.

Iron plates, forming grave slabs, are chiefly to be found in Sussex, a district having iron foundries. There is one also in Yarmouth Church, of the date of 1674, to the memory of George England.

"Grave-stones (says Sir Thomas Browne) tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets on first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages."[1]

Monuments and epitaphial inscriptions have been erected for, and applied to, portions of the body interred. The practice of burying the heart and other viscera separately from the body can be traced as early as the time of the ancient Egyptians. They derived this practice from the doctrine entertained by them of the superintendence and protection of particular organs by special divinities. The metaphorical ideas held by the moderns in relation to the heart, and the almost perpetual reference made by poets and others to its supposed intelligence, and its influence upon our actions and feelings, may probably have also led to the adoption of the separate burial of this most important part of the human body. The practice, however, seems to have been most common in, if not chiefly confined to, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, though instances are not wanting of its employment in an earlier and also at a later period in regard to royal personages, and was common with them, and continued to a very recent date. It has, however, been a custom not exclusively confined to persons of such high distinction and exalted condition. It has been suggested by Mr. Way, that the distribution of the several portions of human remains may have arisen from a pious wish to secure the prayers of several congregations on behalf of the soul of the deceased. The known instances illustrative of the separate burial of the heart, from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, may not be uninteresting. I am able to cite the following :—

[1] Hydriotaphia, chap. v.

1067. William de Estonville, archbishop of Rouen, at Rouen Cathedral.
1104. Stephen, brother of Alan the Black and Red, at St. Mary's Abbey, York.
1117. Robert de Arbrissal, founder of the Order of Fontevrauld, where his body is deposited, but his heart at a monastery at Orsan. (See Hist. Lit. de la France, tom. x. p. 166.)
1129. Giffard, bishop of Winchester, at Waverley Abbey.
1135. Henry I., at St. Mary de Prè, at Rouen. His body in England.
1147. William, third earl of Warren. He was slain by the Turks, having accompanied the King of France to the Holy Land. His heart was transmitted to England, and deposited in Lewes Priory.
1164. Stephen, carl of Bretagne.
1197. William de Longchamp, bishop of Ely; his body at the Abbey of Pymy, and his heart at Ely.
1199. Richard I. at Rouen.

The Epitaph on Richard I. reads thus :—

Scribitur hoc tumulo, Rex aurea, laus tua, tota :
Aurea, materiæ conveniente nota.
Laus tua prima fuit *Siculi*, *Cyprus* altera, *Dromo*.
Tertia, *Carvana* quarta, suprema *Joppe*.
Suppressi *Siculi*, *Cyprus* pessundata, *Dromo*
Mersus, *Carvana* capta, retenta *Joppe*.

This inscription is at Font-Everard (Fontevrault), where his body was buried, according to his own desire; and the foregoing verses were written in golden letters, significant of the importance of his achievements. His victory gained over the Sicilians, his conquest of Cyprus, the sinking of the great galliasse of the Saracens, the capture of the convoy, and the defence of Joppa in the Holy Land, are very happily alluded to. His removal of the chalices belonging to the church for his ransom, and the place of his death, did not escape the pen of the satirist:

"Christe tui calicis prædo, fit præda Caluzis."

It was not until August, 1838, that, by the researches of a distinguished antiquary, M. Deville, of Normandy, the lost

effigy of this king was brought to light, it being discovered beneath the pavement of the choir in Rouen Cathedral, of which an account is given by Mr. Albert Way, in the twenty-ninth volume of the Archæologia. The preceding epitaph (as we have seen) alludes to Chaluz in Limosin, where Richard received his death wound. Richard had been a benefactor to the Canons of Rouen, and his continued attachment to them is shown by his bequeathing to them his heart, which is recorded as enshrined in a sumptuous receptacle, and as a relic of the most holy description. Guillaume le Breton speaks of it thus :—

——————— "Cujus cor Rotomagensis
Ecclesiæ clerus argento clausit et auro,
Sanctorumque inter sacra corpora, in æde sacratâ
Compositum, nimio devotus honorat honore:
Ut tantæ ecclesiæ devotio tanta patenter
Innerat in vitâ quantum dilexerit illum."
Philippidos, lib. v.

The tombs had, however, disappeared, and a lozenge-shaped slab only remained to mark the sacred deposit, upon which was inscribed—

Cor
Richardi Regis Angliæ
Normanniæ Ducis
Cor-Leonis Dicti
Obiit Anno
MCXCIX.

Mr. Deville made examination at this spot, and discovered the lost effigy of the king, which is now preserved in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin at Rouen ; and the heart was also, after much search, found concealed in a closed cavity formed on purpose in an adjoining wall, built at the time the sanctuary had been raised. It was enclosed within two boxes of lead, the inner of which was lined with a thin leaf of silver, but upon which could be read :—

+ Hic : jacet :
Cor : Ricar
Di : Regis :
Anglorum.

Every one familiar with the character of Richard's time can entertain no doubt as to the period at which this inscription was engraved; but it will be observed that the king is not herein styled "Cœur de Lion," such epithet having been given to him posterior to his decease and this interment. A fac-simile of the inscription will be found on plate 20, in the twenty-ninth volume of the Archæologia. The viscera mentioned in the epitaph were buried at Charroux, a town of Poitou, whilst his body was directed to be laid at the feet of his father, Henry II., in token of penitence for his past conduct, and deficient filial affection.

An imitation of the epitaph on Pompey and his children was made by an English poet, in reference to the burial of this king, and the disposition of the several parts of his body:—

Viscera Kareolum, corpus fons servat Ebraudi,
Et cor Nothomagum, magna Richarde, tuum.
In tria dividitur unus, qui plus fuit uno:
Non uno jaceat gloria tanta loco.

His entrails given to Poictou,
Lie buried near to Fort Chalus;
His body lies entombed below,
A marble slab at Font-Evraud;
And Neustria thou hast thy part,
The unconquerable hero's heart.
And thus through cities there are spread
The ashes of the mighty dead;
But, this a funeral cannot be,
Instead of one, this king has three.

1226. Louis VIII., at Auvergne. His body at St. Denis.
1232. Ranulph de Blundeville, earl of Chester, at Dieulacres Abbey. His body at Chester.
1237. Poore, bishop of Durham, at Tarrant, Monkton Nunnery.
1261. Ethelmar, bishop of Winchester, at Winchester.
1268. Peter de Aquablanc, Bishop of Hereford, at a monastery at Argues, in Savoy, of which he was the founder.
1269. Degorvilla, wife of John Balliol, lord of Castle Baynard.

1270. Ralph Fitz-Randal.
1270. Richard, king of the Romans, the brother of Henry III., the founder of the Nunnery of Brunham, and also of the Austin Nunnery at Brunham.
1272. Edmund, earl of Cornwall, son of the preceding.
1272. Richard, earl of Cornwall, at Grey Friars, Oxon.
1272. Henry III., at Fontevraud, in Normandy. His body in Westminster Abbey.
1285. Robert de Ros, founder of Ribstane Commandery of Templars. (*temp.* Ric. I.)
1285. Philip le Hardi, at St. Denis. His bowels at Narbonne.
1290. Eleanor, mother of Edward I., in the choir of Friars Predicant in London. Her body in Westminster Abbey.
1296. Eleanor, wife of Edward I. Her effigy and memorial are in Lincoln Cathedral, where her viscera are entombed; her heart was deposited at the church of the Black Fryars, whilst her body is at Westminster Abbey. The inscription at Lincoln, in the Lady Chapel, is as follows:—

+ Hic : sunt : sepulta : vicera : Alianore : Quandam : Regine : Anglie : uxoris : Regis : Edvardi : filii : Regis : Henrici : cujus : anime : propitietur : Deus : Amen : + Pater : Noster.

1296. Henry, son of Richard, king of the Romans, at Westminster Abbey.
1307. Edward I., at Jerusalem.
1329. Robert Bruce, at Jerusalem.
1380. Charles V., at Rouen. His body at St. Denis, and his bowels at the Abbey of Maubisson.
1405. Walter Skirlaw, bishop of Durham. His bowels at Howden, Yorkshire.

Under a coffin-shaped stone is the following inscription:—

Hic requiescunt viscera Walteri Skirlaw quondam Dunelmies episcopi quæ sepeliuntur sub hoc saxo, A.D. 1405.

1483. Jean Cœur, archbishop of Bourges, at Les Celestins. His body at Bourges.
1502. Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., at Ludlow. His body in Worcester Cathedral.
1515. Louis XII., at La chapelle d'Orleans. His bowels at Les Celestins.

1516. Miles Selley, bishop of Llandaff, at Mathern.
1534. Sherington, bishop of Bangor, at Bangor Cathedral.
1547. François I., at Haute Bruyère. His body at St. Denis.
1559. Henry II., at Les Celestins, with the following inscription :—

Cor junctum amborum longum testatur amorem,
Ante homines junctus, spiritus ante Deum.

1560. François II., at Les Celestins. His body at Nantes. To the heart the following inscription is given :—

Cor quondam Charitum sedem, cor summa secutum,
Tres Charites summo vertice jure ferunt.

1567. Anne of Montmorency, Constable of France, at Les Celestins, to which the following is attached :—

Ci dessous gist un cœur plein de vaillance,
Un cœur d'honneur, un cœur qui tout savoit,
Cœur de vertus qui mille cœur avoit,
Cœur de trois rois, et de toute la France.
Cy gist ce cœur qui fut notre assurance,
Cœur qui le cœur de justice vivoit,
Cœur qui de force et de conseil servoit,
Cœur que le Ciel honora dès l'enfance,
Cœur non jamais, ni trop haut, ni remis.
Le cœur des siens, l'effroi des ennemis,
Cœur qui fut cœur du Roi Henry son maître,
Roi qui voulut qu'un sepulchre commun
Les enfermat après leur mort, pour être
Comme en vivant deux mêmes cœurs en un.

1569. Sir Robert Peckham. His heart at Denham Church; his body at St. Gregory, Rome.

In Lipscomb's History of Buckingham (vol. iv. p. 451) the Epitaph on Sir Thomas Peckham is given from Denham Church, wherein his heart is entombed. Mr Steele[1] relates the following incident in connexion with this burial. "As I came accidentally into the Church, Sept. 25, 1711, a vault at the East end of the North isle being opened (for the interment of Edw.

[1] MSS. inter Harl. MSS. No 3361. The Register gives the burial of Sir R. Peckham's heart July 18, 1586.

Lockey, Esq.), into hich I went, and found a small box of Led fashioned like a Heart, but flatt, being scarce two inches in thickness, with the Lead sawder'd, but the under parte corroded; the Heart of Sir Robert Peckham discovered itselfe, rapt within several cloths, and still smelling strong of the embalmment. On the Lide was written this inscription :—

I. H. S. Robertus Peckham Eques Auratus. Anglus. Cor suum Dulciss. patrie majorg Monumentis commendari obiit Idie Septembris MDlxix.

1569. Timoleon de Cossé, Compte de Brissac, in Les Celestins.

1571. Louis de Luxembourg, at Les Celestins. His body at Ligny.

1574. Mary of Cleves, at Les Celestins. Her body at Blois.

—— Charles IX. at Les Celestins, with this inscription :—

Hic cor deposuit Regis Catharina mariti
Id cupiens proprio condere posse sinu.

1583. Captain Thomas Hodges.

At Wedmore is a monument Sacred to the memory of Captain Thomas Hodges of the County of Somerset, esq., who at the siege of Antwerpe, about 1583, with unconquered courage wonne two ensignes from the enemy, where receiving his last wound, he gave three legacies: his soule to his Lord Jesus, his body to be lodged in Flemish earth, his heart to be sent to his dear wife in England.

Here lies his wounded heart, for whome
One kingdom was too small a roome:
Two kingdoms therefore have thought good to part
So stout a body and so brave a heart.

1589. Henry III. of France, slain by a Jacobin Friar. Camden says his heart was enclosed in a small tomb, with the following inscription :—

ADSTA VIATOR ET DOLE REGVM VICEM
COR REGIS ISTO CONDITVM EST SVB MARMORE
QVI JVRA GALLIS SARMATIS JVRA DEDIT
TECTVS CVCVLLO HVNC SVSTVLIT SICARIVS
ABI VIATOR ET DOLE REGVM VICEM

Which has been thus translated:—

Whether thy choice, or chance, thee hither brings,
Stay, passenger, and waile the hap of kings.
This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,
That rul'd the fickle French, and Polacks bold,
Whom with a mighty warlick host attended,
With traitirous knife, a cowled monster ended.
So frayl are even the highest earthly things.
Go passenger, and waile the fate of kings.

1600. Anna Sophia Harley, daughter of the French Ambassador, in Westminster Abbey.

1613. François Duc de Luxembourg, at Les Celestins. His body at Ligny.

—— Lord Edward Bruce. His heart was found in 1808 in the old abbey church of Culcross, in Perthshire, in a silver box shaped like a heart, a representation of which is given in the Archæologia, vol. xx., pl. xxi., xxii., p. 516, with name and arms inscribed and delineated on it. He fell in a duel, in Holland, with Sir Edward Sackville, in 1613. His body was buried in the Great Church of Bergen op Zoom, the place where the duel was fought, and where a monument is erected to his memory.

1643. Louis XIII., at the Church of the Jesuits, at Paris.

1660. Esme Stuart, son of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, at Westminster Abbey.

1656. Le Duc de Valois, in Les Celestins, with the following inscription:—

Blandulus, eximius, pulcher, dulcissimus infans,
Deliciæ matris, deliciæque patris,
Hic situs est teneris raptus Valerius armis
Ut rosa que subitis imbribus icta cadit.

—— Mary Ann of Chartres, in Les Celestins. Body at Nantes.

1665. Sir Nicholas Crispe, Bart., in Hammersmith Church. Mr. Faulkner, who gives an engraving of Sir N. C., states in his History and Antiquities of this Parish, that it was the custom to take out the heart from the urn in which it was deposited, and, on the anniversary of its

entombment, to refresh it with a glass of wine. This practice was continued for upwards of a century and a half, at which time it had become so decayed as to render its enclosure in a leaden case necessary, in which it was then deposited.

1683. Arthur Capel, earl of Essex, at Cashiobury. He was murdered in the Tower. His heart was found in 1703 at Hadham Hall, in the charter room, deposited in a silver cup and cover, locked up with a written account of its contents. Lord Capel was buried in the chancel of the church of Little Hadham, where, on a large black marble stone, is inscribed, "who was murdered for his loyalty to Charles I." It was removed into an iron box, and placed in the vault of the church.[1]

1699. Sir William Temple, in a silver box, at Moor Park, under the sun-dial in the garden. His body in Westminster Abbey.

1701. James II., at St. Mary of Chaillot, near Paris. His brain in the Scotch College. Here also is the heart of his queen; the heart of Mary Gordon, of Huntley, Duchess of Perth; and the viscera of Louisa Maria, second daughter of James II.

In the Notes and Queries (vol. ii. p. 243), we learn from Mr. Pitman Jones, of Exeter (who derived his information from Mr. Fitz-Simons), that the body of James II. of England was deposited in one of the chapels in Paris, during the revolution in 1793 and 1794, in the expectation that it would one day be removed to Westminster Abbey. It was in a wooden coffin, inclosed within a leaden one; there is a second one, which was covered with black velvet. The *sans-culottes* broke into the chapel to obtain lead for making of bullets, and the body was exposed for nearly an entire day. It was swaddled, like a mummy, in bandages, and had a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The embalming had been effectual, and the body was shown for money; after which it was said to have been buried in the public churchyard. George IV. tried in vain to learn of the place of the interment. There were several wax moulds of his face in the chapel, and they resembled the countenance of the corpse. The body had been kept at the

[1] See Archæologia, vol. xv. p. 300.

palace of St. Germains, whence it was taken to the convent of the Benedictines, in Rue St. Jacques, where Mr. Fitz-Simons was a prisoner, together with Mr. Porter, the prior.

In the *Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica*, 1841, vol. vii. p. 33, the Rev. H. Longueville Jones states, "that the King left his brains to the Scotch College at Paris, and it used to be said other parts (but this is more doubtful) to the Irish and English Colleges in the same city. His heart was bequeathed to the Dames de St. Marie, at Chaillot, and his entrails were buried at St. Germain en Laye, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory by order of George IV.; but the body itself was interred in the monastery of English Benedictine Monks, that once existed in the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques, close to the Val de Grace. The inscription is simply as follows :—

CI GIST JACQVES II. ROI DE LA GRANDE BRETAGNE.

"There is also a monument to the King in the Chapel of the Scotch College, and an inscription in Latin, written by James, Duke of Perth (printed in the *Collectanea*, p. 35), together with the inscriptions to adherents of the monarch. (See also p. 113.)"

A correspondent of the Notes and Queries, vol. ii. p. 281, speaks of the monument in the Chapel of the Scotch College, in the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, and says that an urn of bronze, gilt, containing the King's brains, formerly stood on the crown of it; but that it was smashed, and the contents scattered about during the French Revolution. It is conjectured that the portions of the King's body were collected together, and entombed at St. Germain en Laye, soon after the termination of the war in 1814; but it being necessary to rebuild the church, the remains were exhumed and re-interred in 1824. In the parish church of St. Germain the following inscription is on his monument :—

Regio Cineri Pietatis Regia.

Ferale quisquis hoc monumentum suspicis
Rerum humanarum vices meditare
Magnus in prosperis in adversis major
Jacobus II. Anglorum Rex.

Insignes ærumnas dolendaque nimium fata
Pio placidoque obitu exsolvit
in hâc urbe
Die 16. Septemb. anni 1701.
Et nobiliores quædam corporis ejus partes
Hic reconditæ asservantur.

Qui prius augustâ gestabat fronte coronam
Exiguâ nunc pulvereus requiescit in urnâ
Quid solium—quid et alta juvant! terit omnia lethum.
Verum laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit
Tu quoque summa Deus regem quem regius hospes.
Infaustum excepit tecum regnare jubebis.

A different inscription is reported[1] to have been formerly placed over the royal remains; but it no longer exists. It, however, ran thus :—

D. O. M. Jussu Georgii IV. Magnæ Britanniæ &c. Regis, et curante Equite exc. Carolo Stuart Regis Britanniæ Legato, cæteris antea rite peractis et quo decet honore in stirpem Regiam hic nuper effossæ reconditæ sunt Reliquiæ Jacobi II. qui in secundo civitatis gradu clarus triumphis in primo infelicior, post varios fortunæ casus in spem melioris vitæ et beatæ resurrectionis hic quievit in Domino, anno MDCCI. V. idus Septemb. MDCCCXXIV.

At the foot :—Depouilles mortelles de Jacques 2. Roi d' Angleterre.[2]

1705. The Emperor Leopold, at Vienna.
1715. Louis XIV., at the Jesuits' Church, Paris.
1754. Michael de Roncherolles, Marquis de Pont Saint Pierre, at Scotch College, Paris.
1755. Dr. Richard Rawlinson, at St. John's College, Oxford. His body in St. Giles, Oxford. The heart of this well-

[1] Rev. Dr. Wreford, in Notes and Queries, vol. ii. p. 427.

[2] The Notes and Queries, vol. iv. pp. 498-500, gives us a copy of a document, being a Procés-verbal of the discovery of three boxes, in which were portions of the remains of James II. and his daughter, the Princess Louise Marie, taken from the Register of the Deliberation of the Municipal Council of St. Germain en Laye, July 12, 1824.

known and eccentric antiquary was bequeathed by him to the College, and is placed in a beautiful marble urn against the chapel wall, with this inscription :—

Ubi theasurus, ibi cor.
Ric. Rawlinson, LLD. et Ant. S.S.
Olim hujus Collegii superioris ordinis Commensalis.
Obiit vj. Apr. M.D.CCLV.

The inscription at St. Giles, which was engraved in his lifetime, reads thus :—

" Γνῶθι σεαυτόν—Velut in Speculum.
Manet omnes una nox.— Non moriar omnis.
Hoc Dormitorium 8 ped. lat. 8 ped. long.
A parochiâ D. Egidi Oxon. concess. 25 Febr. et
Facult. Episc. confirmat. 5 Maii J. L. Arm. et
Assign. A.D. M.D.CCLIV.
Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede.
Semel est calcanda via lethi.
Ultima Thule.
R. Rawlinson LL.D. R. and A. SS.
Olim Collegii S. Johannis Bapt. Oxon.
Superioris Ordinis Commensalis.
Obiit vj Apr. MDCCLV. Æt. LXV.

His interment was altogether singular; for, in addition to what has already been stated, in his right hand was placed the head of Counsellor Layer, which he had acquired by purchase, after it was blown down from Temple Bar, of Mr. John Pearce, the non-juring attorney.[1] There is, however, good reason to believe that Rawlinson was imposed upon in regard to the head, and that that of which he had become possessed had belonged to some other than Counsellor Layer.[2]

The distribution of the several parts of the body, as noticed in the preceding list, did not, in the earlier instances, take place without opposition. The practice was even forbidden by Pope Boniface VIII., and disobedience to his order on the

[1] See Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, vol. i. p. lxxiv.
[2] See Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. v. p. 498.

subject was threatened with excommunication. His successor, however, Pope Benedict, permitted Philip le Bel to employ it in relation to the princes and princesses of his royal house, in cases where it might be difficult to transport the entire body to the place of their sepulchre. The authorities of St. Denis also protested strongly against the practice, and claimed a right to the bodies entire; but the Frères Prècheurs and Cordeliers prevailed over the Benedictines, and obtained for their churches portions of the bodies.

A writer in the Notes and Queries (vol. vi. p. 588) says, that, "from the death of Sixtus V., in 1590, the viscera of the Popes have been interred in the Church of S.S. Vincenzo and Anastasio, the parish church of the Quirinal, and that they are commemorated by inscriptions on stone near the high altar."

The cross on slabs is a very common prefix to the epitaphs of the Christian Æra. It appears either alone, or with the Alpha and Omega. It is to be found on many of the Christian Roman lamps, and it also is to be seen before the legend on coins, and in later times, on the horn books and alphabets of England, and doubtless had some superstitious notions attached to it, in addition to offering a religious emblem. Almost all the charms employed for the cure of diseases exhibit it, as I have noticed in another work.[1] The alphabet, to the present day, is often denominated the Christ's Cross Row.

The cross upon tombs, particularly the earlier ones, forms not only the most simple and beautiful ornament, but is also, to Christians, evidently the most appropriate and touching. Its application to stone coffins was certainly not confined to members of Religious Orders. Gough, in his Sepulchral Memorials,[2] has cited several instances of its application to other classes.

It remains to notice a few other sepulchral or funereal emblems as an appropriate close to this Essay:—

In the "dull churchyard," and amidst

> "Those hillocks of mortality,
> Where proudest man is only found
> By a small hillock in the ground"—

[1] On Superstitions connected with the Practice of Medicine and Surgery, 8vo. 1844.

[2] Vol. i. p. cx.

"Encincture small,
Yet infinite its grasp of weal and woe,"

we are accustomed to meet with what have been looked upon as emblems of our mortality—the Cyprus, the Pine, and the Yew. Of these the latter is of the most frequent occurrence, and in some counties of England Yew-trees will be found to have been planted in great numbers: in Somersetshire there is scarcely a churchyard without them, and in many instances they have acquired a considerable magnitude. They are also common in South Wales: in Italy they were planted in rows:

"Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heeled ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (so fame reports),
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds:
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine." BLAIR.

The Yew-tree presents to us an exceedingly sombre appearance, is regarded as a deadly indigenous plant, and held to be typical of destruction. A writer in the "Notes and Queries" (vol. viii. p. 346) states the word YEW to signify, in ancient British, *existent* and *enduring*, having the same root as Jehovah, and *yew* is Welsh for *it is*, being one of the forms of the third person present indicative of the auxiliary verb *bód*, to be. According to this view, therefore, it has no signification of death, but, on the contrary, of life, and is emblematical of resurrection. *Yeo-man*, the same writer says, is not *yew-man*, but *yoke-man*, a man owning as much land as a *yoke* of oxen could plough in a certain time. *Yeoman* is from EO, pronounced YO, *i. e.* free, worthy, respectable, &c. *Yeoman* is a *freeman*. The Celtic name of yew is *jubar*, *i. e.* *yewar*, "the evergreen head," and the town of Newry, in Ireland, is said, by Mr. F. Crossley, to have taken its name from two yew-trees reported to have been planted by St. Patrick, *A-Niubaride*, pronounced *A-Newery*, *i. e.* "THE YEW TREES."

Although several reasons have been assigned for the planting of Yew-trees (generally on the South of the church) in churchyards, they have all failed to give satisfaction. Some have urged that they form a defence to the church against the effects of high winds and storms, for which purpose their

thick foliage would seem well adapted; whilst others have looked upon them as offering shelter to those who have come for the performance of their duties at their place of worship. It has been stated that the branches of the Yew-tree have formed substitutes for the Palm used on Palm Sunday, and its wood has been known, in former times, to have been in high request for the making of bows. Wordsworth thus beautifully alludes to its employment for this purpose, and also remarks upon its extraordinary permanence :—

> "Not loth to furnish weapons in the hands
> Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they march'd
> To Scotland's heaths, or those that cross'd the sea,
> And drew their sounding bows at Agincourt;
> Perhaps at earlier Cressy, or Poictiers.
> Of vast circumference and gloom profound,
> This solitary tree! A living thing,
> Produced too slowly ever to decay;
> Of form and aspect too magnificent
> To be destroyed."

Prior to the invention of gunpowder the demand for bows must have been very great, as warlike proceedings were then chiefly carried on by archers. This may, perhaps, account for the great plantation of yews, and the churchyard would not only offer a place of security for their growth, but also probably give a suitable soil, these trees requiring a damp ground or one of clay and loam.

At what time yew trees were first planted in churchyards does not appear to be known either to botanists or antiquaries. There is a statute 35 Edw°. I. (1307), *Ne rector arbores prosternet in cemeterio,* which Dallaway thinks may probably refer to them, and to their being planted for the supply of bows to the parishioners.

They were in common use, and in Shakespeare's play of Richard II. Scroop is made to say to the King :—

> "The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
> Of double-fatal[1] yew against the state."
> Act III. s. 2.

Ten bow staves in this monarch's reign had (according to

[1] Warburton explains this expression by stating the leaves to be poisonous, and the wood employed for warfare.

Act 1 Rich. II. cap. 2) to be imported for every butt of malmsey wine.

An Act of the time of Edward IV. ordains that every Englishman in Ireland and every Irishman in England be furnished with a bow of his own height, and made of yew, witche, hazel, or ash. Wichazel was used by persons under seventeen years of age, to prevent too great a consumption of yew.

This was also ordained by statute in 33° Henry VIII. cap. 9, which likewise enacts that all persons under sixty years of age were to have bows and arrows. Aliens were forbidden to practise archery. No one under seventeen was permitted to shoot with a bow of yew, except his parents were worth ten pounds *per annum* in lands or forty marks in goods; and for every bow made of yew, the bowyer, not inhabiting London or the suburbs, was required to make four, and the inhabitant there two bows of other wood. In 1578 the Mayor of Lyme[1] Regis was directed by the Court Leet, under pain of a fine of ten shillings, to see that every man have and exercise artillery (*i. e.* bows and arrows) according to the statute, in which particular it appears all were found faulty in 1581. At Castle Combe we learn (from Mr. G. T. Scrope's History of Combe) many were fined in 1576 six shillings and eight-pence each, for not exercising bows and arrows. The fine was reduced to twelve-pence each. The constables were to search every month to see if the people had bows and arrows. Every one, from seventeen to sixty, was to procure them. They were, however, soon to fall into disuse, and lamentation was made on this account. Stow complained that our bows were turned into bowls. In 1599 the bows and arrows disappeared from the muster rolls. Elizabeth supplanted them by ordering musquets, in the previous year, to be supplied in lieu of them. Bishop Latimer had, however, been their strong advocate. He preached before Edward VI., and indulged in indignant reclamations against the disuse of archery. He desired the lords, even as they loved the honour and glory of God, and intended to remove his indignation, to send forth some sharp proclamation to the Justices of the Peace, because they did not perform their duty. He urged the lords to charge the justices upon their allegiance that this singular benefit of God (as he styles it) be practised and not turned into bowling, glossing, and

[1] See Roberts's Social Life in the Southern Counties of England, p. 119.

dicing within the towns. He gives an account of how his father taught him to shoot, and how the bows and arrows were increased as his strength advanced; he concludes by depicting archery as "a goodly act, an wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic."

The wood of the yew tree was well adapted to form bows, being very firm and compact in its growth, presenting very small annual rings, so much so, that no less than two hundred and eighty have been counted in a piece of wood only twenty inches in diameter. The tree is of very slow growth, and attains a very great age. Sir John Sinclair mentions one in the churchyard of Fortingall, in Perthshire, measuring fifty-two feet round, which is, I believe, the largest known.

At Kerne churchyard, Devon, there is a yew tree measuring twenty-seven feet in girth, and at Mamhead, in the same county, one of twenty-nine and a half feet. At Staverton churchyard, there is one, according to Mr. Polwhele, of many hundred years' standing, it being supposed coeval with the church. The trunk of the tree is now so excavated by age that several people may walk into it together, and there stand erect. At Hardham churchyard, Sussex, are the remains of an English yew tree of gigantic dimensions. Its trunk is capable of holding twenty-seven people, its girth is twenty-three feet, and supposing it were solid, would contain not less than five hundred cubic feet of wood. Thirty-three years since, the top of the tree was blown down. It is of a great age.

The period of endurance of the yew tree has not been ascertained, but it is very confidently stated that there is evidence of their having existed for more than one thousand years. It never grows to any great height, fifty-eight feet being, I think, the tallest known; this is to be seen in the churchyard at Harlington near Hounslow. Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, is remarkable for its yew trees, which are said to have attained their growth at the time of the erection of the abbey, as far back as A.D. 1132.

It is singular that there should exist no mythological legend connected with the yew. Mary, Queen of Scots, had a yew tree on her carriage, to perpetuate the Cruxton yew, beneath which she gave her consent to marry Darnley. The tree is indigenous to this country, and when its longevity, its durability, and the perpetual verdure it presents are taken into consideration, it is

not surprising that it should have been recognised as an emblem of the immortality of the soul, and employed about our churchyards to deck the graves of the deceased. The superstitions connected with this tree would serve to perpetuate its holy and sanctified character, and retain it in a place connected with, and convenient for, the performance of religious ceremonies.

Herrick couples the cypress and the yew in the following lines:—

"Both of you have
Relation to the grave;
And where
The fun'rale tramp sounds you are there.
I shall be made
Ere long a fleeting shade:
Pray come,
And do some honor to my tomb.
Do not deny
My last request, for I
Will be
Thankful to you, or friends for me."

It was an ancient practice for mourners to carry branches of the yew tree in a funeral procession, and to commit them to the grave upon the interment of their relatives or friends. It was believed that branches cut off from their native stock, and thus deposited, would take root and shoot forth again at the returning spring, and they were thus regarded as typical of the resurrection of the body, as well as of the immortality of the soul, represented by their perpetual verdure. The Cypress, on the other hand, was said never to flourish or grow again if once cut, and was, therefore, esteemed significant of dying for ever; it was carried at funerals by the Romans and other heathen people. Laurel, rosemary, ivy, yew, and cypress were carried at funerals to be deposited in the grave.

Durandus, in his Rationale, says, "Let ivy and laurel be laid in the coffin under the corpse; for those plants which always keep green signify, that such as die in Christ live eternally in him."

Yew and Cypress are introduced by T. Stanley in "The Exequies," 1651.

"———— Yet strew
Upon my dismall grave
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken cypresse, and sade ewe,

For kinder flowers can take no birth
Of growth from such unhappy earth."

Brand quotes the following "Mayden's Song for her dead Lover," from "The Marrow of Compliments," &c. 1665:—

"Come you whose Loves are dead,
And, whilst I sing,
Weepe and wring
Every hand, and every head
Bind with Cypresse and sad Ewe,
Ribbands black, and Candles blue;
For him that was of Men most true.

"Come with heavy mourning,
And on his Grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of Sighes and Groaning,
Let him have faire flowers enough,
White, and purple, green, and yellow,
For him that was of Men most true."

It was, and I believe continues to be, the custom of the Scandinavians to strew the path to the grave at funerals with branches of fir and box, and sometimes artificial flowers. Evergreens of all descriptions are employed in Lapland. At Camerton, in Somersetshire, the churchyard is filled with laurels, arbor-vitæs, and roses, and the church is mantled over with ivy and pyrocanthas. Bay leaves are strewed before a corpse in Wales.

Leigh Hunt has some charming observations on flowers on graves in his "Old Court Suburb" (vol. i. p. 185). The custom he ascribes originally to the French, but gives no authority for this statement; it appears to have been very general throughout the world, and not confined to the adherents of any particular religion. In no place does the practice more abound than in Wales.

"Flowers," says Mr. H., "besides being beautiful themselves, are suggestive of every other kind of beauty; of gentleness, of youthfulness, of hope. They are evidences of Nature's good-nature; proofs manifest that she means us well—and more than well; that she loves to give us the beautiful in addition to the useful. They neutralize bad with good; beautify good itself; make life livelier; human bloom more blooming; and anticipate the spring of Heaven over their winter of the grave. Their very frailty, and the shortness

of their lives, please us, because of this their indestructible association with beauty; for which they make us regret our own like transitory existence, they soothe us with a consciousness, however dim, of our power to perceive beauty; therefore, of our wish with something divine and deathless, and of our right to hope that immortal thoughts will have immortal realization. And it is for all these reasons that flowers on graves are beautiful, and that we hope to see them prosper accordingly."

Herbs and flowers were, in former times, much employed at funerals, and in funeral ceremonies in England. Strutt, in his Horda Angel-Cynnan: or, Complete View of the Manners, Customs, Arms, Habits, &c. of the Inhabitants of England, vol. iii. p. 169, notices a charge of 1*s.* "for herbys at the bewyral" of Sir John Rudstone, Mayor of London, in 1531, and again of 3*d.* at the "mownethys mynde." Various expenses were incurred at the month's mind, and also at the year's mind, as may be seen in the Archæologia, vol. i. p. 11, *et seq.*, among the churchwardens' accounts of St. Helens, Abingdon.

At the "buryal and monethes mynde of George Chynche, 22d.
——————————————— Mr. Rede, 13s.
——————————————— Goodwiff Braunche, 12s. 4d."

There was also a "two years' mynde." Mynd means memorial or remembrance when masses were performed for the dead. Months monument is the term more generally employed about the middle of the sixteenth century; and in the Injunctions of Edward VI. they are called *Memories*.

These ceremonies are founded upon others of very early date observed by heathen nations. They had a custom of repeating their mourning for the dead on the third, seventh, and ninth day, which latter was called *Novendiale*, and some carried the practice so far as to extend it to the twentieth, thirtieth, and even fortieth days, which it was probable were connected with some superstitious notions; and on those days they are said to have sacrificed to their manes with milk, wine, garlands, flowers, &c.

The employment of plants and flowers at funerals may be assigned not only to any particular quality or emblem attached to them significant to the occasion, but also as odoriferous and

beneficial, and protectives against infection. At the time when the plague prevailed, rosemary, which could usually be obtained at the price of twelve pence an armfull, rose to six shillings a handfull.[1] Funeral chaplets have been made of laurel, oak,[2] ivy,[3] passion flower,[4] white lily,[5] palm,[6] olive, myrtle, rosemary, cypress,[7] and amarath.[8] In the Hecuba[9] of Euripides Pine and Cypress are mentioned as denoting death. Ovid[10] alludes to the plantation of Cypress around the tombs. Suetonius[11] and Virgil[12] also refer to the pine as betokening death in houses.

Rosemary was not only used at funerals, but was common in various ways at marriages and wedding feasts. Portions of it were presented to the bride, and tied about her person on the nuptial day It formed also a souvenir for lovers. Among superstitious notions attached to this plant was one held in regard to its power of driving away devils ; but it is rather in reference to it as a symbol of remembrance that we must consider it as connected with sepulchral details. Ophelia thus offers it to Laertes :—

> "There's rosemary; that's for remembrance."—Act iv. sc. 5.

Drayton also—

> "Him rosemary his sweetheart sent, whose intent
> Is that he her should in remembrance have."

[1] See Dekker's Wonderful Yeare, 1603.
[2] Emblematic of virtue and majesty.
[3] Of immortality.
[4] Of the crucifixion.
[5] Of futurity.
[6] Of martyrdom.
[7] M. Felix Lajard (in the Mem. de l'Institut-Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, tom. xx. part 2. Paris, 1854), has given a very extended memoir upon the Cypress as an object of worship by the nations of antiquity. He treats of it under two points of view ; one as to the symbol of life and reproduction; the other, as a funeral object, and as connected with the infernal deities. It is the pyramidal evergreen cypress of which he treats—the *Cupressus fastigia* of De Candolle, *Cupressus sempervirens* of Linnæus.
Theophrastus speaks of it as the most incorruptible of all woods. Pliny treats of it as eternal, and says that the worms never attack it. Mons. Lajard gives a variety of interesting illustrations in relation to this tree, drawn from ancient authorities, and has figured its appearance on an Etruscan cinerary urn, various lamps, coins, &c. See plates xii. xix. xx. and xxi. attached to his learned memoir.
[8] See Archæologia, vol. xxxiii. p. 48.
[9] 191, 192.
[10] Trist. iii. xiii. 21.
[11] Aug. 101.
[12] Æneid, xi. 31.

It was used as a garnish at a wedding feast. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle: "I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stew'd broth with marrow, and a pood piece of beef, stuck with rosemary."

According to ancient and classical authorities, the rosemary was the most highly esteemed among flowers as applicable to the dead, and even considered effective in retarding putrefaction.

Anacreon says:—

"The rose full many griefs doth cure,
Defends corpse laid in sepulture."

And Passeratius:—

"Manibus est imis rosa grata, et grata sepulchris,
Et rosa flos florum."

"Unto the tombs and spirits of the dead,
The rose is grateful; of all flowers the head."

Propertius also, in Lib. I. Eclog. ii., implies the usage of burying amidst roses.

"Et tenerâ honoret ossa rosâ."

Bishop Gibson, in his edition of Camden's Britannia (vol. i. p. 183), remarks, that in Surrey, a certain custom was observed time out of mind, of planting rose trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maidens who have lost their lovers; so that the churchyard of Ockley was full of them. He alludes to the practice having been common with the Greeks and the Romans, as it is often expressed in the codicils to their wills; and according to old inscriptions, one at Ravenna, and another at Milan, roses were ordered to be yearly strewed and planted upon their graves. The urns of the dead were frequently ornamented and bedecked with flowers. Lycurgus limited the Spartans to the use of olive and myrtle.

Persius alludes to the planting of fragrant flowers on graves, Sat. vii.:—

"Dii majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver."

"Lie earth light on their bones; may their graves bear
Fresh fragrant flowers: let spring-tide still live there."

The fir-tree has been adopted as a funereal emblem, and beautifully adverted to in an Epitaph at Osborne.

Ob. 1778, æt. 57.

On Robert Goadby.

Death is a path that must be trod,
If Man would ever come to God.
The fir-tree aspires to the sky,
And is clothed with everlasting verdure;
Emblem of the good, and of everlasting life,
Which God will bestow on them.
Since Death is the gate to Life,
The grave should be crowned with flowers.

The employment of flowers, and the cultivation of funereal emblems, led to care of the sacred depository. This has existed throughout all nations. Plato regarded the care of the monuments of their predecessors, and the performance of the funereal rites to their friends, as payments justly due to the dead. The Chinese, and other nations esteemed barbarous, pay visits to the grave, and perform ceremonies to their deceased relatives long after the period of their death. In Ireland funeral ceremonies performed upon a particular day are common. The English are almost the only people who do not pay those reverential and affectionate visits, and who do not generally decorate the grave with flowers, &c. The Welsh practise this amiable duty very generally. It is referred to in the following Epitaph at Longhor churchyard, Glamorganshire :—

The village maidens to her grave shall bring
Selected garlands each returning spring—
Selected sweets—in emblem of the maid
Who underneath this hallow'd turf is laid;
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye;
Like her, too soon, they languish, fade, and die.

Another Welsh epitaph formed on the custom of planting flowers on the grave speaks unfavourably as to the enjoyment of connubial bliss :

This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

Many serious epitaphs from an early period might, however, be cited illustrative of the practice. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, are the following lines to Elizabeth Hereicke:—

Sweet Virgin, that I do not set
Thy Grave-Verse up in mournful Jet
Or dappled Marble, let thy Shade
Not wrathfull seeme, or fright the Maid,
Who hither at her weeping Howers
Shall come to strew thy Earth with Flowers:
No: know blest Soule, where there's not one
Remainder left of Brasse, or Stone:
Thy living Epitaph shall be
Though lost in them yet found in me:
Deare in thy Bed of Roses then,
Till this World shall dissolve (as Men)
Sleepe: while we hide thee from the Light,
Drawing thy Curtains round—*Good Night.*

I close this essay in the words of Mrs. Hemans, inscribed as an Epitaph at Bathampton.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the grave to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift—bring flowers, pale flowers.

SELECT

COLLECTION OF EPITAPHS,

Classed and Chronologically Arranged.

ROYAL EPITAPHS.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS QUEEN GUINEVER, ob. 542.[1]

Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia— *i. e.* Glastonbury, where the body of the king was secretly interred, lest any indignity should be offered to it. Camden relates the particulars of its discovery, from Giraldus Cambrensis, who was an eye-witness to it, made by the direction of Henry II. Agreeably to the tradition handed down respecting it, it was found between two pyramids at the depth of seven feet, where a block of stone was arrived at, beneath which was a leaden plate in the form of a cross, with the above inscription, of which Camden has given in his Britannia (Pl. iv. Vol. I. p. 59, Gough's Edition) a representation and fac-simile. At the depth of nine feet from the surface, a coffin, made by hollowing out the trunk of an oak, was discovered, and in it were the supposed bones of the British Chief. These were removed, and conveyed to a tomb in the adjoining church, and denoted by the following "hornpipe" verses, as Camden calls them, written by Swansey, then abbot of Glastonbury:

Hic jacet Arturus, flos regum, gloria regni,
Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni.

[1] The date affixed to the several epitaphs cannot in the earlier instances be received as denoting the period at which they were made; they occasionally relate only to the time in which the decease occurred. It is impossible in all cases to specify the date of composition; but it has been endeavoured to fix it in most instances as accurately as could be obtained.

At the head of the tomb was placed a cross bearing the words *Henricus Abbas*, and a crucifix. At the feet, the figure of Arthur, a cross on the tomb, two lions at the head, and two at the feet, reaching to the ground.

At his feet lies the Queen Guinever, his wife, with this epitaph :—

Arturi jacet hic conjux tumulata secunda,
Quæ meruit cælos virtutum prole fecunda.

ETHELBURGA, QUEEN OF THE WEST SAXONS. Circa A.D. 617.

I was, I am not; smil'd, that since did weep,
Labour'd, short rest, I walk'd, that now must sleep:
I play'd, I play not; sung, that now am still;
Saw, that am blind; I would, that have no will;
I fed that, which feeds worms; I stood, I fell,
I bad God save you, that now bid farewell.
I felt, feel not; follow'd, was pursued,
I would, have peace; I conquer'd am subdu'd;
I moved, want motion; I was stiff, that bow
Below the Earth; then something, nothing now.
I catch'd, am caught. I travell'd, here I lie;
Liv'd in the World, that to the World now die.

CEADWALLA, OR CEDWALL, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS. A.D. 689.

In the year 689 went to Rome, was baptized, and renounced the pleasures and vanities of the world. This is alluded to in his Epitaph :—

Culmen, opes, sobolem, pollentia regna, triumphos,
Exuvias, proceras, mœnia, castra, lares,
Quæque patrum virtus, et quæ congesserat ipse,
Cædwalla armipotens liquit amore Dei.

This, with additions, has been translated thus :—

High state and places, kindred, a wealthy crown,
Triumphs, and spoils in glorious battles won,
Nobles, and cities walled, to guard his state,
High palaces, and his familiar seat,
Whatever honours his own virtue won,
Or those his great forefathers handed down,

Cædwall armipotent from heaven inspired,
For love of heaven hath left, and here retired;
Peter to see, and Peter's sacred chair,
The royal pilgrim travelled from afar,
Here to imbibe pure draughts from his clear stream,
And share the influence of his heavenly beam;
Here for the glories of a future claim,
Converted, chang'd his first and barbarous name.
And following Peter's rule, he from his Lord
Assumed the name at Father Sergius' word,
At the pure font, and by Christ's grace made clean,
In Heaven is free from former taints of sin.
Great was his faith, but greater God's decree,
Whose secret counsels mortals cannot see:
Safe came he, e'en from Britain's isle, o'er seas,
And lands, and countries, and through dangerous ways.
Rome to behold, her glorious temple see,
And mystic presents offer'd on his knee.
Now in the grave his fleshy members lie,
His soul, amid Christ's flock, ascends the sky.
Sure wise was he to lay his sceptre down,
And gain in Heaven above a lasting crown.

Here was deposited Cædwalla, called also Peter, king of the Saxons, on the 12th day of the Kalends of May, the 2nd indication. He lived about 30 years, in the reign of the most pious emperor Justinian, in the 4th year of his consulship, in the 2nd year of our apostolic lord, Pope Sergius.

King Alfred. A.D. 901.

This good sovereign, distinguished as well by his warlike conduct, as by his knowledge and promotion of learning, has fitly an epitaph in style superior to what was common in his age.

Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis honorem
Armipotens Alfrede dedit, probitasque laborem,
Perpetuumque labor nomen: cui mixta dolori
Gaudia semper erant: spes semper mixta timori
Si modo victor eras, ad crastina bella pavebas;
Si modo victus eras, in crastina bella parabas;
Cui vestes sudore jugi, cui sica cruore

Tincta jugi, quantum sit onus regnare probarunt,
Non fuit immensi quisquam per climata mundi,
Cui tot in adversis vel respirare liceret;
Nec tamen aut ferro contritus ponere ferrum,
Aut gladio potuit vitæ finisse labores.
Jam post transactos vitæ regnique labores,
Christus ei sit vera quies, et vitæ perennis.

Hail, warlike Alfred, high and noble birth
Gave labour to thine honour, honour to thy worth:
Labour procured renown, but joys with grief
Are ever blended; to fear, hope brings relief:
To day of Victor, to morrow sees thee armed,
The foe though Victor, finds thee still unharmed;
Reeking with sweat thy garb, thy sword with gore,
Prove what a weight you felt the regal power.
No one but thee, through the wide world's domain
Under such toils could rise and breathe again:
Thy sword, though blunted by such bloody strife,
Thou didst not sheath, nor by it end thy life,
But after many a struggle for thy throne,
Thou found true peace and life in Christ alone.

At Little Driffield, Yorkshire:—

ALFRED.

Within this Chancel
lies interred the body of
Alfred, King of
Northumberland, who
departed this life
Jan. 19, A.
D. 705. in the 20th year
of his reign.
Statutum est omnibus
semel mori.

ETHELBERT.

Weever gives the following epitaph as that of the first Christian king of Kent, the builder of St. Paul's, London:—

Rex Ethelbertus hic clauditur in polyandro,
Fana pians, certus Christo meat absque meandro.

King Ethelbert lieth here
Closed in this polyander,
For building churches sure he goes
To Christ without meander.

I have seen another :—

Ethelbert cleped the Holy King of Kent,
In the Yer of Grace six hundryd and sixteen.
Deide and of Christendome the XXIV wene
Six and fifty Wynter he had Regnyd her,
And after Edbald hys Son Regne gan ther.

Duke Rollo. Circa A.D. 930.

In the "Histoire de Normandie," we read (cap. 12, lib. 1) : "Par la bonne paix et Justice que Rou le premier Duc de Normandie tint, advint q la gent apres sa mort au besoigne crioient Ha Rou, Ha Rou ;" and thereupon was made this epitaph:

* * * * * *
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* * * * * *

Dux Normannorū cunctorū norma bonorum
Rollo ferus, fortis, quam gens Normannica mortis
Invocat articulo, clauditur in tumulo.

Vaillant duke Rollo stout and fierce,
Lyeth interred under this herce,
Whom Norman people with frights afraid
And peril of deathe doe calle for ayde,
Crying *Ha rou, Ha rou*, with rueful voice,
And clapping of hands with striking noise.[1]

Ordericus Vitalis has, however, given another Epitaph to Rollo (lib. v. cap. ix.) :—

Epitaphium Rollonis.

Dux Normannorum, timor hostis, et arma suorum,
Rollo sub hoc titulo clauditur in tumulo.
Majores cujus probitas provexit, ut ejus
Servierit nec avus, nec pater, nec proavus.

[1] Hearne's Disc. I. 249.

Ducentem fortes Regem multásque cohortes
Devicit Daciæ congrediens acie.
Frixonas, Vualcros, Halbacenses, Hainaucos,
Hos simul adjunctos Rollo dedit profugos.
Egit adhoc Fresios per plurima vulnera victos,
Ut sibi jurarent, atque tributa darent.
Baiocas cepit, bis Parisios superavit,
Nemo fuit Francis asperior cuneis
Annis triginta Gallorum cædibus arva
Implevit, pigro bella gerens Carolo.
Post multas strages, prædas, incendia, cædes,
Utile cum Gallis fœdus init cupidis.
Supplex Franconi meruit baptismate tingi,
Sic periit veteris omne nefas hominis.
Ut fuit ante lupus, sic post fit mitibus agnus.
Pax ita mutatum mulceat ante Deum

This has been ably translated :[1]—

Rollo the brave lies buried here,
A name to Normans ever dear :
They glory on this tomb to see
His style of Duke of Normandy.
In battle's front his followers' shield,
His sword made boldest foemen yield :
In the far north his ancient sires,
From whom he breathed his martial fires,
To king or lord ne'er bowed the knee,
But held their lands from service free.
And first he fleshed his maiden sword,
With bands obedient to his word,
On kindred Danes, whose numerous hosts
Before him hushed their warlike boasts.
Then Hainault's sand, and Frisia's fen,
And coast of marshy Walcheren,
Poured forth their mingled bands to feel
The terrors of the Northmen's steel ;
But Frisons, spite their neighbours' aid,
Their tribute and their homage paid.
From firths and islets of the north,
Again he launched his galleys forth,

[1] See Bohn's edition, vol. ii. p. 165.

And boldly sailing o'er the main,
Burst like a tempest on the Seine.
The plains of France were stained with gore,
Her bravest sons he backward bore;
Now Bayeux yielded to his arms,
And sweeping on with war's alarms,
In the full tide of victory,
Twice regal Paris groaned to see
The Northmen thundering at her gates.
For thirty years the cruel fates
Gave France to rapine, sword, and fire,
Till helpless Charles the conqueror's ire
Soothed by his gifts, to stay the strife,
A province and a royal wife.
Then the fierce heathen humbly bent
Before the Christian sacrament;
And France on that happy day
Washed in the font his sins away.
The savage wolf a lamb became;
May God, propitious, cleanse his shame!

WILLIAM LONGESPEE. Circa A.D. 942.

Quos defendebat Guillelmus nemo premebat,
Auxilio caruit lædere quem voluit.
Regibus ac Ducibus metuenda manus fuit ejus.
Belliger Henricus Cæsar eum timuit.
Rexit Normannos viginti quinque per annos,
Militis atque Ducis promptus in officiis.
Cænobium pulcrè reparavit Gemmeticense.
Et decrevit ibi ferre jugum Monachi.
Fervidus invicti coluit normam Benedicti,
Cui petiit subdi plenus amore Dei.
Distulit hoc Abbas Martinus, diva potestas,
Sæva per arma mori prætulit omen ei.
Namque dolis Comitis Arnulfi nectus inermis
Corruit, æthereum possit habere Deum. Amen.

DUKE WILLIAM'S friends who dared assail?
Against his arms who could prevail?
Princes and kings his will obeyed,
Imperial Henry's mind he swayed.

Five times five years his skill and might
The Normans led through field and fight.
He reared Jumiège's mouldering towers,
And raised again her cloistered bowers;
While to her shades his willing feet,
Fain would have turned in habit meet,
And, heaven taught, in that holy school,
Submitted to St. Benet's rule;
But wiser Martin checked his zeal,
And bade him seek his country's weal.
'Twas not for him in peaceful cell
With pious anchorites to dwell,
But still in arms to spend his life,
And end it by the assassin's knife.
Where on the Somme's translucent stream
An islet's shadows softly gleam:
Arnold the Fleming planned the deed.
May heavenly grace the victim speed
In the last awful day of need![1]

Ailwyn. Circa 975.

Hic reqviescit Ailwinvs incliti Regis Eadgari cognatvs, totivs Angliæ Aldermannvs, et hvjvs Sacri cœnobii Miracvlosvs. Fvndator.

Here rests Ailwin, Kinsman of the renowned King Edgar, Alderman of all England, and by miraculous instinct founder of this abbey (Ramsey in Huntingdonshire).[2]

Edgar (the peaceable). Ob. A.D. 975.

Auctor opum, vindex scelerum, largitor honorum,
Sceptriger Edgarus regna suprema petit.
Hic alter Salomon, legum pater, orbita pacis,
Quod caruit bellis claruit inde magis.
Templa Deo, templis monachos, monachis dedit agros,
Nequitiæ lapsum, justitiæque locum.
Novit enim regno verum perquirere falso,
Immensum modico, perpetuumque, brevi.[3]

[1] Ordericus Vitalis, Lib. v. c. ix.—*Bohn's Edition*, vol. ii. p. 166.
[2] Camden, vol. ii. p. 154.
[3] Camden's Brit. edit Gough, i. 60, states that, with the exception of the last two lines, the above is to be found in John of Glastonbury, p. 141, as well as in the Book of Walden.

Who with due honour did good actions crown,
Enriched the realm, iniquity put down ;
Edgar to heaven he well deserved is gone.
Our Solomon for laws and lasting peace ;
Honoured far more than with a Conqueror's praise ;
By whom oppression fell and justice kept her place.
Churches to God, to churches monks he gave,
To monks possessions they should never leave.
Thus for a false, a short, a bounded reign,
He knew a true, a vast, an endless one to gain.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Ob. 1017 :—

Hic jacet *Ethelredus, Anglorum* Rex, Filius *Edgari* Regis, cui in die consecrationis post impositam coronam, fertur S. *Dunstanus Cantuar.* Achiepiscopus dira praedixisse his verbis. Quoniam aspirasti ad regnum per mortem fratris tui, in cujus sanguine conspiraverunt *Angli,* cum ignominiosa Matre tua ; non deficiet gladius de domo tua, saeviens in Te omnibus diebus vitae tuae, interficiens de semine tuo, quousque Regnum Tuum transferatur in Regnum alienum, cujus ritum et linguam, gens cui praesides non novit ; nec expiabitur, nisi longâ vindictâ, peccatum tuum, et peccatum Matris tuae, et peccata virorum qui interfuere consilio illius nequam. Quae sicut a viro sancto praedicta erant, evenerunt : Nam *Ethelredus* variis praeliis per *Suanum Danorum* Regem, filiumque suum *Canutum* fatigatus, et fugatus ac tandem *Londini* arctâ obsidione conclusus, miserè diem obiit, *Anno Dominicae Incarnationis,* 1017 ; postquam Annis 36 in magnâ tribulatione regnasset.

"Here lies *Ethelred,* King of the *Britons,* son of King *Edgar,* to whom St. *Dunstan* is said to have spoke thus on the Day of his Coronation :—'Because thou hast aspired to the Kingdom by the Death of thy Brother, against whom the *English* and thy ignominious *Mother* plotted ; the Sword shall not go out of thy House, but it shall rage against thee all the Days of thy Life, destroying thy Seed, till the Kingdom go from thee unto a People whose Customs and Language thy Subjects know not ; nor shall thy Sin, nor the Sin of thy Mother, nor the Sins of those who aided thy Wickedness, be forgiven, till after many and long Punishments.' All this, as the holy man foretold, came to pass ; for *Ethelred* vanquished and put to

Flight, after many Battles with *Swane* King of the *Danes*, and his Son *Canute*, at length, shut up in London, died miserably in 1017, after he had reigned 36 years in great Troubles."

The preceding epitaph is given by Mr. Holand in Hearne's Discourses, (i. 259) as "a warning unto all men that seek so greedily for worldly wealth that they respect not shedding of innocent blood."

HENRY III., EMPEROR OF GERMANY. Ob. 1056.

Cæsar, as was the world once great,
Lies here, confin'd in compass straight.
Hence let each mortal learn his doom;
No glory can escape the tomb.
The flower of empire, erst so gay,
Falls with its Cæsar to decay,
And all the odours which it gave
Sink prematurely to the grave.
The laws which sapient fathers made,
A listless race had dared evade,
But thou reforming by the school
Of Rome, restor'dst the ancient rule.
Nations and regions, wide and far,
Whom none could subjugate by war,
Quell'd by thy sword's resistless strife,
Turn'd to the arts of civil life.
What grief severe must Rome engross,
Widow'd at first by Leo's loss,
And next by Cæsar's mournful night,
Reft of her other shining light;
Living, what region did not dread,
What country not lament thee, dead?
So kind to nations once subdued,
So fierce to the barbarians rude,
That, those who feared not, must bewail,
And such as griev'd not, fears assail.
Rome, thy departed glory moan,
And weep thy luminaries gone.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. Ob. 1066.

Omnibus insignis virtutum laudibus heros,
Sanctus Edwardus Confessor, Rex venerandus,

Quinto die Januarii moriens super æthera scandit.
Sursum corda.
Moritur anno Domini MLXV.

The Hero renown'd for all his virtues!
Saint Edward, the Confessor, and Venerable King!
Dying the 5th of January, he ascended to the skies.
Place your hearts on high!
He died the year of our Lord 1065.

The preceding three hexameter verses comprise the Epitaph in Westminster Abbey, of him who was thus commended:

"Religious, chaste, wise, fortunate, stout, frank, and mild was he,
And from all taxes, wrongs, and foes, did set his kingdom free."—*Warner.*

HAROLD. Ob. 1066.

Lord Byron, when at Athens, wrote the following as a substitute for an Epitaph on this King:—

Kind Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his Epitaph?
If such ye seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

He was not aware that in Farmer's History of Waltham Abbey, (transferred to the pages of Horsfield's Sussex, vol. i. p. 73,) the following was to be met with:—

Ilen, cadis hoste fero, Rex, a Duce Rege futuro,
Par paris in gladio, Milite aud Valido
Firmini pisti Lux est tibi, Luce Calixti
Pronior hinc superas, hinc Superatas eut eras
Ergo, tibi requiem, desposcat utrump: Perennem:
Sicque precatur eum, quod colit omne Deum.

QUEEN MATILDA, Wife of the CONQUEROR. Ob. 1083.

Egregiè pulchri tegit hoc structura sepulcri:
Moribus insignem, germen Regale MATHILDEM.
Dux Flandrita pater, huic extitit Adala mater.
Francorum gentis Rotberti filia Regis,
Et soror Henrici Regali sede potiti:
Regi magnifico Willelmo juncta marito:

Præsentem sedem, præsentem fecit et œdem,
Tam multis terris quàm multis rebus honestis
A se ditatam se procurante dicatam.
Hæc consolatrix inopum, pietatis amatrix :
Gazis dispersis pauper sibi, dives egenis.
Sic infinitæ petiit consortia vitæ,
In prima mensis post primam luce Novembris.

The preceding Epitaph is given by Ordericus Vitalis (lib. vii. cap. ix.), and is here corrected from a copy lately made from the coffin-shaped marble slab in the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, at Caen, by Mr. P. Barrow. The subjoined translations are—1, by Mr Forester, in his admirable edition of Ordericus Vitalis, the 2nd a more literal one by Dr Pickford :—

This stately monument Matilda's name
In gold and marble gives to endless fame.
High was her birth, sprung from a royal race,
To which her virtues lent a nobler grace.
Her fair Adele to Flemish Baldwin bore,
The crown of France whose sire and brother wore.
When conquering William made her England's queen,
'Twas here her noblest, loftiest work was seen,
This fane, this house, where cloistered sisters dwell,
And with their notes of praise the anthem swell,
Endowed and beautified, her earnest care,
Nor others failed her liberal alms to share ;
The sick, the indigent partook her store,
She laid up wealth by giving to the poor.
To heaven by pious deeds she won the way,
Departing on November's second day.

This structure of a very beautiful sepulchre covers
Mathilda, of royal race, illustrious for her morals.
The Count of Flanders was her father, Adala, her mother,
Was daughter of Robert, King of the Franks,
And sister of Henry, who afterwards enjoyed the royal seat.
Married to the illustrious King William :
She built this present edifice and this temple,
And when enriched by her both by many lands and by
Many munificent deeds, it was dedicated at her request.
This solacer of the needy, this lover of piety,
Poor to herself, but rich to the poor by her great liberality,

Thus sought the fellowship of life immortal
At the early dawn after the first day of November.

In St. Stephen's Abbey, Normandy :—

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. Ob. 1087.

Qui rexit rigidos Normannos, atque Britannos
Audacter vicit, fortiter obtinuit.
Et Cenomanenses virtute coercuit enses,
Imperiique sui legibus applicuit.
Rex magnus parvâ jacet hîc GUILLELMUS in urna,
Sufficit et magno parva domus Domino.
Ter septem gradibus se voluerat, atque duobus,
Virginis in gremiis Phœbus, et hic obiit.

He that the sturdy *Normans* rul'd,
And over *English* reign'd,
And stoutly won, and strongly kept,
What he had so obtain'd.
And did the swords of those of *Mans*,
By Force bring under awe,
And made them under his command
Live subject to his Law.
This great King William lieth here,
Entombed in this Grave,
So great a Lord, so small a House,
Sufficeth him to have.
When *Phœbus* in the Virgin's Lap,
His circled course apply'd,
And Twenty-three Degrees had pass'd,
Even at that Time he dy'd.

The following has been attributed to Thomas, Archbishop of York :—

Here WILLIAM, greatest of his princely race,
A home, a tomb, finds in this narrow space.
Him the fierce Normans faithful homage paid,
And lordly Maine his stern commands obeyed ;
But mightier still, he England's sceptre swayed,
The glorious prize, when Senlac's bloody field [1]
Saw her brave sons before the Conqueror yield.

[1] Battle of Hastings.

When seventeen days his course the August sun
'Mid the bright Virgin's stars his course had run,
To him who rules on high he bowed his head,
And the proud King was numbered with the dead.

In the Chapter House, Chester. From a MS. given by Hackett, but not specified :—

HUGH LUPUS. Ob. 1102.

Although my Corps it lies in Grave,
And that my Flesh consumed be ;
My picture here now that you have,
An Earl, sometyme, of this cittye,
Hugh Lupus by name,
Sonn to the Duke of Brittayne ;
Of Chyvalrie then being Flowre,
And Sister's Sonn to William Conqueror :
To the Honour of God, I did edifie
The Foundation of this Monast'ry ;
The Ninth Year of this my Foundation,
God chang'd my Life to his Heav'nly Mansion,
In the Year of our Lord, this being so,
A Thousand one Hundred and two,
I chang'd this Life veriley
The Seventeen Daie of *July*.

ON WILLIAM, SON OF HENRY I., drowned on the coast of Normandy.

Abstulit hunc terræ matri maris unde noverca
Proh dolor ! occubuit Sol Anglicus, Anglia plora :
Quæque prius fueras gemino radiata nitore,
Extincto nato vivas contenta parente.

England, bewail ! thy sun of glory's gone,
The stepdame sea hath snatch'd him from the earth ;
Though lately there with double glory shone
Of one not spoil'd. He lives, who gave him birth.
With him content, high lift the voice of praise,
He shall thy fame through endless ages raise.

Henry I. Ob. 1135.

Rex Henricus obit, decus olim, nunc dolor orbis,
Numina flent numen deperiisse suum.
Mercurius minor eloquio, vi mentis Apollo,
Jupiter imperio, Marsque vigore gemunt.
Anglia quæ curâ, quæ sceptro, Principis hujus,
Ardua splenduerat, jam tenebrosa ruit.
Hæc cum rege suo, Normannia cum Duce merces,
Nutriit hæc puerum, perdidit illa virum.

Once the world's glory, now its bitter woe,
Henry, the King, lies sleeping here below.
Though Hermes he in eloquence surpassed,
Though Phœbus' wisdom in his mind he grasped,
Though he than Jove a mightier sceptre bore
Than Mars more warlike, still they here deplore
England thy King by wisdom's rule and might
Thy glory raised, now sunk in darksome night.
Thou by thy King, and Neustria by thy Duke,
Of valour's high rewards ye both partook.
The former reared the boy from early youth,
The latter gave him back to Parent Earth.

In Westminster Abbey :—

Queen Maud (Matilda).

O Regina potens Anglorum linea Regum,
Scotos nobilitans nobilitate sua.
Et post multa de morum prærogativa sic,
Prospera non lætam fecert, nec aspera tristem ;
Aspera risus ei, prospera terror erant.
Non decor effecit fragilem, non sceptra superbam :
Sola potens humilii, solæ pudica decens.
Maii prima dies nostrorum nocte dierum
Raptam perpetua feeit misse die.

Which is thus partially translated by Dart :—

Success ne'er sat exulting in her eie,
Nor Disappointment heavd the troubled sigh ;
Prosperity but sadden'd o'er her brow,
While glad in trouble, she enjoyed her woe ;

Beauty nor made her vain, nor sceptres proud,
Nor high estate to scorn the meaner crowd;
Supreme humility was awful grace,
And her chief charms a bashfulness of face.

Henry II. Ob. 1189.

Rex Henricus eram, mihi plurima regna subegi,
Multiplicique modo, duxque comesque fui.
Cui satis ad votum non essent omnia terræ
Climata, terro modo sufficit octo pedum.
Qui legis hæc, pensa discrimina mortis et in me
Humanæ speculum conditionis habe.

Here lies King Henry II, who many realms
Did erst subdue, and was both count and king,
Though all the regions of the earth could not
Suffice me once, eight feet of ground are now
Sufficient for me. Reader, think of death,
And look on me as what all men must come to.

Another, at Font-Evraud, Normandy:—
Sufficit hic tumulus, cui non sufficeret orbis;
Res brevis est ampla, cui fuit ampla brevis.

If conquer'd Realms, or Power, from Death could save,
I Henry, mighty King, had scap'd the Grave.
To me, who thought the Earth's extent too small,
Now eight poor feet, a narrow space, is all.
Reader, behold! in mine, thy own sure Fate,
And curb thy vast Desires, and know thy State;
He, whom the Globe entire could not suffice,
In this small Tomb in smaller Ashes lies.

Henry III.

Ob. 1273, æt. 65. Ex MS. in Bibl. Cotton.

Tertius Henricus jacet hic pietatis amicus,
Ecclesiam stravit istam, quam post renovavit
Reddet ei munus qui regnat trinus et unus.
Tertius Henricus est Templi conditor hujus, 1273.
Dulce Bellam Inexpertis.

Englished thus by Fabian :—

The frende of pyete, and of almesse dede,
Henry the thyrde whylome of Englande Kynge,
Who thys church brake, and after hys mede
Agayn renewed into this fayre buylding,
Now resteth in here, whiche did so great a thinge:
He yelde his mede, that Lord in Deyite;
That as one God reygneth in persones thre.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1298 :—

QUEEN ELEANOR.

Nobilis Hispani jacet hic soror inclyta Regis,
Eximii consors ELEANORA thori.
Edwardi primus *Wallorum* Principis Uxor,
Cui Pater *Henricus* tertius *Anglus* erat.
Hanc illa uxorem gnato petit: omine Princeps.
Legati munus suscipit ipse bono:
Alphonso fratri placuit Felix *Hymenæus*,
Germanam Edwardo nec sine dote dedit:
Dos Præclara fuit, nec tali indigna Marito,
Pontivo Princeps munere dives erat.
Fœmina consilio prudens, pia, prole beata,
Auxit amicitiis, auxit honore Virum.
Disce mori.

Queen *Eleanor* is here interr'd,
A worthy Noble Dame,
Sister unto the *Spanish* King,
Of Royal Blood and Fame.
King *Edward's* wife, first of that Name,
And Prince of Wales by Right,
Whose Father *Henry*, just the third,
Was sure an *English* Wight,
Who crav'd her Wife unto his Son,
The Prince himself did go
On that Embassage luckily,
As Chief, with many mo.
This knot of linked Marriage
Her Brother *Alphonso* lik'd,
And so 'tween Sister and this Prince
The Marriage was upstrik'd.

The Dowry Rich and Royal was,
For such a Prince most meek,
For *Pontieve* was the marriage Gift,
A Dowry Rich and Great.
A Woman both in Council wise,
Religious, fruitful, meek,
Who did increase her Husband's Friends,
And larg'd his Honour eke.
Learn to die.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1307 :—

EDWARD I.

Mors est mœsta nimis, magnos qui jungit in imis,
Maxima mors minimis, conjugens ultima primis ;
Nullus in orbe fuit homo vivens, nec vale esse,
Qui non morte ruit ; est hinc exire necesse.
Nobilis et fortis, tibi tu confidere noli,
Omnia sunt mortis, sibi subdit singula soli ;
De mundi medis magnum mors impia movit,
Anglia pre tedio satis anxia plangere novit :
Corruit *Edwardus* vario veneratus honore,
Rex nuper ut *Nardus* fragrans virtutis odore,
Corde Leopardus, invictus et absque pavore,
Ad rixam tardus, discretus et eucharis ore,
Viribus armorum quasi gigas ardua gessit,
Colla superborum prudens per prelia pressit,
Inter *Flandresses* fortuna sibi bene favit,
Ut quoque *Wallenses* at *Scotos* suppeditavit.
Rex bonus absque pari strenue sua regna regabat,
Quod natura dare potuit bonitatis habebat,
Actio justitie, pax regni, sanctio legis,
Et fuga nequitie premunt precordia Regis :
Gloria tota ruit, Regem cepit hæc modo fossa,
Rex quandoque fuit, nunc nil pulvis et ossa :
Filius ipse Dei quem corde colebat et ore.
Dum vixit Rex et voluit sua magna potestas,
Fraus latuit, pax magna fuit, regnavit honestas.

This inscription, together with the following English version, both of which were not in Dart's time legible, formerly were in-

scribed upon a tablet hanging by the tomb of the Sovereign :—

Death is too doleful which doth join
The highest Estate full low:
Which coupleth greatest things with least,
And last with first also.
No Man hath been in World alive,
Nor any may there be,
Which can escape the Dint of Death,
Needs hence depart must we.
O noble and victorious Man,
Trust not unto thy strength;
For all are subject unto Death,
And all must hence at length.
Most cruel Fate from Worldly Stage
Hath wrest a worthy Wight;
To whom all *England* mourned loud
To see his doleful Plight.
Edward is dead, which was adorn'd
With divers Graces here,
A King, or fragrant *Nardus* Height,
A gracious Princely Peer.
In Heart the which was *Lybard* like,
Right puissant, void of Fear:
Most slow to Strife, discreet and wise,
And gracious every where.
In Arms a Giant fierce and fell,
Attempting famous Facts,
Most prudent, did subdue the Proud
By feat of Martial Acts:
In *Flanders* Fortune gave to him,
By Lot right good success,
In *Wales* he won: The Scottish Rout,
With arms he did suppress.
The King without his like alive,
Did firmly guide his Land:
And what good nature could conceive,
He had it plight at hand.
He was in Justice, and in Peace,
Excelling; Laws took place;
Desire to chase all wicked Works,
Did hold this King's good Grace.

He now doth lie entombed here,
Which furthered each good Thing;
Now nought he is but Dust and Bones,
Which was a worthy King.
The very son of God, whom erst
This King did love right dear,
Hath given to him immortal Bliss
For his good living here.
Whilst liv'd this King, by him all Things
Were in most goodly plight;
Fraud lay hid, great Peace was kept,
And Honesty had might.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1369:—

PHILIPPA, WIFE OF EDWARD III.

Gulielmi Hannonis soboles postrema *Philippa*,
Hic roseo quondam pulchra decore jacet.
Tertius *Edwardus* rex ista conjuge letus
Materno suasu nobiliumque fuit.
Frater *Johannes* comes Mavortius heros,
Hinc illam voluit consociare viro.
Hic junxit Flandros conjunctio sanguinis Anglis:
In Francos venit hinc Gallica dira lues.
Dotibus hic raris viguit regina *Philippa*,
Forma prestanti, religione, fide.
Fecunda nata est proles numerosa parenti,
Insignes peperit magnanimosque duces.
Oxonii posuit studiosis optima nutrix
Regineas edes, palladiamque scholam.
Conjux *Edwardi* jacet hic regina *Philippa*.
Disce vivere.

Faire *Philip*, *William Hennaldes* child and youngest daughter deere,
Of roseat hue, and beauty bright, in tombe lies killed here.
Edward the Third through mother's will, and nobles good consent,
Tooke her to wife, and joyfully with her his time he spent.
His brother *John*, a martial man and eke a valiant knight,
Did linke this woman to this king in bonds of marriage right.

This match and marriage thus in bloud, did bind the Flemings sure,
To Englishmen, by which they did the Frenchmen's wrack procure.
This Philip flowr'd in gifts full rare, and treasures of the mind,
In beauty bright, religion, faith; to all and each most kinde,
A fruitfull mother Philip was, full many a sonne she bred,
And brought forth many a worthy knight, hardy and full of dred.
A carefull nurse to students all, at Oxford she did found
Queen's College, and Dame Pallas schoole, that did her fame resound.

The wife of Edward deere;
Queen Philip lieth here:
Learne to live.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1377 :—

EDWARD III.

Hic decus Anglorum, flos regum preteritorum
Forma futurorum, rex clemens pax populorum
Tertius *Edwardus*, regni complens jubileum
Invictus pardus,[1] bellis pollens Machabeum.[2]
Prospere dum vixit regnum pietate revixit,
Armipotens rexit: jam celo celice rex fit.

Here England's grace, the flower of princes past,
Patterne of future, *Edward* the third is plaste,
Milde monarch, subjects peace, warres Machabee,
Victorious pard, his raigne a jubilee.

This translation is by Speed.

Another translator has rendered the epitaph as follows :—

Of English kynges here lyth the beauteous flowre,
Of all before passed, and myrrour to them shall sue.
A mercifull kynge, of peace conservatour,
The third *Edward*. The deth of whom may rue

[1] An allusion to the Leopards in the armories of England.
[2] Speed says the writer of this epitaph must here mean "more able in battle than Machabeus; you must bear with the breaking of Priscian's head, for it is written of a king that used to break many."

Alle Englysh men, for he by knyghtehood due
Was lyberd invict, and by feate marciall
To worthy Machabe in vertu peregall.

Another :—

Here lies EDWARD the Third :
The glory of England, the joy of his People,
The Flower of the former,
And a Pattern to succeeding Princes :
He was not inferior to the famous Maccabeus,
Fighting with invincible Ardour.
His prosperous Government
Was a Jubilee to the Nation ;
And Religion flourished
Under his pious Patronage.
Such was EDWARD the Third,
Who now wears a Crown in Heaven,
Whilst his Reputation fills the Earth.
Fight for thy Country !

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1394 :—

QUEEN ANNE, WIFE OF RICHARD II.

Sub petra lata nunc ANNA jacet tumulata,
Dum vixit mundo RICHARDO nupta secundo,
Christo devota, fuit hæc facilis, bene nota
Pauperibus prona semper sua reddere dona.
Turgia sedavit, et pregnantes relevavit,
Corpore formosa, vultu mitis, speciosa
Præbens solamen viduis, agris medicamen.
Anno Milleno, ter centum, quarto nonageno,
Julii septeno mensis migravit amæno.
Hoc jacet ANNA loco *Britonum* redemita corona,
Cui vir RICHARDUS jure secundus erat :
Cui Pater illustris, grata generoque superbus,
Romæ ter felix induperator erat,
Wenceslaus illam magna comitante caterva,
Londinum misit letus ovansque pater,
Cujus in adventu ludi, spectacula fiunt,
Regali pompa, regia virgo venit :
Sed bona sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Reges, Reginas mors capit, omne rapit.

Hæc Regina fuit magna de stirpe Quiritum.
Omnibus illa fuit fœmina chara viris.
Larga coloratis virtutum splendida gemmis,
Nunquam læta parens, nam sine prole jacet.
Forma fragilis.

This stone covers the remains of
Anne, Consort to Richarde II.
She was greatly respected for her Devotion,
Her Peaceableness, her affability,
Her ready Relief of the Poor,
And particularly
Her liberal Commiseration of pregnant Women,
Widows and the Sick.
She was of a comely Person,
And a mild lovely Countenance.
Here lies Anne,
Who wore the *British* Crown, as Wife to Richard II.
Whome her Illustrious Father
Wenceslaus, Emperor of Rome,
Proud of such a Match,
Sent to *London* with a splendid Retinue:
And the Arrival of this Royal Virgin
Was solemnized with Shews and magnificent Games:
But worldly Enjoyments
Hang on a slender Thread!
And the Crown is no security from Death.
Her descent from the *Romans*
She further ennobled by Virtues;
Which endear'd her to all Ranks:
Yet with all that Grandeur she so well became,
And with all her bright Assemblage of Virtues,
She wanted the Joy of being a Parent,
This excellent Queen dying without issue.

The latter part of this inscription has been translated thus:—

Queen *Anne*, *Richard* the Second's wife
Lieth buried in this place;
Adorned with the *Britain's* crown,
With whom she found much grace.

Whose noble Sire, of Daughter Proud,
Of Son in Law full glad,
Of *Rome* thrice happy Emperour was,
And that large Empire had.
Wenceslaus, so call'd by name,
Who thus in joyful plight
Sent her to *London* guarded well
With valiant Men of Might.
Against whose coming Plays were made,
And Sights and Shews were seen,
With Princely Pomp to gratifie
This Noble Virgin Queen.
But all Men's treasures last not long,
They hang but on a twine,
Or slender thread; death Kings and Queens
Doth all catch up in fine.
This Queen was of the Royal Race
Of *Romans* by descent,
Of all belov'd, most dear to most,
In Honour relucent.
Full liberal and bountiful,
Adorned with virtues rare:
No child she had, but issueless
She lies without such care.
Favour fadeth.

Henry V. erected in Westminster Abbey the following epitaph to the deposed king, ob. 1399:—

RICHARD II.

Prudens et mundus RICHARDUS jure secundus,
Per fatum victus, jacet hic sub marmore pictus.
Verax sermone prudens fuit, et ratione:
Corpore procerus, animo prudens ut Homerus.
Ecclesiæ favit, elatos suppeditavit,
Quemuis prostravit regalia qui violavit.
Obruit hæreticos, et eorum stravit amicos:
O clemens Christe, tibi devotus fuit iste,
Votis Baptistæ salves quem protulit iste.
His jacet immiti consumptus morte RICHARDUS fuisse
felicem miserrimum.

Perfect and Prudent, Richard, by right the Second,
Vanquish'd by fortune, lies here now graven in stone
True of his Word, and thereto well resound;
Seemly in Person, and like to Homer, as one
In worldly Prudence, and ever the Church in one
Upheld and favour'd, and casting the Proud to Ground,
And all that would his Royal state confound.

HENRY V. Ob. 1422.

Dux Normannorum, verus Conquestor eorum;
Hæres Francorum; decessit et Hector eorum.

Here Norman's Duke, so stil'd by Conquest just,
True heir of France; great Hector lies in dust.

Toldervy gives the following:—

Here lies HENRY,
The Scourge of France,
1422.
Virtue surmounts all Opposition!
Here also,
With her Valiant Spouse, lies
The Beautiful CATHARINE.
Keep from Sloth!

By Henry the Fifth's tomb were the following verses:—

O merciful God what a Prince was this
Which his short Time in martial Acts spent
In Honour of Conquest that wonder to me it is,
How he might compass such Deeds excellent,
And yet for that his Mind nothing dent,
Alls ghostly Health for his Soul to provide,
Out of this World ere he fatally should slide.

So though I had *Tully* his Eloquence,
Or of *Seneca* the grave Morality,
Or of *Solomon* the perfect Sapience,
Or the sweet Ditties of Dame *Calliope;*
Yet might I not in Prose, or other ditty
Accordingly advance this Prince's Fame,
Or with due Honour to enhance the same.

Considering his Acts, whereof parcel appear,
In this rude Work, with many more left out,
The time also was less than ten Year,
That he so shortly brought all things about,
By divine Grace furthered out of doubt
That mightful Lord he help his ghostly knight
With Grace and Honour to pass this World's fight.

And to have reward double, and condign,
And first for martial Acts by him done,
To be advanc'd amongst the Worthies nine,
And for his Virtues us'd by him eftsoon,
With many good deeds which he on earth had done
Above the *Hierarchies,* he is I trust now stall'd
That was in Earth King of Kings call'd.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1437. Supposed, by Dart, to have been written by Skelton whilst he lay hid from Wolsey's fury :—

KATHERINE, QUEEN TO HENRY V.

Hic KATHERINA jacet *Francorum* filia Regis,
Heres et Regni (*Carole* sexte) tui,
Henrici Quinti thalamo bis lœta jugali,
Nam sic vir duplici clarus honore fuit :
Jure sua *Anglorum,* KATHERINE jure triumphans
Francorum obtinuit, jus decus imperii
Grata venit letis felix Regina *Britannis,*
Perque dies celebrant quatuor ore Deum.
Edidit *Henricum* gemebunda puerpera Regem,
Cujus in imperio *Francus* et *Anglus* erat.
Non sibi nec regno felici sidere natum,
Sed patri et matri religione parem.
Post ex *Owino Tuddero* tertia proles,
Nobilis *Edmundus* te *Katherina* beat :
Septimus *Henricus* quo non prestantior alter,
Filius *Edmundi,* gemma *Britannia* fuit.
Felix ergo uxor, mater, ter filia felix :
Ast Avia hæc felix terque quaterque fuit.

Here lies Queen *Katherine* clos'd in Grave,
The *French* King's Daughter fair,

And of thy kingdom (Charles the Sixth)
The true undoubted Heir.
Twice joyful Wife in Marriage match'd,
To *Henry* Fifth by name :
Because thro' her he nobled was,
And shin'd in double Fame ;
The King of *England* by descent,
And by Queen Katherine's Right ;
The Realm of France he did enjoy,
Triumphant King of might.
A happy Queen to *English* Men,
She came right grateful here ;
And four Days space they honour'd God,
With Mouth and reverend Fear.
Henry the Sixth this Queen brought forth,
In painful Labours plight,
In whose Empire a *French* Man was,
And eke an *English* Wight.
Under no lucky Planet born,
Unto himself nor Throne :
But equal with his Parents both,
In pure Religion.
Of *Owen Tudor* after this
The next Son *Edmund* was,
O *Katherine*, a renowned Prince,
That did in glory pass.
Henry the Seventh, a *Britain* pearl,
A Gem of *England's* Joy,
A Peerless Prince was *Edmund's* Son,
A good and gracious Boy.
Therefore a happy Wife this was,
A happy Mother pure,
Thrice happy Child, but Grandam she,
More than thrice happy sure.

At Burford, Salop, ob. 1426 :—

Here lyeth the bodie of the noble princess daughter of John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, own sister of King Henry ib., wife of John Holland earl of Huntingdon and duke of Exeter, after married to Sir John Cornewall,

Knight of the Garter and Lord Fanhope. She died in the fourth year of Henry vi. A.D. mcccxxvi.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1483 :–

EDWARD V. AND RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.

H. S. S.
Reliquiæ
Edwardi V^ti Regis Angliæ, et Richardi Ducis Eboracensis,
Hos Fratres Germanos Turre Londin^s conclusos
Injectisque Calcitris suffocatos
Abdite, et inhoneste tumulari jussit
Patruus Richardus Perfidus Regni Prædo.
Ossa Desideratorum, diù et multum quæsita,
Post Annos CXC & I.
Scalarum in Ruderibus (Scalæ istæ ad Sacellum
Turris albæ nuper ducebant)
Altè defossa, Indiciis certissimis sunt reperta
XVII. Die Julii. A.D. MDCLXXIIII.
Carolus II. Rex Clementissimus acerbam Sortem miseratus,
Inter avita monumenta, Principibus infelicissimis
Justa persolvit.
Anno Dom. 1678. Annoque Regni sui 30.

Here lie
The Reliques
Of Edward V. king of England, and Richard
Duke of York:
These brothers being confined in the Tower,
And then stifled with pillows,
Were privately and meanly buried,
By order of
Their perfidious uncle, RICHARD the Usurper.
Their bones long enquired after, and wished for,
After 201 years,
In the rubbish of the stairs (*i. e.* those lately leading
To the chapel of the White Tower)
Were, on the 17th day of July, 1674, by undoubted
Proofs discovered,
Being buried deep in that place.
CHARLES II. a most compassionate prince,
Pitying their severe fate,

Ordered these unhappy princes to be laid
Amongst the monuments of their predecessors.
Ann. Do. 1678, in the 30th year of his reign.

The following was written upon the uncertain burial of the Princes :—

In London's Toure in one Plase or anoder,
Interry'd by king Edward and his Broder,
Who by their wicked Eme were guyltles sleyne,
And basely bery'd, yet took up agayne,
And cast into the blacke Deepes at Tems mouth ;
Now whether wreck't or lost from North to South,
Their Reliques are, it recks not, their Soules rest
In Heaven amangst GOD's children ever blest.

RICHARD III. Ob. 1485.

Epitaphium Regis RICHARDI Tertii, sepulti ad Leicestriam jussu, et sumptibus Regis HENRICI Septimi.

Hic ego quem vario tellus sub marmore claudit,
Tertius a justâ voce *Richardus* eram.
Tutor eram patriæ patrius pro jure nepotis,
Diruptâ tenui Regna *Britanna* fide.
Sexaginta dies binis duntaxat ademptis,
Æstatesque tuli tunc mea sceptra duas.
Fortiter in bello certans desertus ab *Anglis*,
Rex *Henrice*, tibi, Septime, succubui.
At sumptu prius ipse tuo sic ossa dicaras,
Regem olimque facis regis honore coli :
Quatuor exceptis jam tantum quinque bis annis,
Acta trecenta quidem lustra salutis erant.
Anteque *Septembris* undenâ luce Kalendas,
Reddideram *rubræ* jura petita *rosæ*.
At mea, quisquis eris, propter commissa precare,
Sit minor ut precibus pœna lavata tuis.

On Richard the Third, buried at Leicester, by order, and at the expense of King Henry the Seventh.

I, who am laid beneath this marble stone,
Richard the Third, possess'd the *British* throne.
My country's guardian in my nephew's claim,
By trust betray'd, I to the kingdom came.

Two years and sixty days, save two, I reign'd,
And bravely strove in fight; but unsustain'd
My *English* left me in the luckless field,
Where I to *Henry's* arms was forc'd to yield.
Yet at his cost my corse this tomb obtains,
Who piously interr'd me, and ordains,
That regal honours wait a King's Remains.
Th' year fourteen hundred was and eighty-four,
The twenty-first of *August*, when its power,
And all its rights, I did to the Red Rose restore.
Reader, whoe'er thou art, thy prayers bestow,
T'atone my crimes, and ease my pains below.

Worcester Cathedral, ob. 1502 :—

PRINCE ARTHUR.

Here lyeth buryed Prince *Arthure* the first begotten sonne of the righte renowned Kinge Henry the Seventhe, whiche noble Prynce departed out of this transitori lyfe in the Castle of Ludlowe in the seventeenth yere of our Lorde God one thousand five hundred and two.

Westminster Abbey, ob. 1509 :—

KING HENRY VII.

Here lies
Henry the seventh, king of *England :*
Son of Edmund, Earl of Richmond.
Who being proclaimed king the 22d of August,
Was crowned at Westminster on the 30th of
October following 1485.
He died on the 21st of April, in the 53d year of his age,
And reigned 23 Years, and 8 Months wanting one Day.
Here lies Henry the Seventh,
Of all the Princes of his Time, the most celebrated ;
Whose Wisdom, and glorious Actions,
Received additional Dignity from his Majestic Stature,
His August Countenance,
And many other natural Advantages.
He was also happy in a Consort,
Who, besides a compleat Beauty,
Excelled in every moral and intellectual Quality.
The Issue of this illustrious Pair,

Were not unworthy such Parents;
For to them *England* thou owest
Henry the Eighth.
Within this Tomb, lies Henry the Seventh,
The Glory of Monarchy, and Light of the World;
Mild, vigilant, brave, and wise:
A Promoter of Virtue, and of a most comely Personage.
Who, by constant and signal successes,
In his many Wars,
Preserved his Dominions in an honourable Peace:
His two Daughters he married to two Kings:
All Princes courted his Alliance.
This Chappel, and stately Tomb,
Were erected by his Order,
As a repository
For himself, his Consort, and Issue.
After a prosperous Life of 53 years,
And a glorious Reign of almost 24
He died in the Year of the Christian Æra 1509.
The fatal Day which brought such Worth
To its earthly Period, was the 21st of April.
England
So excellent a Prince stands not upon thy former Records.
Well will it be for thee
If future Times produce his Equal.

QUEEN KATHERINE PARR. Ob. 1536.

[By Bishop Parkhurst.]

Hoc Regina novo dormit Katharina sepulchro,
Sexus fœminei flos, honor, atque decus:
Hæc fuit Henrico conjux fidissima regi,
Quem postquam a vivis Parca tulisset atrox,
Thomæ Seymero (cui tu, Neptune tridentem
Porrigis) eximio nupserat illa viro:
Huic peperit natam; a partu cum septimus orbem
Sol illustrasset, mors truculenta necat.
Defunctam madidis famuli deflemus ocellis,
Humescit tristes terra Britanna genas:
Nos infelices mœror consumit acerbus,
Inter cœlestes gaudet at illa choros.

In this new tomb the Royal Kath'rine lies,
Flower of her sex, renowned, great, and wise.
A wife by every nuptial virtue known,
And faithful partner once of Henry's throne.
To Seymour next her plighted hand she yields
(Seymour, who Neptune's trident justly wields);
From him a beauteous daughter bless'd her arms,
An infant copy of her parent's charms.
When now seven days this tender flower had bloom'd,
Heaven in its wrath the mother's soul resumed.
Great Katherine's merit in our grief appears.
While fair Britannia dews her cheek with tears,
Our loyal breasts with rising sighs are torn,
With saints she triumphs, we with mortals mourn.

JANE SEYMOUR. Ob. 1537.

Who died in Childbed of Edward VI., bore for her device a Phœnix, (her paternal crest) which is not inelegantly referred to in her Epitaph :—

Phœnix Jana jacet, nato Phœnice dolendum
Sæcula Phœnices nulla tulisse duos.

Soon as her Phœnix bud was blown,
Root-Phœnix Jane did wither:
Sad, that no age a brace had shown
Of Phœnixes together.

At Holyrood :—

JAMES V. AND HIS QUEEN.

Illustris Scotorum, Rex. Jacobus ejus nominis V. Ætatis suæ, anno xxxi. regni vero xxx. mortem obiit in palacio de Falkland 14 Decembris, anno Dom. 1542. Cujus corpus hic traditum est sepulture. Magdalena, Francis regis Franciæ primogenita, regina Scotiæ, sponsa Jacobi V. regis anno Dom. 1537. Obiit.

The illustrious king of Scots, James 5th of that name, died in the palace of Falkland, Dec. 14, 1542, is here committed to this sepulchre.

Magdalen, eldest daughter to Francis, King of France, queen of Scotland, spouse to King James V. died 1537.

In Christ's Cathedral, Dublin :—

RICHARD STRONGBOW.

THIS : AVNCYENT : MONVMENT : OF : RYCHARD : STRANGBOWE : CALLED : COMES : STRANGVLENSIS : LORD : OF : CHEPSTO : AND : OGNY : THE : FIRST : AND : PRYNCIPALL : INVADER : OF : IRELAND : 1169 : QUI : OBIIT : 1177 : THE : MONVMENT : WAS : BROKEN : BY : THE : FALL : OF : THE : ROFF : AND : BODYE : OF : CHRISTES : CHVRCHE : IN : AN° : 1562 : AND : SET : VP : AGAYNE : AT : THE : CHARGYS : OF : THE : RIGHT : HONORABLE : SR : HENRI : SYDNEY : KNYGHT : OF : THE : NOBLE : ORDER : LE : PRESIDENT : OF : WAILES : LE : DEPUTY : OF : IRELAND : 1570 :

The monument on which this is inscribed represents figures said to be of Strongbow and Eva. Doubts have been entertained in regard to the burial-place of Strongbow, but it is generally believed to have been in Christ's Church. Sir R. C. Hoare had doubts with respect to the identity of the effigy, the knight bearing on his shield the following arms : "Argent on a chief azure, three crosses crosslets fitchée of the field." A writer in Notes and Queries, vol. vi. p. 313, gives, on the authority of Enderbie and Owen, Strongbow's arms thus : "Or, three chevrons gules, a crescent for difference."

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

Don John of Austria heere entomb'd doth lye,
That was the worthy warriour willom nam'd,
Who prowdly did of late his power applye
The fatall fayle of Flaunders to have fram'd.
Of stomach stoute and hawghty hart he was,
And made his vaunt the Emperor's son to bee :
But yet the thing he sought to bring to passe
The living Lord hath frustrate made to see.
The fyrst of October, 1578.
L'Acquis abonde.

In Westminster Abbey:—

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Ob. 1587.

Si generis splendor, raræ si gratia formæ,
Probri nescia mens, inviolata fides,
Pectoris invicti robur, sapientia, candor,
Nixaque solantis spes pietate Dei.
Si morum probitas, duri patientia fræni,
Majestas bonitas pura, benigna manus,
Pallida Fortunæ possint vitare Tonantis
Fulmina, quæ montes templaque sancta petunt;
Non præmaturâ fatorum sorte perisset,
Nec fieret mœstis tristis imago genis.
Jure Scotos, thalamo Francos, spe possidet Anglos,
Triplice sic triplex Jure corona beat;
Felix heu nimium felix, si turbine pulsa
Vicinam sero conciliasset opem:
Sed cadit ut terram teneat; nunc morte triumphat,
Fructibus ut sua stirps pullulet inde novis.
Victa nequit vinci, nec carcere clausa teneri,
Non occisa mori, sed neque capta capi.
Sic vitis succisa gemit fœcundior uvis,
Sculptaque purpureo gemma decore micat.
Obruta frugifero sensim sic cespite surgunt
Semina per multos quæ latuere dies
Sanguine sancivit fœdus cum plebe Jehova,
Sanguine placabant numina sancta patres.
Sanguine conspersi quos prætirit ira Penates,
Sanguine signata est, quæ modo cedit humus,
Parce, Deus (satis est) infandos siste dolores;
Inter funestos pervolet illa dies.
Sit Reges mactare nefas, ut sanguine posthac,
Purpureo nunquam terra Britanna fluat.
Exemplum pereat cæsæ cum vulnere Christæ,
Inque malum præceps Author et Actor eat.
Si meliore sui post mortem parte triumphet;
Carnifices sileant tormina claustra, cruces.
Quem dederant cursum superi Regina peregit,
Tempora læta Deus, tempora dura dedit.
Editit eximium, fato properante, Jacobum,
Quem Pallas, Musæ, Delia, fata colunt.

Magna viro, major natu, sed maxima partu,
Conditur hic regum filia, sponsa parens,
Det Deus ut nati, et qui nascentur ab illis,
Æternos videant hic sine nube dies.

If Birth illustrious, or if Beauty's Pride,
A guiltless Mind, and Faith severely try'd;
If Wisdom, Fortitude, a candid Breast,
And hope in him who comforts the Distrest;
If Probity of Heart with Patience mild
To bear injurious wrongs, to be revil'd;
If Goodness, Majesty, a lib'ral Will
To raise the Wretched, and the Poor to fill,
Could 'scape blind Fortune's Thunders, that alike
On good and bad, on low and lofty, strike;
Thou hadst not early fall'n by being great,
Nor thy sad Image seem'd to weep thy Fate.
Scotland by Right, by Marriage *France* was thine;
To these well founded, Hope did England join;
By triple Right a triple Crown she wears;
But dim its lustre to a crown of Stars.
Happy, too happy, if, the Storm allay'd
Though late, the neighb'ring Realm had her obey'd:
But see, she falls, to triumph in the Grave;
New Vigour thence, and Fruits, her Branches have,
Conquer'd she conquers; free, tho' close confin'd;
Not dead, tho' slain; the Fates her chains unbind.
So the prun'd Vine shoots forth with fertile Sprays,
And the cut Gem reflects its purple Rays:
So genial Seeds committed to the Earth
Rise from the fruitful Soil a brighter Birth.
With Blood, God's Covenant with Man was made;
With Blood, the Patriarchs his Wrath allay'd;
With Blood, the First-born 'scaped the gen'ral Doom:
Blood stain'd the Land which now is hers become;
Oh, stay thy Vengeance, Heaven, for Mercy's sake!
That fatal Day be ever mark'd with black:
To murder Kings abhorr'd for evermore,
Nor *Britain* stain'd again with Royal Gore.
Let the Example perish with the Blow;
Accurs'd its Author and its Actor too.

Since in her better part she triumphs still,
Dumb be her Fate, and silent ev'ry Ill.
Such was her Course, as Heaven thought fit to steer:
She had her Joys, she knew her sorrows, here.
Early to Life the Royal *James* she gave,
Whom ev'ry kinder Pow'r in keeping have.
By Nuptials great, by Birth still greater known;
And greatest in her issue, such a Son.
Here Mary lies, of whom we sighing, sing;
The Daughter, Wife, and Mother of a King.
Grant Heav'n! that to the latest Times, her Race
Their happy Hours without a Cloud may pass!

In Westminster Abbey:—

Memoriæ Æternæ.

Elizabethæ, Angliæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Reginæ.

R. Henrici VIII. Filiæ, R. Henrici VII. Nepti. R. Edw. IV. pronepti, Patriæ Parenti, Religionis et bonarum Artium Altrici, plurimarum Linguarum peritiâ, præclaris tum Animi tum Corporis dotibus, Regiisque Virtutibus supra Sexum, Principi incomparabili, Jacobus, *Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ* et *Hiberniæ* Rex, Virtutum et Regnorum Hæres, benemerenti piè posuit.

Memoriæ Sacrum.

Religione ad primævam sinceritatem restaurata, Pace fundatâ, Monetâ ad justum valorem redactâ, Rebellione domesticâ vindicatâ, *Galliâ* malis intestinis præcipiti sublevatâ, *Belgio* sustentato, *Hispanicâ* classe profligatâ, *Hibernia* pulsis *Hispanis*, et Rebellibus ad deditionem coactis pacatâ, Redditibus *utriusque Academiæ* Lege Annonaria plurimum adauctis, totâ denique *Angliâ* ditatâ Elizabetha Regina, Victrix, Triumphatrix, Pietatis studiosissima, fælicissima, placidâ morte Septuagenaria soluta, mortales Reliquias, dum *Christo* jubente resurgant immortales, in hac Ecclesiâ celeberrimâ, ab ipsa conservatâ, et denuo fundatâ deposuit.

Obiit xxiv. *Martii* *Anno Salutis* M. DC. II. } Regni xlv. Ætatis lxx.

To the eternal Memory of Elizabeth, Queen of *England*,

France, and *Ireland*, Daughter of King Henry viij., Granddaughter of King Henry vij., Granddaughter to King Edward iv. Mother of her Country, a Nursing Mother to Religion and all Liberal Sciences, skilled in many Languages, adorned with excellent Endowments both of Body and Mind, and excellent for Princely Virtues beyond her Sex; JAMES, king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, hath devoutly and justly erected this Monument to her, whose Virtues and kingdoms he inherits.

Sacred to Memory:

Religion to its primitive Purity restored, Peace settled, Money restored to its just value, domestick Rebellions quelled, France relieved when involved with intestine Divisions; the Netherlands supported; the Spanish Armada vanquished; Ireland, almost lost by Rebels, eased by routing the Spaniard; the Revenues of both Universities much enlarged by a Law of Provisions; and lastly, all England enriched. ELIZABETH a most prudent Governor 45 years, a victorious and triumphant Queen, most strictly religious, most happy, by a calm and resigned Death at her 70th year left her Mortal Remains, till by Christ's Word they shall rise to Immortality, to be deposited in this Church, by her established, and lastly founded. She died the 24th of March, Anno 1602, of her Reign the 45th year, of her age the 70th.

At Norwich:—

Her Majesty came in Progress to Norwich in Aug. 1578. Over the South door of the Cathedral is painted her mausoleum, and on the East side of it the following, as given by Blomefield.[1]

Stay Passenger, who e're thou art, retard thy Pace,
View here the Mem'ry, of a Majestick Race,
See here the Emblem, of a dying State,
Proves clear, that all alike, must stoop to Fate,
This Urn, no common Ashes doth contain,
The enclosed Majesty, seems Still to Reign,
Only being wearied, with the World's Contest,
Tamely Retires, here to take its Rest;
And 'tis but Just, that She, who made Religion shine,

[1] History of Norfolk, vol. ii. p. 847.

Should in her Temple, still retain a shrine,
But least this Monument, should not display,
The greatness of the Jewele, which doth lay
Within it, stay yet further, and thou wilt see,
The true Import of this Effigie.

On the West side :—

Here lies Elizabeth, whose Royal Breath,
Gave true Religion Life, and false one Death,
Whose Zeal and Power join'd, alike to advance,
God's Honour, Christian's glory, and Church Ordinance.
To say no more ; she liv'd, she reign'd, she dy'd,
A Christian Queen, fit to be Canoniz'd.

Another :—

Kings, queens, men's judgments, eyes,
See where your mirrour lyes :
In whom her friends hath seen
A King's state in a queen :
In whom her foes survey'd
A man's heart in a maid ;
Whom least men for her piety
Should judge to have been a deity,
Heav'n since, by death, did summon,
To shew she was a woman.

At Tavistock :—

If ever royal Virtues ever crown'd a crown,
If ever mildness shin'd in majesty,
If ever honor honored true renown,
If ever courage dwelt with clemency,
If ever princess put all princes down
For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity,
This ! this was she, that in despight of death
Lives still admired, ador'd ELIZABETH :
* * * * * *
Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherlands' relief ;
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy, World's wonder, Nature's chief.
Britain's Blessing, England's Splendor,
Religion's Nurse, and Faith's Defender.

Mr. Howell translated one from the Spanish, not quite so complimentary to the Maiden Queen :—

Here lies Jezabel,
Here lies the new Athalia,
The Harpy of the Western World,
The cruel Fire-brand of the Sea:
Here lies a Wit the most Worthy of Fame
Which the Earth had,
If to arrive to Heaven she had not missed her Way.

A specimen of the bombastic is afforded by the following :—

The Queene was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroake the oares teares let fall:
More clung about the barge: fish under water,
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swome blind after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighes,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
For howsoe'er thus much my thoughts have scan'd,
She'd come by water, had she come by land.

Henry, Prince of Wales, Son to King James I.
Ob. 1612.

Here lyes—dire eyes read not this Epitaph.
Here lyes Great Britain's stay, great Jacob's staffe:
The stately top bough of Imperiall stemme,
World's richest jewell, nature's richest gemme,
Mirrour of princes—miracle of youth,
All vertue's pattern—patron of all truth;
Refuge of armes, ample reward of arts,
Worth's comforter, mild conquerour of hearts:
The churches tower, the terrour of the Pope,
Heroick Henry, Atlas of our hope.

Another :—

Reader, Wonder think it none!
Tho' I speake, and am a Stone.
Here is shrinde cœlestiall Dust,
And I keep it but in Trust;

Should I not my Treasure tell,
Wonder then you might as well
How this Stone could choose but break,
If it had not learnt to speak.

Hence amaz'd! and ask not me
Whose these sacred Ashes be,
Purposely it is conceal'd,
For if that should be reveal'd,
All that read would by and by
Melt themselves to tears, and dy.

Within this Marble Casket lies
A matchless Jewel of much Prize,
Whom Nature, in the World's Disdaine,
But shew'd, and then put up again.

Another, by Giles Fletcher of Trin. Coll. Camb. :—

If wise, amaz'd! depart this holy Grave,
Nor these new Ashes ask, what names they have?
The 'Graver in concealing them was wise,
For, who so knows, strait melts in Tears and dies.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1618 :—

QUEEN ANNE, WIFE OF JAMES I.

Ad Potentissimum Serenissimæ ANNÆ Maritum
JACOBUM Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniæ,
Franciæ et Hiberniæ Regem, Fidei Defensorem, &c.

Annus et *Anna* in se redit, hic novus, illa perennis:
Cujus Vir Pater et Frater Rex, Regia proles:
In Cœlo æternos Regina est *Anna* per annos
Floreat illa suis in prole æterna *Britannis*,
Inque suo vigeat fœliciter *Anna Jacobo*.
Inclyte Rex *Britonum*, veniam da vera loquenti,
Jacobus caret *Anna*, et non caret *Anna Jacobo*;
Maxime Rex Regnum solare *Jacobum*.

Obiit in Domino, Anno Domini 1618, quarto
Nonarum Martii, annos nata 44, menses 4, et dies 18.

To the most Mighty JAMES, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

The concluded Year begins anew!
And ANNA's temporal End, begins her Eternity.
Her Spouse, Father, and Brother wore a Crown,
And the same Honours wait her Issue,
Whilst ANNE lives
Amidst the Glories of Heaven.
May she still be seen among us in her Offspring.
May we see her still happily living in her JAMES.
Forgive, O illustrious Prince! the bold truth
That JAMES wants Anne,
But ANNE feels not any want of JAMES.
O thou King of Kings!
Comfort our afflicted Sovereign.
She died in the Lord, A.D. 1618, March 4th,
Aged 44 years, 4 months, and 18 days.

Two other Epitaphs for this Sovereign Lady have been recorded:—

Marche with his winde hath struck a cedar tall,
And weeping Aprill mourns that cedar's fall,
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the spring.
Thus Marches winde hath caused April showers,
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers.

Another:

Thee to invite, the Great God sent a star,
Whose nearest friend and Kinne good princes are;
Who, though they run their race of men, and dye,
Death serves but to refine their majestie:
So did our queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth to be enthroned above.
There she is chang'd, not dead, no good prince dies,
But like the sun, doth onely set to rise.

JAMES I. Ob. 1625.

He that hath eyes, now wake and weep;
He whose waking was our sleep,
Is fallen asleep himself and never

Shall wake more, till wake for ever:
Death's iron hand hath closed those eyes,
That were at once, three kingdom's spies.
Both to foresee, and to prevent
Dangers, so soon as they were meant.
That head whose working brain alone
Thought all men's quiet but his owne,
Is fallen at rest (oh!) let him have
The peace he lent us, to his grave,
If no *Naboth*, all his reigne
Was for his fruitfull vineyard slaine,
If no *Uriah* lost his life,
Because he had too fayr a wife,
Then let no *Shemie's* curses wound
His honour, or prophane this ground:
Let no black-mouthed breathed ranke cur,
Peaceful *James*, his ashes stir.
Princes are Gods (O!) do not then
Rake in their graves to prove them men.

Another:—

For two and twenty years long care,
For providing such an heir,
Which to the peace he had before,
May add twice two and twenty more.
For his days travel, and nights watches,
For's crasie sleep stolen by snatches,
For two fierce kingdoms wound in one,
For all he did, and meant to have done,
Do this for him, write o'er his dust,
James the peaceful and the just.

GUSTAVUS, KING OF SWEDEN. Ob. 1633.

Seek not, reader, here to finde,
Entomb'd, the throne of such a minde,
As did the brave *Gustavus* fill,
Whom neither time nor death can kill:
Go and read all the Cæsar's acts,
The rage of *Scithian* cataracks.
What *Epire*, *Greece*, and *Rome* hath done,
What kingdomes Goths and Vandals won.

Reade all the worlds heroique story,
And learn but half this hero's glory.
Those conquered living, but life flying,
Reviv'd the foes he conquer'd dying.
And *Mars* hath offered at his fall
An hecatomb of generalls:
The great comparer could not tell
Whence to draw out his parallelle.
Then do not hope to find him here,
For whom earth was a narrow spheer,
Nor by a search in this small marble roome,
To finde a king so far above a tombe.

Another :—

Upon this place the great Gustavus dy'd,
While victory lay weeping by his side.

CHARLES I. Ob. 1649.

Great! Good! and Just! could I but rate
My Griefs, and thy too rigid Fate,
I'd weep the World to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again :—
But since thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Supplies
More from Briareus' Hands than Argus' Eyes,
I'll sing thy Obsequies with Trumpets' Sounds,
And write thy Epitaph with Blood and Wounds.

Montrose.

[Written with the point of his sword.]

JAMES II.

Bright is his diadem in heav'n's abode,
Who lost his crown rather than change his God;
While the perfidious wretch who stole the prize,
Pines in eternal dread of earth and skies.

Alex. Robertson.

MARY OF MODENA, QUEEN OF JAMES II.

(Mother of the Pretender, and buried in a Convent in France.)

Here Britain's holy queen in death retir'd,
Supports devotion which her life inspir'd;

Ye faithful train, to whom the charge is given,
To guard a queen might be the queen of heav'n,
Pursue her steps, till earth's great judge shall call,
Then heav'n will open and receive you all.
Reader, who art by Britain's ills undone,
Expect a good protector in her son.

Alex. Robertson.

WILLIAM III. Ob. Mar. 8, 1702.

Beneath these honours of a tomb
Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British Isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies;
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand:
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of Paint and Verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave Religion set
In solemn guise; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to her unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty in sables dress'd,
Write his loved name upon his urn,
William, the scourge of tyrants past,
And awe of princes yet unborn.

Sweet Peace, his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head;
And stretch her wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary Truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the grave, remove your gloom;
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But Glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

Isaac Watts.

Another:—

Vain *Greece* consult no more or haughty *Rome*,
For Worth or Virtue, view this royal Tomb,
Beneath whose Shade more sacred Dust is wept,
Than on their Urns or Temples ever slept:
Cæsar had Courage—but the Tyrant's Name,
And *Rome* enslav'd—obscur'd the Victor's Fame:
Cato had Honour—but, the Dagger near,
When Dangers press'd, betray'd the Patriot's Fear;
His Triumphs one by dire Oppressions gain'd,
And one his Virtues by his Weakness stain'd.
Britain's lov'd King did with each *Roman* vie;
As warm for Freedom—as resolv'd to die:
Without his Guilt did Cæsar's Laurels wear;
And boasted Cato's Fame without his Fear.

Another :—

William the Third lies here, th' Almighty's Friend,
A Scourge to France, a Check t' imperious Rome,
Who did our Rights and Liberties defend,
And rescu'd England from its threaten'd Doom ;
Heav'n snatch'd him from us whom our Hearts caress'd,
And now he's King in Heaven among the Blest.
Grief stops my Pen ; Reader, pray weep the rest.

At St. Anne's, Soho :—

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish December 11th, 1756,
Immediately after leaving
The *King's Bench* Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency ;
In consequence of which
He registered the Kingdom of *Corsica*
for the use of his Creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves & kings ;
But *Theodore* this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, & deny'd him bread.

GEORGE II. Ob. 1760.

This marble boasts what once was truly great,
The friend of man, the father of the state.
To check Ambition, in its wild career,
To wipe from Misery's eye the starting tear ;
By well planned laws Oppression to controul ;
By kindest deeds to captivate the soul ;
Stern Justice's sword to guide with Mercy's hand,
And guard the freedom of a glorious land ;
These were his acts—these heaven approv'd, & shed
Unnumber'd blessings on his hoary head.
Forc'd into arms, he stretch'd his generous sway,
Wide as the sun extends his genial ray,

Yet saw (blest privilege) his Britons share
The smiles of Peace amidst the rage of War;
Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,
And floods of wealth flow in from either pole:
Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed,
Saw Science raise her venerable head;
Whilst at his feet expiring Faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renew'd,
The same fair path of glory still pursu'd;
Saw too young GEORGE, Augusta's care impart,
Whate'er could raise or humanize the heart,
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingl'd radiance for the *Throne*.
No further blessings could on earth be given;
The next degree of happiness was—*Heav'n*.

Porteus.

EPITAPHS

OF NOBILITY, WARRIORS AND STATESMEN.

MABEL, (COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.) Ob. 1082.

Altâ clarentum de stirpe creata parentum
Hac tegitur tumba maxima Mabilia.
Hæc inter celebres famosa magis mulieres
Claruit in lato orbe sui merito.
Acrior ingenio, sensu vigil, impigra facto,
Utilis eloquio, provida consilio.
Exilis forma, sed grandis prorsus honestas,
Dapsilis in sumptu, culta satis habitu.
Hæc scutum patriæ fuit, hæc munitio marchæ,
Vicinisque suis grata vel horribilis.
Sed quia mortales non omnia possumus omnes,
Hæc periit gladio, nocte perempta dolo.
Et quia nunc opus est defunctæ ferre juvamen,
Quisquis amicus adest subveniendo probet.

Sprung from the noble and the brave,
Here MABEL finds a narrow grave;
But, above all woman's glory,
Fills a page in famous story.
Commanding, eloquent, and wise,
And prompt to daring enterprise;
Though slight her form, her soul was great,
And, proudly swelling in her state,

Rich, dress, and pomp, and retinue,
Lent it their grace and honours due.
The border's guard, the country's shield,
Both love and fear her might revealed,
Till Hugh,[1] revengeful, gained her bower,
In dark December's midnight hour;
Then saw the Dive's o'erflowing stream
The ruthless murderer's poignard gleam.
Now, friends, some moments kindly spare
For her soul's rest to breathe a prayer!

WILLIAM DE WARENNE, (EARL OF SURREY). Ob. 1089.

Hic, GUILLELME Comes, locus est laudis tibi fomes.
Hujus fundator, et largus sedis amator.
Iste tuum funus decorat, placuit quia munus
Pauperibus Christi, quod prompta mente dedisti.
Ille tuos cineres, servat Pancratius hæres,
Sanctorum castris qui te sociabit in astris.
Optime Pancrati, fer opem te glorificanti,
Dáque poli sedem, talem tibi qui dedit ædem.

Who seeks EARL WARENNE's tomb, may look around,
And mark the buildings on this holy ground;
For here, with pious zeal, his wealth he spent
In rearing this his noblest monument.
Here the poor brethren whom his bounty fed
With dirge and requiem laid his honoured head;
St. Pancras here his mouldering ashes guards,
May the good Saint secure him rich rewards,
And grant him with the blest above to reign,
Who to St. Pancras raised this stately fane.

WALTER D'AUFAY, (LORD OF AUFAY.) Ob. 109.

Alfaiensis herus Galterius hîc requiescit,
In requie vera locus illi perpetuò sit.
Viginti septem soles jam Maius habebat,
Dum vir hic in Monachi tunica de carcere migrat,

[1] From whom the Countess had wrested his castle on the rock of Igé, in the canton of Bellême. Hugh was Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1094, succeeding upon the death of his father.

Quem longus langor cruciaverat, ipsi reatus
Confessus proprios, per te sit Christe solutus. Amen.
Ordericus Vitalis.

Sir Walter, Lord of Aufay, here finds rest,
Peace be his endless portion with the blest!
A cloistered monk, he went from hence to heaven,
When May's bright suns had numbered twenty-seven.
His sins confessed, his lingering tortures ceased,
Christ's mercy shield him, from his guilt released!
Amen.

Hugh de Grasmenil. Ob. 1098.

Ecce sub hoc titulo requiescit strenuus Hugo,
Qui viguit multos multa probitate per annos,
Mansio Grentonis munitio dicitur ejus,
Unde fuit cognomen ei multis benè notum.
Guillelmi fortis Anglorum tempore Regis
Inter præcipuos Magnates is cluit heros.
Militia fortis fuit et virtute fidelis,
Hostibus horribilis, et amicis tutor herilis:
Sumptibus, officiis augens, et pinguibus armis
Cænobium sancti multum provexit Ebrulfi.
Dum cathedram sancti celebrabat plebs pia Petri
Occidit emeritus, habitu Monachi trabeatus,
Ecclesiæ cultor, largus dator, et revelator
Blandus egenorum, lætetur in arce polorum. Amen.
Ordericus Vitalis.

With years and glory compassed, Hugh the brave
Beneath this marble finds an honoured grave;
Granton's ancestral towers supply a name
Blazoned with lustre on the rolls of fame.
Foremost among the Conqueror's valiant peers,
Fair England's shore he sought in early years;
And high above the tide of battle rose,
Shield of his friends, and terror of his foes.
Here he, with gifts and lands, and service due,
Decked and enriched the shrine of St. Evroult.
In monkish cowl, with penitence and prayer,
When holy church kept feast of Peter's chair,

The good old knight prepared himself to die;
God give him peace among the blest on high!

Duchess Sibylla. Ob. 1103.

Nobilitas, species, laus, gloria, magna potestas,
  Vivere perpetuò non faciunt hominem.
Nam generosa, potens, dives Comitissa Sibylla
  Hoc jacet in tumulo condita, facta cinis.
Cujus larga manus, mens provida, vita pudica,
  Prodesset patriæ, si diuturna foret.
Normanni dominam, gens Apula deflet alumnam,
  Cujus in occasu gloria magna ruit.
Velleris aurati cùm Titan sidus inibat,
  Mortem passa ruit, sit sibi vita Deus.

Not birth, nor beauty, rank, or power,
Can lengthen this life's fleeting hour;
E'en the illustrious Sibylle must,
Laid in this tomb, return to dust.
Apulia mourns her daughter's fate,
And Normandy is desolate;
The duchess gone, whose conduct pure,
And all that could her hopes secure.
The wisdom to promote her weal
And liberal hand her wounds to heal,
She lost, when in the Golden Fleece
The bright sun shone: God give her peace.

Earl Waltheof. Ob. 1112.

En tegit iste lapis hominem magnæ probitatis
Danigenæ Comitis Swardi filius audax
Guallenus Comes eximius jacet hic tumulatus.
Vixit honorandus, armis animisque timendus:
Et tamen inter opes corruptibiles et honores
Christum dilexit, Christóque placere sategit.
Ecclesiam coluit, Clerum reverenter amavit,
Præcipuè Monachos Crulandenses sibi fidos.
Denique Judicibus Normannis ense peremptus
Luce sub extrema Maii petit artubus arva.
Cujus heri gleba Crulandia gaudet aquosa,

Quam dum vivebat valdè reverenter amabat.
Omnipotens animæ requiem det in ætheris arce.
Ordericus Vitalis.

Beneath this stone a noble warrior lies,
Earl Waltheof, great in arms, in council wise;
Stout Siward's son, 'twas his an ancient race
Through Danish Jarls, Northumbrian earls to trace.
But honours, power, and riches counting dross,
With contrite heart he knelt before the cross:
For Christ he loved, his righteous judgments feared,
His servants honour'd and his saints revered.
But chief, where Croyland spreads her wide domain,
And holy Guthlac holds his mystic reign,
He joyed to tread the cloister's hallowed ground,
Her monks he cherish'd and her altars crown'd.
On Winton's hill the patriot bow'd his head,
By Norman malice numbered with the dead.
Ah, fatal last of May! Unrighteous doom!
Now marshy Croyland boasts her patron's tomb,
Where, living, oft he came an honour'd guest:
God rest his soul in mansions of the blest!

ANSOLD LORD DE MAULE. Ob. 1118.

Si quis erit qui scire velit dum vivus adesset,
Quis fuerit, quem tumba tegit, quod nomen haberet:
Ansoldi nomen fuit huic, et militis omen.
Quinta dies fit ei requies in fine Decembris.
Detur ei pietate Dei merces requiei, amen.

Stranger, dost thou wish to know
Who lies buried here below?
ANSOLD was his name, a knight
Once the foremost in the fight.
Six days 'fore the year begun
Its due course of time to run,
He was summoned to his rest:
God reward him with the blest!

WILLIAM, EARL OF SALISBURY. Ob. 1226.

Flos comitum, Willelmus obit, stirps regia, longus
Ensis vaginam cœpit habere brevem.

When William, flower of earls, resigned
His princely breath,
His long sword was content to find
A shorter sheath.

WILLIAM WALLACE. Executed 1305.

Death, the stern Tyrant of our Globe,
Of all Mankind the End,
Hath *Scotia* of great Wallace robb'd,
Her greatest, truest Friend.
Now of the *Hero* nought remains,
But what the Grave conceals;
Stern Death has snatch'd him from our eyes;
His loss his country feels.
Tho' he this meaner World has left,
Compell'd by Fate away;
His glorious actions still shine bright,
And all his worth display.
O'ercoming Death by glorious Deeds,
He wings his Flight on high,
While all the World his Praises sing;
His glory ne'er shall die.
Edward,[1] if Virtue hadst thou known,
Or honesty sincere,
Less cruel to this Foe you'd been,
Nor acted so severe.
Nor wou'd you've scatter'd through your Land
His Limbs expos'd to shame,
Nor by his Death your Honour stain'd,
If you regarded Fame.
Nought by thy cruelty didst thou gain,
But sullied all your praise;
And now the Infamy is thine,
While he is crown'd with Bays.

In St. Michael, Crooked Lane. Ob. 1383 :—

SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

Here under lyth a man of fame,
William Walworth callyd by name,

[1] *Wallace* was betrayed into *Edward* I.'s hands, who quartered him, and dispersed his members about the kingdom.

Fishmonger he was in lyfe time here,
And twise lord mayor as in bookes appere,
Who with courage stout and manly might,
Slew *Wat Tyler*, in king *Richard's* sight.
For which act done and trew entent,
The King made him Knight incontinent.
And gave him armes, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivalrie.
He left this life the yere of our God,
Thirteene hundryd fourescore and three od.

At St. Mildred's. Ob. 1431 :—

SIR JOHN CHADWORTH, KNT.

Here lieth a Man, that
Faith & Works did even
(Like fiery Chariots)
Mount him up to Heaven.
He did adorn this Church
When words were weak
And men forget, the
Living Stones will speak;
He left us land: This
Little earth him keeps
Those black words mourners
And the Marble weeps.

In Westminster Abbey :—

HUMPHREY BOURCHIER, slain at Barnet Field, 1471.

Here lies a Combatant!
Barnet's Victor, whose delight was in War!
And whilst fighting with the Impetuosity of Achilles,
He fell, cover'd with Wounds,
As his Armour was with Blood,
An honourable Death!
Only to be lamented that it was on the Day
When *Christ* rose from the Dead.
Humphrey Bourchier
Descended from Edward the III.
And was Son and Heir of the Lord Berners.
If Edward the IV. gained the Victory,
This worthy Personage fell,
As a faithful Servant of his King.

Among other Distinctions of his Merit,
He was Steward to Elizabeth his Queen.
As he was here famous in War,
And the Darling of *Englishmen*,
Pray for his Happiness in Heaven.

Sir Thomas Wiat, the Elder.

Thy Fame, Great Wiat! shall by all be read,
What Virtues rare were temper'd in thy Breast!
Honour that *England* such a Jewel bred,
And kiss the ground whereon thy Corps did rest.
Earl of Surrey, 1541.

In St. Mary, Aldermary, ob. 1544 :—

Sir Charles Blunt, Lord Mountjoy.
(By himself.)

Wilingly have I sought, and wilingly have I found,
The fatall end that wrought thither as dutie bound.
Discharg'd I am of that I ought to my countrey by honest wound,
My soule departed *Christ* hath bought: the end of man is ground.

At Walden, Essex :—

Sir Thomas Awdley.

The Stroke of Death's inevitable Dart
Hath now, alas! of Lyfe bereft the Heart
Of *Syr Thomas Awdley* of the Garter Knyght,
Late Chancellour of England undyr our Prynce of Myghte,
Henry the eighth worthye of hygh renowne,
And made by him Lord Awdley of this towne.
Obiit Ultimo *Aprilis*, A.D. 1544 Henrici 36
Concellariatus fui 13. Ætatis 56.

At Lambeth, ob. 1545 :—

Thomas Clere.

Norfolk sprang thee, *Lambeth* holds thee dead,
Clere of the county of *Cleremont* though high
Within the womb of Ormands race thou bred
And sawest thy cosin crowned in thy sight;

Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase
Aye me, while life did last, that league was tender:
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsall blaze,
Laundersey burnt, and battered Bullon render,
Att Muttrall gates, hopeless of all secure,
Thine earl half dead, gave in thy hand his will:
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
Ere summers seven times seven, thou couldst fulfill.
Ah, Clere! if love had booted care or cost,
Heaven had not wonne, nor earth so timely lost.

Thos. Clere was a follower of Henry, Earl of Surrey, father to Thomas, late Duke of Norfolk. The Earl of Northampton, in the reign of Henry VIII., was the author of the preceding lines.

In Lincoln Cathedral, ob. 1554:—

Sir Philip Tilney.

Passed his pilgrimage out of this present life
Resteth Sir Philip Tilney, closed in your sight.
In his youth esquire; and so wedded to his wife,
The daughter and heyr of Edmund Thorpe Kuyght.

And aunt to Thomas Lord Scales; descended of lyne ryght,
Dysposed hym after to Godys ordynance.
Full noble and lyberal was he to every wyght;
Couth none fynd in hym matter of displesaunce.

Here he lyeth bury'd, canon and residentiary;
Sometyme of patrimony sufficient indede,
But deth, that from her nature may not vary
Hath seis'd him before; and we must all succede.

Consyder here a caryon worms to fede,
And pray for his soule of payne to have a lysse;
And do for hym as thou wouldst he dyd for thy nede:
Now, Jesu, for thy passion bryng hym to thy blysse.

At Ashwell Thorp, ob. 1561:—

Jane Knyvett resteth here, the only heir by Right,
Of the Lord Berners that Sir John Bourchier hight,
Twenty years and three, a Widdows Lyff she ledd,
Always Keeping Howse, where Rych and Poor were fedd,
Gentyll, just, quyet, void of debate and stryff,
Ever doyng Good; Lo! thus she led her Lyff,

Even unto her Grave, where Erth on Erth doth lye,
On whose Soul GOD grant, of his abundant Mercy.

At Chiswick, ob. 1565:—

SIR THOMAS CHALONER.

Naturâ Thomas *Chalonerus*, et arte valebat,
Utilis et patriæ vir fuit ille suæ.
Publica cum Magnâ suscepit munera laude,
Laude pari Libros scripserat ille domi.
Sic patriæ vixit magno, dum vixit, honore,
Sic patriæ magno concidit ille malo.

Nature and Art in CHALONER combin'd,
And for his Country form'd the Patriot's mind.
With Praise deserv'd his Public Post he fill'd;
And equal Fame his Learned Labours yield.
While yet he liv'd, he liv'd his Country's Pride,
And first his Country injur'd when he dy'd.

Walter Haddon, D.D.

At Chatham:—

Here lieth buried the bodie of STEVEN BOROUGH, who departed this life the 14th day of July, in the yere of our Lord 1584, and was born at Northam, in Devonshire, the 25th of September 1525. In his life time he discovered Muscovia in the Northerne Sea passage to St. Nicholas, in the yere 1553. At his setting foorth of England, he was accompanied with two other shippes. Sir Hugh Willobie beinge admirall of the fleete, who, with all the companie of the said two shippes, were frozen to death, in Joppia, the same winter. After the discovery of Roussia, and the coastes thereto adjoyninge, to wit, Joppia, Nova Zembla, and the countries of the Samudes, &c. he frequented the trade to St. Nicholas yerelie, as chief pilot in the voiage, until he was chosen for one of the foure principall Masters in Ordinance of the Queen's Majesties Royall Navy, where he continued being emploied, as occasion required, in charge of sundrie sea-servises, till the time of his death.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

England, Netherlands, the heavens, and the arts,
The souldiers and the world, have made six parts
Of noble Sidney: for none will suppose,
That a small heape of stones can Sidney enclose.

His Bodie hath England, for she it bred,
Netherlands his bloud in her defence shed,
The heavens have his Soule, the arts have his fame,
The souldiers his grief, the world his good name.

In imitation of the French, on M. Bouvet, by J. du Bellay.[1]

Sir P. S. died from a wound he had received in battle, at Guelderland, Sept. 22, 1585. His decease occurred Feb. 16, 1586. King James also penned an elegy in his praise :—

Thou mighty Mars, the lord of souldiers brave,
And thou Minerve that doeis in wit excelle,
And thou Apollo, who dois knowledge have,
Of every art that from Parnassus fell,
With all your sisters that thareon do dwell,
Lament for him, who duelie served you all,
Whome in you wisely all your arts did well,
Bewaile (I say) his inexpected fall.

I neede not in remembrance for to call,
His race, his youth, the hope had of him ay,
Since that him doth cruell death appall,
Both manhood, wit and learning every way,
But yet he doth in bed of *honor* rest,
And evermore of him shall live the best.

In Lee Church, ob. 1593 :—

NICHOLAS ANSLEY.

When the Quene Elizabeth full five yeres had rain'd,
Then Nicholas Ansley, whos corps lyes here interred,
At fyve and twenty yeres of age was entertayned
Into her servis, where well himself he carried,
In eche man's love, till fifty and eight yeres ould,
Being Sergant of the Seller, death him contrould.

[1] La France, et le Piedmont, les cieux, et les arts,
Les soldats, et le monde ont fait comme six parts
De ce grand Bonivet: car une si grand chose
Dedant un seul tombeau ne pouvoit estre enclose.

La France en a le corps qu'elle auroit esleve :
Le Piedmont a le cœur, qu'il auroit esprouve :
Les cieux en ont l'esprit, et les arts la memoire,
Les soldats le regret, et le monde la gloire.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, ob. 1596.

Religio quamvis Romana resurgeret olim,
Effoderet tumulum non puto *Drake* tuum.
Non est quod metuas, ne te combusserit ulla
Posteritas; in aquâ tutus ab igne manes.

Though Rome's religion should in time return,
Drake, none thy body will ungrave again;
There is no fear posterity should burn
Those bones, which free from fire in sea remain.

These lines were upon his corpse when cast out of the ship in which he died, into the sea.

In the English Hero, as quoted in Prince's Worthies of Devon, the following lines are given as the Epitaph of Sir Francis Drake :—

Where *Drake* first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a Tomb, left nothing but his Fame :
His Body's buried under some great Wave ;
The Sea, that was his glory, is his Grave.
On whom an Epitaph none can truly make,
For who can say, Here lies Sir Francis Drake ?

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1598 :—

SIR JOHN PUCKERING, Knt. and Lord Chancellor in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The public care and laws engag'd my breast,
To live was toilsome, but to die is rest;
Wealth, maces, guards, crowns, titles, things that fade,
The prey of time and sable death are made.

Virtue inspires men.

His wife this statue rears to her lov'd spouse,
The test of constancy and marriage vows.

SIR THOMAS STANLEY, ob. 16—.

(Attributed to Shakespeare by Dugdale).

Aske who lies here, but do not weepe,
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe !
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones.

And his own goodness with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.
Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor skye-aspiring pyramids our name;
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble, and defacing hands!
When *all* to *Time's* consumption shall be given
Stanley, for whom this *stands*, shall stand in Heaven.

At Nottingham, ob. 1601 :—

EARL OF ESSEX.

Here sleeps great *Essex*, darling of mankind,
Fair Honour's Lamp, foul Envy's prey, Art's fame,
Nature's Pride, Vertue's bulwark, lure of mind,
Wisdom's flower, Valour's tower, Fortune's shame,
England's sun, *Belgia's* light, *France's* star, *Spain's* thunder,
Lisbon's lightning, *Ireland's* cloud, the whole world's wonder.

SIR EVERARD DIGBY,

Concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, and executed Jan. 30, 1606.

Tread lightly, stranger; 'neath this sacred mound
A Digby sleeps, by perjured tyrants sold;
He only dared oppose a tyrant's laws,
And suffer nobly in religion's cause.
Ill fated Everard, hapless was thy lot,
To perish for a race that loved thee not!
Brave noble, thou wert something more than man,
And, Protestants, deny it if you can?

In Waddesdon Church, ob. 1608 :—

GUY CARLETON

Saluteth the Reader:

Whilest I was yong in Warres I shedd my Blood
Both for my King and for my Country's good:
In Elder years my care was chief to be
Soldier to him who shedd his Blood for me.
Now restinge here in Hope a Whyle I Lye.
Farewell, Good Reader, never Fear to Die.

At Swinbrook, Oxon, ob. 1613 :—

Sir Edmund Fettiplace, Knt.

Read and record rare Edmund Fettiplace,
A Knight right worthy of his rank and race;
Whose prudent manage in two happy reigns,
Whose public service, and whose private pains,
Whose zeal to God, and towards ill severity,
Whose temperance, whose justice, whose sincerity,
Whose native mildness towards great and small,
Whose faith and love to friend, wife, children, all,
In life and death made him belov'd and dear
To God and men, and ever famous here.
Blessed in soul, in body, goods, and name,
In plenteous plants by a most virtuous dame,
Who, with his heir, as to his worth still debtor,
Built him this tomb, and in their hearts a better.

At Farley, ob. 1613 :—

Mary Shaa (daughter of Walter Lord Hungerford).

If birth or worth might add to rareness life,
Or teares in man revive a vertuous wife,
Lock't in this cabinet, bereav'd of breath,
Here lies the pearle inclosed—she w^{h} by death
Sterne death subdu'd, slighting vaine worldly vice,
Achieving heav'n wth thoughts of paradise.
Shee was her sexes wonder, great in bloud;
But what is far more rare, both great and good.
Shee was with all celestial virtues storde,
The life of Shaa, and soule of Hungerford.

Sir Thomas Overbury, ob. 1614.

(By himself.)

The span of my daies measured, heare I rest,
That is my body, but my soule his Guest
Is hence ascended whither neither Tyme
Nor Fayth nor Hope : but only Love can clyme.
Wheare being nowe enlightened Shee doeth knowe
The truth of all men argue of belowe.

Only this Dust doeth heare in pawne remaine,
That when the worlde dissolves Shee come againe.

THOMAS OVERBURY,
1614.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Beheaded 1618.
(By himself.)

Even such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth and joyes, and all we have,
And payes us but with age and dust,
Which in the darke and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our wayes,
Shuts up the story of our dayes:
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

At Carisbrooke, ob. 1619, æt. 42:—

WILLIAM KEELING,

Groom of the Chamber to King James, and General for the Hon. East India Adventures.

Fortie and two years in this vessel fraile
On the rough seas of life did Keeling saile,
A merchant fortunate—a captain bould,
A courtier gracious, yet, alas! not old.
Such wealth, experience, honour, and high praise
Few winne in twice so many years or days,
For what the world admired, he deem'd but drosse,
For Christ, without Christ all his gains but losse.
For him and his love with merrie cheere,
To the holy land his last course did he steer.
Faith served for sails, the sacred word eard,
Hope was his anchor, Glorie his reward,
And thus with gales of grace by happy venter
Through straits of death, heav'n's harbour he did enter.

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE. Ob. 1621.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister! *Pembroke's* mother!
Death, ere thou hast slain another,

Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

This epitaph was made by William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastoralls," and is preserved in a MS. volume of his poems in the Lansdown Collection in the British Museum, No. 777, though the first stanza has been repeatedly ascribed to Ben Jonson; and the late Lord Grenville translated it into Latin, thus:—

Hoc sub marmore conditur
Illa, et perpetui munere carminis
Digna, et flebilibus modis,
Illa et Pembrochii mater, et inclyti
Sidneii soror: huic parem
Aut forma, aut animo, aut nobilioribus
Pulchri dotibus ingeni,
Nullam mors poteris cædere victimam,
Donec te quoque Temporis
Strages ulta tuas conficiet manus.

Sir Baptist Hickes, Viscount Campden. Ob. 1628.

Reader, know
Whoe'er thou be,
Here lies Faith, Hope,
And Charitie.
Faith true, Hope firm,
Charitie free.
Baptist Lord Campden
Was these three.
Faith in God,
Charitie to Brother,
Hope for Himself
What ought be other?

Faith is no more ;
Charitie is crowned ;
'Tis only Hope
Is under Ground.

Strype.

SIR ROBERT COTTON. Ob. 1631.

Posterity hath many Fates bemoan'd,
But Ages long since past for thee have groan'd ;
Time's Trophies thou did'st rescue from the Grave,
Who, in thy Death, a second Burial have.
Cotton, Death's Conquest now compleat I see,
Who ne'er had vanquisht all Things, but in Thee !

T. Randolph.

At St. Sepulchre, ob. 1631 :—

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, Governor of Virginia, &c.

Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd Kings,
Subdued large Territories, and done Things
Which to the World impossible would seem,
But that the truth is held in more Esteem.
Shall I report his former Service done
In honour of his God and *Christendom*
How that he did divide from Pagans three,
Their Heads and Lives, Types of his Chivalry ?
For which great Service in that Climate done,
Brave *Sigismundus* King of *Hungarion*
Did give him as a Coat of Arms to wear,
Those conquer'd Heads, got by his Sword and Spear.
Or shall I tell of his adventures since
Done in *Virginia*, that large Continent ?
How that he subdued Kings unto his Yoke,
And made those Heathens flee as Wind does Smoke :
And made their land, being of so large a Station
An Habitation for our Christian Nation ;
Where God is glorified, their wants supply'd
Which else for necessaries must have dy'd ?
But what avails his Conquest, now he lies
Interred in Earth, a Prey to Worms and Flies ?

O! may his Soul in sweet *Elysium* sleep,
Until the Keeper that all Souls doth keep,
Return to Judgment; and that after thence,
With angels he may have his Recompence.

At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, ob. 1633:—

COUNTESSE OF HUNTINGDON.

The chief perfections of both sexes joyn'd,
With neither's vice nor vanity combin'd.
Of this our age the wonder, love, and care,
The example of the following and dispaire.
Such beauty that from all hearts love must flow:
Such majesty—that none durst tell *her* so.
A wisdome of so large and potent sway,
Rome's senate might have wisht, her Conclave may;
Which did to earthly thoughts so seldome bow,
Alive she scarce was lesse in heaven than now.
So voyd of the least pride to her alone,
These radiant excellencies seem'd unknown.
Such once there was: but let thy griefe appeare,
Reader there is not: HUNTINGDON lies here.

By him who saies what he saw,
Falkland.

In Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, ob. 1634:—

LETTICE, COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.

1

Look on this vault, and search it well,
Much Treasure in it lately fell.
We are all rob'd, and all do say
Our wealth was carried this away;
And, that the theft might ne'er be found,
'Tis buried closely under ground:
Yet if you gently stir the mould,
There all our losse you may behold.
There you may see that face, that hand,
Which once was fairest in the land.
She that in her younger yeres
Match'd with two great English peers:

She that did supplye the warrs
With thunder, and the court with starrs ;
She that in her youth had beue,
Darling to the Maiden Quene,
Till she was content to quitt
Her favour for her Favouritt.

2

Whose gould thread when she saw spunn,
And the death of her brave sonne,
Thought it safest to retyre,
From all care and vaine desire,
To a private country cell,
Where she spent her days so well
That to her the better sort
Came, as to an holy Court ;
And the poor y^{t} lived neare,
Dearth nor famine could not feare.
Whilst she liv'd, she lived thus ;
Till that God, displeas'd with us,
Suffered her at last to fall,
Not from him but from us all :
And because she tooke delight
Christ's poore members to invite,
He fully now requites her love,
And sends his Angells from above,
That did to Heaven her soule convey
To solemnize his own birth day.

Gervase Clifton.

At Abington, Northampton, ob. 1634 :—

Lady Eleanor Hampden.

Earth unto earth is now returned ; a doom
Long since decreed, yet what was more divine
In me, (my purest Soul) this narrow room
This hollow vault nor must, nor can confine
Only to God who gave it, I resign.

Reposing here my dust whose smallest grain
Even he that bought it will revive again.

How long? & when shall that bless'd union be
And I enjoy what I do most aspire?
Most sure it is, & I will wait to see
Perform'd that promise, nor will I enquire
Death cannot rob or frustrate my desire

Eternal Life will come with Xt my head
Nor can I then but live, who now am dead.

Scio cui credidi.
I know whom I have believ'd.
A. D. 1634.

At Hereford Cathedral, ob. 1638:—

Lady Jocosa Aubrey.

Could dull words speak what buried here doth lie,
'Twould raise both envy and idolatry.
'Twas an exchequer throng'd with so much good,
The age that lost it never understood;
Just Heaven, finding 'twas but envied here,
Left us the casket, fix'd the jewel there.

In Iver Church, ob. 1638:—

Sir Edward Salter.

Full fortie yeares a Carver to two Kings,
Sr Edward Salter liv'd, whose soule on wings
Of Hope to Heav'n aspir'd: his Bodie here
Rests, having surviv'd near nigh an hundred yeare;
He and his ladie threescore years and three
In wedlock spent, a blessing rare to see.
His worth (if knowne to the world) would be alone
More monumental than a tombe of stone.
Posuit et Composuit Consanguineus ejus.
Danl. Salter.

The Earl of Strafford. Ob. 1641.

Here lies wise and valiant Dust,
Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Just;
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treason and Convenience;

He spent his Time here in a Mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted all Relief:
The Prop and Ruin of the State,
The People's violent Love and Hate,
One in Extremes lov'd and abhorr'd.
Riddles lie here, and in a Word,
Here lies Blood! and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

John Cleveland.

In Great Hampden:—

JOHN HAMPDEN,

XXIIIIth Hereditary Lord of GREAT HAMPDEN;
and Burgess for WENDOVER in three Parliaments,
Dyed unmarried Feb. 4th MDCCLIV. aged 58.
Having bequeathed his Estates and Name
To His Kinsman the Hon^ble ROB. TREVOR,
now HAMPDEN:
Son of the R^t Hon^ble Thos. LORD TREVOR,
Son of the R^t Hon^ble Sir JOHN TREVOR,
By RUTH Daughter of JOHN HAMPDEN,
Slain in CHALGROVE FIELD.
MDCXLIII.

ROBT. HAMPDEN
dedicates this Monument,
with all due Veneration,
To his GREAT GRANDFATHERS
& to his BENEFACTORS'
Memories.

And on a monument, erected in 1843, on Chalgrove Field, is the following inscription, written by the late Lord Nugent:—

Here, in this field of Chalgrove, JOHN HAMPDEN, after an able & strenuous, but unsuccessful resistance in Parliament, & before the Judges of the land, to the measures of an arbitrary court, first took arms, assembling the levies of the associated

counties of Buckingham & Oxford, in 1642. And here, within a few paces of this spot, he received the wound of which he died, while fighting in defence of the free monarchy and ancient liberties of England, June 18th, 1643. In the two hundredth year from that day, this stone was raised in reverence to his memory.

In Hereford Cathedral, ob. 1645 :—

SIR SAMUEL AUBREY.

He who did never lodge within his breast
Dishonour, baseness, or selfe interest;
The just man's friend, the poor man's treasury,
The oppress'd man's patron in extremity,
Lies here.—Reader, if now thou grudge a tear,
Find some more worthy object—spend it there.

SIR WILLIAM CAMPION,

Killed at the siege of Colchester, and buried at St. Peter's.

Here lyeth Sir William Campion, of Kent, who was slain in the year of our Lord 1648; of his age 34; upon a sally out of this town June 13th. He was pious, valiant, constant to his Prince, whose cause he chose, and whose service he died in. Disturb not his ashes. Reader, if thou likest his judgment thou wilt praise his action.

At Chinley, ob. 1648 :—

MARY, COUNTESS OF DONNEGAL.

Lo! here the mirror of her sex, whose praise
Asks not a garland, but a grove of bays:
Whose unexemplar'd virtue shined far
And neer; the western wonder! like some star
Of the first magnitude; which though it lies
Here in eclipse is only set to rise.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. Ob. 1648.

The monument which thou beholdest here
Presents Edward Lord Herbert to thy sight;
A man who was so free from either hope or fear
To have or lose this ordinary light,

That when to elements his body turned were,
He knew that as those elements would fight,
So his immortal soul should find above,
With his Creator, peace, joy, truth, and love!
By himself.

At Helmingham Church. Ob. 1649, æt. 48 :—

SIR LIONEL TOLLEMACHE, BT.

Wise tears turn hither here's a stone,
Would not be left to weep alone.

It is a marble of much trust
And mourns for more than modern dust.

A man not made for moderate things
Served and pleased two mighty kings.

His person did all praise combine
Honour and virtue's life and line.

Wisdom and wealth, fortune and merit
Ample power and ample spirit.

Both church and state, both rich and poor,
Both Peace and War, both Sea and Shore.

All reconciled there in one sorrow,
Mutual tears did lend and borrow.

Join w^th^ a grief, so great, so just
Learn well to weigh so worthy dust.

Lament his death, or go, and find
Store of such Lives left still behind.

Ob. 1665, æt. 62 :—

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Under this tomb the matchless Digby lies;
Digby, the great, the valiant, and the wise;
This age's wonder for his noble parts,
Skilled in *six tongues*, & learned in *all the arts;*
Born on the day he died, th' eleventh of June,
And that day bravely fought at Scanderoon;
It's rare, that one and the same day should be
His day of birth, of death, and victory.
R. Farrar.

In Christ Church, Newgate Street :—

LADY VENETIA, wife of Sir Kenelm Digby.

Fair, broken model of perfection, rest;
Rest here, inclosed in a marble nest;
And in thy beauty's sweets embalm'd remain.
Free from corruption, as it was from stain,
Till that last glorious marriage-day inviting,
Which calls blest matters to their forms uniting,
Shall thence to heaven on angel's wings unfolded,
Return thy body, where it sure was moulded:
And that metamorphose day to creatures, (when
By nature closely kneaded, men
Shall be transformed to perfect shape unknown,
I doubt our souls will scarce our bodies own
Can nothing add to thine; it still shall find)
The same divineness that it left behind,
When in thy sleep it stole out of thy breast,
To see whether it or paradise was best;
And still doth doubt, heaven scarce a bliss would be
Were it not sure even there to dwell in thee.

These lines were written by George Lord Digby, and it is rather difficult to reconcile them with the known profligacy of her early life. Her beauty and accomplishments appear to have rendered her frailties forgotten.

MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER. Ob. 1674 :—

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good:
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the course for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, heaven confin'd in thee,
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.

Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.
Dryden.

In St. Nicholas, Brighton. Ob. 1674 :—

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS TATTERSALL.

Within this marble monument doth lie,
Approved faith, honour, and loyalty.
In this cold clay he hath now ta'en up his station,
Who once preserved the church, the crowne, the nation.
When Charles the Great was nothing but a breath,
This valiant hero stept 'tween him and death.
Usurper's threats, nor tyrant rebels' frowne,
Could not affright his duty to the crowne;
Which glorious act of his for church and state,
Eight princes in one day did gratulate;
Professing all to him in debt to bee,
As all the world are to his memory.
Since earth could not reward the worth him given,
He now receives it from the King of Heaven.
In the same chest one jewel more you have,
The partner of his virtues, bed & grave.

Tattersall preserved Charles II. after his overthrow at Worcester, and conveyed him to France.

At Cheshunt. Ob. 1675, æt. 24 :—

LADY WHATTON.

Fair as an Angel, Virtuous as a Saint,
Whose Beauty and whose Grace no art can paint;
Highly Belov'd by all, and so admir'd,
As much Bewail'd, when she from hence Retir'd;
Her soul too pure for Earth to Heaven soar'd,
There to enjoy the God she here ador'd.
Her Body sleeps within the adjacent Vault
For ever freed from Pain and Grief so salt,
Both shall at the last Trump's awakeing sound,
Unite, and with immortal Bliss be crown'd.

At Stepney. Ob. 1675 :—

CAPTN. THOMAS, ANN, AND JOHN CHEVERS.

Reader, consider well how poor a span,
And how uncertain is the life of man:

Here lye the Husband, Wife, and Child, by Death
All three in five days time depriv'd of Breath.
The Child dies first, the Mother on the Morrow
Follows, and then the Father dies of Sorrow.
A *Cæsar* falls by many Wounds, well may
Two Stabs at Heart the stoutest Captain slay.

At Portsmouth. Ob. 1679, æt. 59 :—

Sir John Kempthorne.

Here beneath this stone doth lie
As much valour as could die ;
Who in his life did vigour give
To as much justice as could live.
But death, which ne'er could him dismay,
Unkindly snatch'd him hence away.

St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. Ob. 1680, æt. 63 :—

Capt. Thos. Prinnell.

Thou that go'st by cast here thine eye
all flesh is grass if 's grace doth pass
the best is but a flower,
the stoutest man do what he can
must die when 'tis his hour.
so farewell Friend and God thee send
to live so holily
that Heaven may be a place for thee
when 'tis thy turn to die.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1680, æt. 45 :—

On Sir Palmes Fairbone.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturbed by wars, in quiet sleep :
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend :
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.

From thence returning with deserv'd applause
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
The same the courage, & the same the cause.
His youth & age, his life & death combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, & all devine.
Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er revenged so well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.—*Dryden.*

In Westminster Abbey.—(Beheaded 1683):—

To the memory of
JOHN, LORD RUSSELL
(Son and heir to *Francis* Earl of *Bedford*)
And his son Francis,
By *Elizabeth* daughter of *Sir Anthony Cook*,
And widow of *Sir Thomas Hoby*, Knight.

Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
Of heaven lov'd, and honour'd on the earth:
His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
My husband dear, more than this world's light,
Death hath me reft. But I from death will take
His memory, to whom this tombe I make.
John was his name (ah was! wretch, must I say)
Lord Russell once, now my tear-thirsty clay.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. Ob. 1687.

Pro Rege Sæpe, Pro Republicâ Semper,
Improbus, sed non Reprobus vixi;
Incertus, sed non pertur Catus Morior.
Christum Adveneror,
Deo solo confido,
Eterno, Omnipotenti;
Ens Entium Miserere Mei.

Oft for the King, but ever for the State,
In Doubts I liv'd, but liv'd no Reprobate;
And as I liv'd in Doubts, in Doubts I die,
Yet undisturb'd amidst uncertainty;
For, to my Christ I all due homage pay,
In God alone, my Confidence I lay;
That all Things does & shall for ever sway.
Being of Beings, Source of Entity,
Of all that has been, is, or e'er shall be;
Have Mercy, O great Being, upon Me.

Another form has been given:—

Pro rege sæpe,
Pro republicâ semper.
Dubius, sed non improbus, vixi:
Incertus morior, sed inturbatus.
Humanum est errare, et nescire.
Christum adveneor, Deo confido
Omnipotenti, benevolentissimo.
Ens entium miserere mei.

Much for the prerogative,
Ever for my country.
I liv'd irregular, not abandon'd.
Tho' going to a state unknown,
I die resign'd.
Frailty & ignorance attend on human life.
Religiously I worship Christ: in God confide
Almighty & most merciful.
O! thou Principle of all Beings, have pity on me!

This is stated, by Hearne, in his "Reliquiæ," to have been written by Dr. Fiddes, the author of the "Life of Wolsey."

At Attleburgh, ob. 1695, æt. 47:—

Capt. John Gibbs.

This narrow Space confines his deare Remaines
Whose glorious better Part, Survives & reigns,
Immortal Virtues now embalm his name,
And fix him high, in the great List of Fame,
The gen'rous Friendship that adorn'd his Mind,
Was boundless, as the Needs of humane Kind,

But where Relation did the Band indeare,
The Rays contracted, did more warm appear,
So good a Husband, Father, Brother, Son,
As few have equal'd, none has e'er outdone;
Such Charity thro' his whole Life was shown,
As made the Wants of other, seem his own,
His Soul so truly Brave, he knew no Fear,
Ev'n Death itself made no Impression there,
'Tis true he yielded, but Death lost the Prize,
For he but stoop't, that he might higher rise.

At Chalmondiston, ob. 1696 :—

CAPT. JOHN DUNCH.

Tho' Boreas' blasts, & Neptune's Waves
Have toss'd me too & fro,
In Spight of both by God's Decree,
I harbour here below;
Where I do now at Anchor ride,
With many of our Fleet,
Yet once again I must set sail,
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

At Kingston Church, Jamaica.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Here lyeth interred the body of John Benbow Esq. Admiral of the White, a true pattern of English courage, who lost his life in defence of his Queene and Country, November y^e^ 4th 1702, in the 52nd year of his age, by a wound in his legg, received in an engagement with Mons. Du Casse, being much lamented.

At Withyam, ob. 1705-6 :—

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd:
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep such friendships and his ease.

Bless'd peer! his great forefather's ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race:
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line. *Pope.*

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1707:—

SIR CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL. Knt. and Bart.
Rear Admiral of *Great Britain;*
And
Admiral and Commander in Chief of the Fleet,
The just Rewards
Of his long and faithful Services.
He was
Deservedly beloved of his Country,
And esteemed, tho' dreaded by his Enemies,
Who had often experienced
His Conduct and Courage:
Being Shipwreck'd
On the Rocks of *Scilly*,
In his Voyage from *Toulon*,
The 22d Day of October 1707, at Night,
In the 57th Year of his Age.
His Fate was lamented by all,
But especially
The Sea-fairing Part of the Nation,
To whom he was
A generous Patron, and a worthy Example.
His body was flung on the Shore,
And buried with others in the Sands;
But, being soon after taken up,
Was placed under this monument,
Which his Royal Mistress has caused to be erected
To commemorate
His steady Loyalty, and extraordinary Virtues.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1716:—

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd,
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest,

An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;
Just to his prince, and to his country true ;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth,
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny ;
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd. *Pope.*

At Merton, Oxon, ob. 1717, æt. 76 :—

SIR EDWARD HARRINGTON, BT.

A noble birth, a fancy bright and fine ;
A temper charming, sweet, and grace divine :
These all did once inspire to beautify
The dust that now beneath this stone doth lye.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1722 :—

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Reader, whate'er thy clime, no stranger's here :
'Tis Marlborough's dust demands the generous tear,
Bavaria, Spain, the German Belgic lord,
And haughty Gaul or fear'd him or adored.
This narrow urn confines the mighty dead ;
In this, his country's pride, and glory's laid :
By him, loud Ister, as he rolls, proclaims,
Freedom restored to Ganges, and the Thames.
He taught the British Lion where to roar
The German eagle his dread thunder bore.
In war's dire chance no sad reverse he found ;
Fortune, the favourite chief for ever crown'd.
His form here yields to fate ! his fame shall grow,
When Mosa, or when Ista cease to flow.
So ! kings and bards their ashes round him blend,
Ambitious once the hero to befriend,
That on the Gaulish tyrant vengeance hurl'd,
The soul of Britain, Europe, and the world.

In Sherborne, Dorsetshire. Ob. 1727 :—

HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY, AND HIS SISTER MARY.

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom and pacific truth ;

Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great,
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear;
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind;
Go, live, for heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou! bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the Silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more;
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known;
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one.
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And 'till we share your joys, forgive our grief;
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give! *Pope.*

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1729 :—

LT. GENL. HENRY WITHERS.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind,
Oh! born to arms! Oh! worth in youth approv'd!
Oh! soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers; adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone. *Pope.*

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1735, æt. 18 :—

EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!

The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senatc heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race for courage fam'd, and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n. *Pope.*

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1740, æt. 30 :—

LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERC.

Whilst Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep;
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers mourn,
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerc's urn:
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, tho' immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living he mingled with his martial fires;
Dying he bid Britannia's thunder roar,
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.
Young.

CAPT. JAMES CORNWALL

Commander of H. M. S. the Marlborough
Who was slain in the Engagement with the
French and Spanish Fleet
Off Toulon Feb. 11, 174$\frac{3}{4}$.

Though Britain's genius hung her drooping Head,
And mourn'd her antient naval glory fled:
On that fam'd day, when France combined with Spain,
Strove for the wide Dominion of the Main;
Yet CORNWALL, all with general voice agree
To pay the tribute of applause to thee.
When his bold Chief in thickest Fight engaged
Unequal War with Spain's proud leader waged
With Indignation mov'd he timely came
To rescue from reproach his Country's Name.
Success too dearly did his valour crown
He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own:

The funeral rites a grateful Nation pays,
That latest times may learn the Hero's praise,
And Chiefs, like him, shall unrepining bleed
When Senates thus reward the glorious deed.

Sir George Lyttelton.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1743 :—

JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Briton, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
A shrine that claims thy tributary tear!
Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,
Nerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd.
Nor less, O Campbell! thine the power to please,
And give to grandeur all the grace of ease;
Long from thy life let kindred heroes trace
Acts which ennoble still the noblest race;
Others may owe their future fame to me,
I borrow immortality from thee.

P. Whitehead.

LUCY LYTTELTON. Ob. 1746-7, æt. 29.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combined.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

Lord Lyttelton.

At Stowe, (killed in action, 1747) :—

HON. CAPT. THOMAS GRENVILLE.

Ye weeping Muses, graces, virtues, tell,
If, since your all accomplished SYDNEY fell,

You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd,
A loss, like that these plaintive lays record;
Such spotless honour, such ingenuous truth,
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too, like SYDNEY, nurs'd in learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her peaceful charms;
Like him possess'd of every pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry virgin's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country died.

Lord Lyttelton.

At Grantham:—

WILLIAM CUST, R.N.

(Killed in the Expedition against Port Lewis, March 8, 1747.)

He was in every relation of private life,
In all that concerned his country, truly great,
and completed his course of life and glory
in the 28th year of his age.

Reader, thy life, how blest soe'er it be,
Is but a voyage on a dangerous sea.
Would'st thou securely make the port of bliss,
See this brave youth, be thy great aim like his.
To live by general love, by virtue's laws,
Or die with honour in thy country's cause.

At Battersea Church, ob. 1751, æt. 73:—

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Here lies
HENRY ST. JOHN:
In the reign of Queen Anne
Secretary of war: Secretary of state
and Visct Bolingbroke:
In the days of K. George I. and K. George II.
Something more and better.
His attachment to Queen Anne
Exposed him to a long and severe persecution

He bore it with firmness of mind.
He passed the latter part of his life at home,
The enemy of no national party:
The friend of no faction.
Distinguished under the cloud of proscription,
Which had not been entirely taken off,
By Zeal to maintain the liberty
And to restore the antient prosperity
Of Great Britain.

In Longford Church :—

To the revered memory of

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE, EARL OF LEICESTER,

Born May 6, 1754. Died at Longford, June 30th 1842. His public conduct as representative for fifty-seven years, of the County of Norfolk, was conspicuous for its decision, disinterested zeal, and unimpeachable integrity. Pre-eminent no less for his generosity as a landlord than for his skill and enterprise as an agriculturist, he secured the deep affection of an attached and prosperous tenantry: while by his exertion and influence he extended in a most remarkable degree the cultivation and rural improvements of the country. In his domestic relations, he was most affectionate, kind, and hospitable. His charity was munificent without ostentation, and his piety simple and unaffected, but warm and sincere.

This Monument is erected by persons of various classes and opinions connected with the county, as some record of an example so excellent and instructive.

In Westminster Abbey :—

To the memory of

JAMES WOLFE,
Major general & commander in chief
Of the British land forces
On an Expedition against Quebec;
Who, after surmounting, by ability and valour,
All obstacles of art and nature,
Was slain in the moment of victory,
On the 14th of September, 1759.
The king & parliament of Great Britain
Dedicate this monument.

Another, at Westerham :—

While George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.

Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honours date our own.

And by *Mickle* :—

Briton, approach with awe this sacred shrine,
And if the Father's sacred name be thine,
If thou hast mark'd thy stripling's cheeks to glow
When war was mentioned, or the Gallic foe,
If shining arms his infant sports employ,
And warm his rage—Here bring the warlike boy,
Here let him stand, whilst thou enwrapt shall tell
How fought the glorious Wolfe, how glorious fell:
Then when thou mark'st his bursting ardours rise,
And all the warrior flashing in his eyes,
Catch his young hand, & while he lifts it here,
By Wolfe's great soul the future Wolfe shall swear
Eternal hate against the faithless Gaul,
Like Wolfe to conquer, or like Wolfe to fall.
What future Hannibals shall England see
Raised & inspired, O gallant Wolfe, by thee!

SIR W. WILLIAMS, BT.

Killed at the Siege of Belleisle, 1761.

Here foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
And scorned repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy Friendship bends and weeps.—*Gray.*

At St. Michael's, Cornwall, ob. 1761 :—

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

Stop and behold,
Where lies
(Once a stable Pillar of the State)
Admiral EDWARD BOSCAWEN,
Who died
January the 10th, 1761,
In the fiftieth year of his Age;
Equally in the Lustre of Renown
As in the Meridian of Life.
His Birth, tho' noble,
His Titles, tho' illustrious,
Were but incidental Additions to his Greatness.
Be these, therefore, the lesser Theme of Heralds,
Whilst the Annals of adverse Nations,
If they faithfully record,
What our own History,
Proud to adorn her Page,
Must perpetuate:
Shall even to the latest Posterity convey,
With what ardent Zeal,
With what successful Valour
He served his Country,
And taught her Foes to dread,
Her Naval Power,
Also
What an inflexible Attachment to Merit
Flourishing beneath his happy Auspices,
What an assemblage
Of
Intrepidity, Humanity, and Justice,
United
To form his Character,
And render him
At once beloved and envied.

Yet know, insidious Gaul!
Eternal Enemy of this our Isle!
However our Grief
May seem to give the present Exultation,
Yet, even after Death
Boscawen's Triumphs
Shall to succeeding Ages stand
A fair Example,
And rouse the active Sons of Britain,
Like him,
To dart the Terror of their Thunders
On Gallic Perfidy!
So shall the Conquests which his Deeds inspire,
Indelibly transmit his Virtues
(A Blaze of martial Glory)
Far beyond.
The mural Epitaph,
Or
The local and perishable Monuments
Of Brass or Stone.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1764, æt. 82 :—

Reader,
If thou art a Briton,
Behold this tomb with reverence and regret:
Here lie the remains of
Daniel Pulteney,
The kindest relation, the truest friend,
The warmest patriot, the worthiest man:
He exercised virtue in this Age,
Sufficient to have distinguished him even in the best.
Sagacious by nature,
Industrious by habit,
Inquisitive with art,
He gain'd a complete knowledge of the state of Britain,
Foreign and domestic,
In most the backward fruits of tedious experience,
In him the early acquisition of undissipated youth,
He served the court several years:
Abroad, in the auspicious reign of Queen Anne,

At home in the reign of that excellent prince,
George I.
He served his country always;
At Court independent,
In the senate unbiassed:
At every age and in every station,
This was the bent of his generous soul,
This was the business of his laborious life.
Public men, and public things,
He judged by one constant standard,
The true interest of Britain:
He made no other distinction of party:
He abhorred all other.
Gentle, humane, disinterested, beneficent,
He created no enemies on his own account:
Firm, determined, inflexible,
He feared none he could create in the cause of
Britain.

Reader,
In this misfortune of thy country, lament thy own,
For know,
The loss of so much private worth
Is a public calamity.

[There is no mention made on the monument of his age, or the time of his death.]

Frances Poole, Viscountess Palmerston. Ob. 1769.

(Inscribed on the pedestal of an Urn at Nuneham.)

Here shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found;
This is her shrine, and consecrates the ground.
Here living sweets around hereafter rise,
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.
Here too the thoughtless and the young may tread,
Who shun the drearier mansions of the dead;
May here be taught what worth the world has known;
Her wit, her sense, her virtue, were her own;
To her peculiar—and for ever lost
To those who knew, and therefore lov'd her most.
O, if kind Pity steal on Virtue's eye,
Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh;

From soft Humanity's ingenuous flame,
A wish may rise to emulate her fame;
And some faint image of her worth restore,
When those who now lament her are no more.

Whitehead.

At Hamilton, ob. 1769, æt. 14 :—

JAMES GEORGE,
Seventh Duke of Hamilton.

All the reflected dignity that shines
Through the long annals of two princely lines,
And all that liberal nature could impart
To charm the eye and captivate the heart,
A bosom glowing with fair honour's flame,
A thirst for science and a love of fame,
With every genuine mark that could presage
Intrinsic greatness in maturer age,
Adorn'd the youthful tenant of this tomb,
Torn from his country's hopes in vernal bloom.
Whoe'er thou art that view'st this plaintive stone,
If e'er thy soul exulted o'er a son,
If public fame, avowing his desert,
Echoed the praises of thy partial heart,
Tho' all may mourn, 'tis thou alone must know
The piercing anguish of a parent's woe.

Moore.

Ob. 1774 :—

To the Memory of
WILLIAM DOWDESWELL,
Representative in Parliament for the County
of Worcester,
Chancellor of the Exchequer in the years
1765 and 1766, and a Member of the
King's Privy Council;
a Senator for twenty years;
a Minister for one;
a virtuous citizen for his whole life;
a man of unshaken constancy, inflexible integrity,
unremitted industry.
His mind was generous, open, sincere;

His manners plain, simple, and noble;
Rejecting all sorts of duplicity and disguise
as useless to his designs, and odious
to his nature.
His understanding
was comprehensive, steady, vigorous,
made for the practical business of the State.
In debate he was clear, natural, and convincing.
His knowledge in all things which con-
cerned his duty, profound.
He understood beyond any man of his time
the revenues of his country;
which he preferred to everything—
except its liberties.
He was a perfect master of the law of Parliament,
and attached to its privileges until they
were set up against the rights of the
people.
All the proceedings
which have weakened government, endangered
freedom, and distracted the
British Empire, were by him
strenuously opposed;
and his last efforts,
under which his health sunk,
were to preserve his country from a civil
war,
which, being unable to prevent, he had
not the misfortune to see.
He was not more respectable on the public
scene
than amiable in private life.
Immersed in the greatest affairs,
he never lost the ancient, native, genuine
English character of a Country Gentle-
man.
Disdaining and neglecting no office in life,
he was an ancient municipal Magistrate,
with great care and clear judgment
administering justice, maintaining the
police, relieving the distresses, and

regulating the manners, of the
people in his neighbour-
hood.
An husband and father
the kindest, gentlest, most indulgent.
He was everything in his family except
what he gave up to his country.

His widow, who labours with life in order to form the minds of his eleven children to the resemblance of their father, erects this monument. *E. Burke.*

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1778, æt. 70 :—

Wm. Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
Erected by the King and Parliament
As a Testimony to
The virtue and ability
of
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,
During whose Administration
Divine Providence
Exalted Great Britain
To an height of Prosperity and Glory
Unknown to any former age.

Another, at Curry Rivel :—

To the Memory of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, this marble is inscribed by Hester, his beloved wife, 1781.

Sacred to pure affection, this simple urn stands a witness of unceasing grief for him, who, excelling in whatever is most admirable, and adding to the exercise of the sublimest virtues the sweet charm of refined sentiment and polished wit, by gay and social commerce, rendered beyond comparison happy the course of domestic life, and bestowed a felicity inexpressible on her, whose faithful love was blessed in a pure return, that raised her above every other joy but the parental one—and that still shared with him. This humble tribute is but to soothe the sorrowing breast of private woe.

And by Cumberland :—

To thee, great orator, whose early mind
Broke forth with splendour, that amaz'd mankind ;

To thee, whose lips with eloquence were fraught,
By which the aged and the learn'd were taught;
To thee, the wonder of Britannia's isle,
A grateful senate rears this marble pile;
Convinc'd that after-ages must approve
This pious token of a nation's love.
Here, tho' the sculptor simply grave thy name;
It gives thy titles and records thy fame,
Thy great endowments had we aim'd to trace,
The swelling catalogue had wanted space;
Tho' vast the range of thine expansive soul,
Thy God and country occupied the whole;
In that dread hour when ev'ry heart is tried,
The Christian triumph'd while the mortal died;
In the last gasp of thine expiring breath,
The prayer yet quiver'd on the lip of death:
Hear this, ye Britons, and to God be true,
For know that dying pray'r was breath'd for you.

Ob. 1778, æt. 21:—

COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUNE.

Blest with each native grace, each gentle art,
That charms the eye, and captivates the heart;
The sense of age, warm'd with the glow of youth,
And sage discretion, join'd to manly truth;
Polite, yet artless; simple, though refin'd;
Her form all grace, all harmony her mind,
Where sober wisdom, radiant wit, conspire,
A virgin's softness, and a seraph's fire;
All that the sage reveres, the youth admires,
What reason dictates, what the muse inspires.
Her modest virtues, in a low estate
Had drawn respect, but dignify'd a great:
Conspicuous plac'd, in a licentious age,
To stem the torrent, and repress the rage
Of vice—a fair example, lent, not given;
Alas! too soon recall'd to native heav'n!
Her drooping lord and mourning parents join'd
With mutual sorrows to inscribe her shrine.

At Stoneham, ob. 1781, æt. 76:—

ADMIRAL LORD EDWARD HAWKE.

The bravery of his soul was equal to the dangers he encountered: the cautious intrepidity of his deliberations, superior even to the conquest he obtained; the annals of his life compose a period of naval glory, unparalleled in later times, for wherever he sailed victory attended him: a prince, unsolicited, conferred on him dignities he disdained to ask.

CHARLES, MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM. Ob. 1782.

A statesman in whom constancy, fidelity, sincerity, and directness, were the sole instruments of his policy. His virtues were his arts. A clear, sound, unadulterated sense, not perplexed with intricate design, or disturbed by ungoverned passion, gave consistency, dignity, and effect to all his measures. In Opposition, he respected the principles of Government; in Administration, he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realising every thing which he had promised in a popular situation. This was the distinguishing mark of his conduct. After twenty-four years of service to the public, in a critical and trying time, he left no debt of just expectation unsatisfied.

By his prudence and patience he brought together a party which it was the great object of his labours to render permanent, not as an instrument of ambition, but as a living depositary of principle.

The virtues of his public and private life, were not in him of different characters. It was the same feeling, benevolent, liberal mind that, in the internal relations of life, conciliates the unfeigned love of those who see men as they are, which made him an inflexible patriot. He was devoted to the cause of liberty, not because he was haughty and intractable, but because he was beneficent and humane.

Let his successors, who from this house behold this monument, reflect that their conduct will make it their glory or their reproach. Let them be persuaded that similarity of manners, not proximity of blood, gives them an interest in this statue.

Remember—Resemble—Persevere.

E. Burke.

To the Memory of
Sir George Saville, Bart.
Who,
In five successive Parliaments,
Represented the County of York;
The Public Love and Esteem of his
Fellow Citizens
Have decreed this
Monument.
His Life was an Ornament and Blessing
To the Age in which he lived;
And, after his death, his
Memory
Will continue to be beneficial to mankind,
By holding forth an example of
Pure and unaffected Virtue,
Most worthy of Imitation,
To the latest Posterity.
He departed this life January the 9th,
1784,
In the 58th year of his age,
Beloved and lamented.
In private life he was Benevolent and
Sincere;
His Charities were extensive and secret;
His whole heart was formed on principles
Of Generosity, Mildness, Justice, and universal Candour.
In public, the patron of every national
Improvement;
In the Senate, uncorrupt;
In his commerce with the world disinterested.
By genius entitled in the means of
Doing good;
He was unwearied in doing it.

E. Burke.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1786:—

To the memory of
Philip, Earl Stanhope.
Conspicuous for universal benevolence,
Unshaken public integrity, and private worth;

Deep were his researches in philosophy,
And extensive his ideas for his country's good:
He was ever a determined supporter
Of the *Trial by Juries*,
Of the *Freedom of Elections*,
Of a *Numerous* and *Well Regulated Militia*,
And of the *Liberty of the Press*.
On the 7th day of March, 1786,
And in the 72nd year of his age,
He terminated an honourable life,
Spent in the exercise of *Virtue*,
In the improvements of *Science*,
And in the pursuit of *Truth*.

In respectful remembrance of him, the above lines were inscribed by his affectionate son, Charles Earl Stanhope.

In St. Paul's Cathedral:—

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

To the Memory of Sir William Jones, Knight,
One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature
at Fort William in Bengal.
This Statue was erected by the Honourable East India Company
in testimony of their grateful sense of his public Services,
their admiration of his Genius and Learning,
and their Respect for his Character and Virtues.
He died in Bengal, on the 27th April, 1794, aged 47.

At Bengal, written by himself:—

Here was deposited
The mortal part of a man
who feared God but not Death,
and maintained independence
but sought not riches;
who thought none below him
but the base & unjust;
none above him but the wise & virtuous:
who loved his parents, kindred, & friends
and country,
and having devoted his life to their service
and the improvement of his mind,
resigned it calmly,

giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
and good will to his fellow creatures,
on the —— day of ——
In the year of our blessed Redeemer ——.

At St. Paul's, ob. 1799 :—

EARL HOWE.

"Gibraltar relieved, Oct. 11th, 1778.
The French fleet defeated,
June 1st, 1784."

At the Admiral's feet is this inscription :—

Erected at the public expense to the memory of
ADMIRAL EARL HOWE,
in testimony of the general sense of his great and meritorious services, in the course of a long and distinguished life, and in particular
for the benefit
derived to his country, by the brilliant victory which he obtained over the French fleet, off Ushant, 1st June, 1794.
He was born 19th March, 1726, and died 5th Aug. 1799, in his 74th year."

At Shrivenham, ob. 1800, æt. 70 :—

HON. SAMUEL BARRINGTON,
Admiral of the White, & General of Marines.

Here rests the Hero, who, in glory's page,
Wrote his fair deeds for more than half an age.
Here rests the Patriot, who for England's good,
Each toil encountered, and each clime withstood ;
Here rests the Christian, his the loftier theme,
To seize the conquest, yet renounce the fame.
He, when his arm St. Lucia's trophies boasts,
Ascribes the glory to the Lord of Hosts ;
And when the harder task remain'd behind,
The passive courage and the will resign'd,
Patient the veteran victor yields his breath,
Secure in him who conquered sin and death.

Hannah More.

At St. Paul's: —

Erected at the public expense to the memory of
Lieut.-General Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B.
Commander-in-Chief of an Expedition directed against
the French in Egypt; who having surmounted with
consummate ability and valour the obstacles opposed to
his landing by local difficulties, and a powerful and
well-prepared enemy;
and having successfully established and maintained
the successive positions necessary for conducting his
further operations, resisted, with signal advantage,
a desperate attack of chosen and veteran troops
on the 21st of March, 1801,
when he received in the engagement a mortal wound,
but remained on the field, guiding by his direction
and animating by his presence, the brave troops under
his command, until they had achieved the
brilliant and important victory obtained on that
memorable day.
The former actions of a life spent in the service of
his country, and thus gloriously terminated,
were distinguished by the same military skill, and by
equal zeal for the public service, particularly
during the campaigns in the Netherlands, in 1793 and 94:
in the West Indies in 1796 and 97; and in Holland
in 1799; in the last of which,
the distinguished gallantry and ability with which
he effected his landing on the Dutch Coast,
established his position in the face of a powerful enemy,
and secured the command of the principal fort
and arsenal of the Dutch Republic, were acknowledged
and honoured by the thanks of both Houses of
Parliament.

Sir Ralph Abercromby expired on board the *Foudroyant*
the 28th of March, 1801, in his 66th year.*

* His body was buried under the walls of the Castle of St. Elmo, near the town of La Valetta, in Malta.

ADMIRAL LORD HUGH SEYMOUR. Ob. 1803.

Parted once—the fair and brave,
Meet again—but in their grave :[1]—
She, was Nature's brightest flower,
Struck before its drooping hour :—
He, was Britain's Naval pride ;
Young—but old in *fame*, he died.
Love, but with a Patriot's tear,
Mourns, and consecrates them here.

At St. Paul's :—

To the memory of
CHARLES, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS
Governor General of Bengal,
who died 5th of October, 1805, aged 66, at Ghazeepore,
in the province of Benares,
on his progress to assume the command of the army
in the field :
This monument is erected at the public expense,
in testimony of his high & distinguished public character,
his long & eminent public services,
both as a Soldier & a Statesman,
and the unwearied zeal with which his exertions were
employed in the last moments of his life, to promote
the interest & honour of his country.

Another :—

Inflexible and steady courage,
A sacred fidelity in political trust,
Purity and singleness of heart—
A temper the mirrour of that purity,
A reflecting and well disciplined judgment
In the most arduous conflicts ;
A distinguished simplicity of manners,
And the most elevated sense of honour ;
Every public virtue and spirit,
Every gentle and graceful affection,

[1] Lord H. Seymour died on the Jamaica Station, of an attack of yellow fever. At his own request he was buried in the same tomb with his wife, the most admired beauty of the day, Lady Horatia Anne, daughter of the Earl Waldegrave, by the Duchess of Gloucester, then Countess of Waldegrave. The epitaph was written by George Hardinge, Esq.

Made him universally
Admired, revered, and beloved;
The ornament of his Country and the age;
A model to Posterity.

Written by Geo. Hardinge as an inscription for the pedestal of the statue of the Marquis.

On a Lady who died of a Consumption. Ob. 1805.

(Attributed to Henry, Viscount Palmerston.)

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's best treasure to these healing springs;[1]
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain,
These healing springs has visited in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch, in dumb despair, the short'ning breath;
If chance directs him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest;
Fram'd every tie that binds the soul to prove
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love;
But yet—remembering that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die;
The starting tear I check'd—I kiss'd the rod,
And not to earth resign'd her—but to God.

At St. Paul's:—

Erected at the public expense
to the memory of
Vice Admiral Horatio, Viscount Nelson, K.B.
to record his splendid & unparalleled achievements
during a life spent in the service of his country,
and terminated in the moment of victory by a glorious
death, in the memorable action off Cape Trafalgar,
on the 21st of October, 1805.

Lord Nelson was born on the 29th of September, 1758.
The Battle of the Nile was fought on the 1st of Aug. 1798.
The Battle of Copenhagen on the 2nd of April, 1801.

[1] Bristol Hot Wells.

On a monumental tower erected on one of the summits of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh :—

To the Memory
of Vice Admiral
Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson,
and of the great Victory of Trafalgar,
too dearly purchased with his blood ;
the grateful Citizens of Edinburgh
have erected this monument,
not to express their unavailing sorrow
for his death,
nor yet to celebrate the matchless glories
of his life ;
but, by his noble example,
to teach their Sons
to emulate and admire,
and, like him,
when duty requires it,
to die for their Country.
A.D. 1805.

In Cheshunt Churchyard :—

To the Memory of the Honorable John Scott
(Eldest son of John Baron Eldon)
Who at the age of thirty-one years was removed by death
From the hopes and affections of his family and friends ;
To all of whom he was eminently endeared,
By the purity of his moral and religious principles,
By the integrity of his public conduct,
By the grace of a highly cultivated understanding,
And
By a peculiar sweetness of disposition and manners.
This last painful testimony of regard is dedicated
By his disconsolate Father
And
By his afflicted Widow,
(Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Matthew White
Ridley, Baronet),
With whom he had been happily united for the space of

little more than one year,
And
By whom he has left an only Son,
Born about three weeks before his own decease,
Which took place on the 24th of December, 1805.
Sir Wm. Scott.

At Chertsey :—

To the
Memory of the Best of Husbands and
The most excellent of Men,
CHARLES JAMES FOX,
who died Sep. 13th, 1806,
And is buried in Westminster Abbey.
His most affectionate Wife
Places this Tablet.

At St. Paul's :—

Sacred to the memory of
Lieutenant-General SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.
who was born at Glasgow, 1761.
He fought for his Country
in America, in Corsica, in the West Indies,
in Holland, Egypt, and Spain;
and on the 16th January, 1809,
was slain by a cannon ball
at Corunna.

At St. Paul's :—

Erected at the public expense to the memory of
CUTHBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD,
Who died in command of the Fleet in the Mediterranean,
on board of the Ville de Paris,
VII. March, MDCCCX. in LXI. year of his age.
Wherever he served he was distinguished for conduct,
skill, & courage, particularly in the action with
the French Fleet, June 1st MDCCXCIV.,
as Captain of the Barfleur;
in the action with the Spanish Fleet, XIV. February,
MDCCXCVII.,
as Captain of the Excellent,

but most conspicuously in the decisive Victory off
Cape Trafalgar, obtained over
the combined Fleets of France & Spain,
to which he eminently contributed, as Vice Admiral
of the Blue, commanding the larboard division,
XXI. October, MDCCCV.

At St. Paul's :—

Erected at the public expense
to Lieut.-General SIR THOMAS PICTON, G.C.B.
who, after distinguishing himself in the victories of
Buzaco, Fuentes de Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz,
Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes & Toulouse,
terminated his long & glorious military service
in the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo,
to the splendid success of which
his genius and valour eminently contributed,
on the 18th of June, 1815.

At Kensington, ob. 1820 :—

Sacred to the Memory of
GEORGE CHARLES CANNING,
Eldest Son of the Right Hon. George Canning & Joan Scott,
his Wife, in his 19th year.

Tho' short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet merciful in chastening,—gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, Faith and Hope,
Meek Resignation, pious Charity;
And since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade Earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix on Heaven thine unaverted eye.
Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies;
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure;
Pure from all stain, save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away;

By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest;
Whilst I;—(reversed our nature's kindlier doom),
Pour forth a Father's sorrows on thy tomb.

Written by Mr. Canning on the day of his son's decease.

At Easton, ob. 1823, æt. 66:—

GEORGE RICHARD SAVAGE NASSAU.

Here lies—NASSAU—Honour owns the name,
And GEORGE prefix'd awakens friendship's claim;
Affection, springing from a brother's breast,
Rais'd to his worth this tributary test.
A polish'd mind, rul'd by a generous heart,
Form'd of his character the leading part;
Integrity, candour, benevolence, and love,
Vied in their turns ascendancy to prove.
On duty's course he won the glorious race,
And crown'd morality with Christian grace.
Vain is the poet's art and sculptor's plan,
Truth of herself best celebrates the man;
Religion guards his ashes as a prize,
And wafts his soul immortal to the skies.

Earl of Rochford.

In Westminster Abbey:—

RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.

GEORGE CANNING.
Born 11th April, 1770. Died 8th August, 1827.
Endowed with a rare combination of talents,
an eminent statesman,
an accomplished scholar,
an orator surpassed by none.
He united
The most brilliant and lofty qualities of the mind
With the warmest affections of the heart.
Raised by his own merit,
He successively filled important offices in the State
and finally became First Minister of the Crown.
In the full enjoyment of his Sovereign's favour
and of the confidence of the people,

He was prematurely cut off
when pursuing a wise and enlarged course
of policy,
Which had for its object the prosperity and greatness
of his own country,
while it comprehended the welfare
and commanded the admiration
of foreign nations.
This Monument is erected
By his Friends and Countrymen.

In Sonning Church:—

LORD STOWELL.

Sacred
To the Memory of
The Right Honourable
William Scott, Baron Stowell,
of Stowell, in the County of Gloucester,
D.C.L., F.R.S.
Born October 28th, 1745.
Died January 28th, 1836.
He was one of his Majesty's
Most Honourable Privy Council:
Many years Judge of
The High Court of Admiralty, in England,
Chancellor of the Diocese of London,
And one of
The Representatives in Parliament
For the University of Oxford,
From the year 1796 to the year 1821,
When he was raised to the Peerage.
This eminent Person
Was universally and most justly regarded
As one of
The principal ornaments of the country
And age in which he lived.
In him were combined
All the talents and acquirements
Of a profound and accomplished scholar;
All the qualities of a wise and upright judge;
Together with an ardent attachment

To the civil and ecclesiastical institutions
of his country.
Of which institutions he was
The firm and uncompromising supporter
Throughout his long and
Exemplary Life.

Lord Sidmouth.

MISS BROUGHAM. Ob. 1839, æt. 17.

Blanda anima e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo
Inter maternas heu! lacrymasque patris,
Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas,
Et levis, et proprii vix memor ipsa mali;
I pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus!
Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies!

Doomed to long suffering from your earliest years,
Amidst your parents' grief and pain alone
Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears,
And in their agonies forgot your own;
Go, gentle spirit; and among the blest,
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest.

Wellesley.

MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

Epitaph written by himself and given to Dr. Goodhall, the Provost of Eton College: dated Kingston House, Jan. 5, 1842:—

Titulum proprio Sepulchro inscribendum.

Fortunæ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,
In gremium redeo, serus, Etona, tuum;
Magna sequi, et summæ minari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te didici puer; atque in limine vitæ
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
Siqua meum vitæ decursu gloria nomen
Auxerit, aut siquis nobilitaret honos,
Muneris, Alma, tui est: altrix da terra sepulchrum,
Supremam lacrymam da! memoremque mei!

Thro' life on fortune's varied waters cast,
To Eton's bosom I return at last—

By her in childhood taught the steep to climb
Of lofty fame—to search the "olden time"—
And, led by virtue's pure and fostering rays,
To track the ascending path of well-earned praise.
If glory's beams have played around my name,
And made me soar aloft on wings of fame—
Nurse of my youth! the praise be wholly thine!
The peaceful nook of earth and parting tear be mine!

In Westminster Abbey:—

Here, amidst the memorials of maturer greatness,
This tribute of private affection and public honour
Records the talents, virtues, and early death of
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES BULLER:
Who, as an independent member of Parliament,
And in the discharge of important offices of State,
United the deepest human sympathies
With wide and philosophic views of government and mankind,
And pursued the noblest political and social objects,
Above party spirit and without an enemy.

His character was distinguished by sincerity and resolution,
His mind by vivacity and clearness of comprehension;
While the vigour of expression and singular wit,
That made him eminent in debate and delightful in society,
Were tempered by a most gentle and generous disposition,
Earnest in friendship and benevolent to all.

The British Colonies will not forget the statesman
Who so well appreciated their desires and their destinies,
And his country, recalling what he was, deplores
The vanished hope of all he might have become.
He was born August, 1806. He died November 29, 1848.

Milnes.

In Memory of
MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,
who died on the 4th of June, 1849.

In her life-time
She was loved and admired,
For her many graceful writings,
Her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart.

Men, famous for art and science,
In distant lands,
Sought her friendship:
And the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters
Of her own country,
Found an unfailing welcome
In her ever-hospitable home.
She gave, cheerfully, to all who were in need,
Help, and sympathy, and useful counsel;
And she died
Lamented by her friends.
They who loved her best in life, and now lament her most,
Have raised this tributary marble
Over the place of her rest.

Barry W. Procter.

Another:—

Hic est *depositum*
Quod superest mulieris
Quondam pulcherrimæ
Benefacta celare potuit
Ingenium *suum* non potuit
Peregrinos *quoslibet*
Gratâ hospitalitate convocabat
Lutetiæ Parisiorum
Ad meliorem vitam abiit
Diè iv mensis Junii
MDCCCXLIX.

The above is one of the inscriptions in the tomb of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, written by Walter Savage Landor. It is somewhat altered from the original one by W. S. L.,[1] which was as follows:—

Infra sepvltvm est id omne qvod sepeliri potest
mvlieris qvondam pvlcherrimæ.
Ingenivm svvm svmmo stvdio colvit,
aliorvm pari adjvvit.
Benefacta sva celare novit; ingenivm non ita.
Erga omnis erat largâ bonitate

[1] See Athenæum for Landor's observations on the alterations made in his inscription.

peregrinis eleganter hospitalis.
Venit Lvtetiam Parisiorvm Aprili mense:
qvarto Jvnii die svpremvm svvm obiit.

Thus Englished by Mr. Landor :—

"To the Memory of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington. "Underneath is buried all that *could* be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she conferred she could conceal,—her talents not. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris in April, and there she breathed her last, on the 4th June, 1849."

At Beechy Island :—

In memory of
Lieut. Bellot,
of the French Navy,
Who lost his life whilst nobly
aiding in the search for
Sir John Franklin,
In the Wellington Channel,
where he was drowned,
on the 18th of August, 1853.
This Tablet to record the sad event
was erected by a Friend,
A.D. 1854.

At Greenwich :—

To the intrepid young
Bellot
of the French Navy,
who in the endeavour to rescue
Franklin,
shared the fate and glory of that
illustrious navigator.
(From his British admirers)
1853.

At Saffron Walden :—

Hon. H. A. and Grey Neville.

Sacred to the memory of two gallant young officers, the third and fifth sons of Lord and Lady Braybrooke, who,

having accompanied their regiments to the Crimea, were both cut off in the short space of one week, while nobly fighting for their Queen and Country. The Hon. Henry Aldworth Neville, Captain in the Grenadier Guards, after sharing in the glories of the memorable day at Alma, was mortally wounded at the battle of Inkermann, Nov. 5th, 1854, and expired a few hours after; aged thirty.

"The Hon. Grey Neville, Cornet in the 5th Dragoon Guards, died in the hospital at Scutari, Nov. 11th, 1854, of wounds received in the charge of the heavy cavalry at Balaclava, Oct. 25th, aged twenty-four."

"In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction, but they are in peace."—*Wisdom* iii. 2, 3.

At Thomastown, Kilkenny:

CAPTAIN BUTLER AND HIS TWO BROTHERS.

Sacred to the memory of
Henry Thomas, Charles George & James Armar,
Beloved and Lamented Sons of Lieut.-General the
Hon. Henry Edward Butler, and Grandsons of
Henry Thomas 2nd Earl of Carrick.

Henry Thomas Butler,
Captain in the 55th Regiment,
And Deputy-Assistant Adjutant General,
Served in the Campaign in China,
and was killed at the Battle of Inkermann, the 5th Nov.
1854, whilst gallantly and nobly performing
his duty, aged 42 years.

Charles George Butler,
Captain in the 86th Regiment,
Died of fever, at Bombay, the 17th December, 1854,
Aged 31 years. He served in Scinde.

James Armar Butler,
Captain in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment,
Served in Caffreland, and died the 21st June, 1854, at
Silistria, on the Danube, aged 27 years,
of wounds he received whilst aiding the Turks
in their memorable and successful defence of that

Fortress. By his prudence, courage, skill, ability,
and intrepid daring, this young Volunteer,
Assisted by his gallant friend and brother officer,
infused into the garrison that spirit of heroic resistance
which led to its triumphant defence ;
(The words of Field-Marshal the Lord Raglan,
and of General Viscount Hardinge.)
After having defeated the last effort
made by a numerous and powerful Russian army,
He was mortally wounded,
And was mournfully followed to the grave by the
Brave men whom he had so often led to victory.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—2 *Sam.* i. 23.

"He calleth His own sheep by name and leadeth them out."—*John* x. 3.

"The righteous hath hope in His death."—*Prov.* xiv. 13.

At Maidstone :—

In memory of
Lewis Edward Nolan,
Captain in the 15th, or King's Hussars,
And A.D.C. to Major-General Airey,
Quarter-Master General to the Forces
In the Crimea.
He fell at the Head of
The Light Cavalry Brigade
In the Charge at Balaclava,
On the 25th October, 1854,
Aged 36.
General Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B.
(On whose Staff he Served in India),
General Airey,
His brother Officers and Friends,
Have erected this Tablet
As a slight Tribute of the Esteem
And affectionate Regard
For the Memory of One
Of the most Gallant, Intelligent,
And Energetic Officers
In Her Majesty's Service.

Monument to the Guards who fell at Alma and Inkermann. In Holy Trinity Church, Windsor :—

To the memory of
Those gallant men,
The Officers,
Non-commissioned officers
And private soldiers
of
The Brigade of Guards
who fell at
Alma and Inkermann,
And to those,
who, no less brave,
have endured
with unshaken fortitude,
even unto death
The dangers, severities,
and privations
of a Winter campaign
Before Sebastopol,
This Tablet is erected by
The Clergy of this Church,
who, in
more peaceful times,
Ministered among them.
Easter, MDCCCLV.

EPITAPHS OF ECCLESIASTICS.

At St. Alban's, according to a MS. in Bibl. Cott. :—

Here lieth interred the Body of
SAINT ALBAN,
A Citizen of Old Verulam,
Of whom this town took Denomination,
And from the Ruins of which City this town did arise.
He was the First Martyr of England,
And suffered his Martyrdom the 17th day of June,
In the year of man's Redemption, 293.

Another at St. Albans :—

Renowned Alban Knight, first Martyr of this Land,
By Dioclesian lost his life through bloody hand
Who made him Sovereign, Lord High Steward of this Isle
And Prince of Britain's Knights to dignify his stile ;
He verity embrac't & VERULAM forsooke,
And in this very Place, his Martyrdom he took ;
Here Offa Mertian's King, did Alban's bones enshrine,
So all things were disposed by Providence Divine.

BEON, FOURTH ABBOT OF GLASTONBURY.

Beneath this marble Beon's ashes lie,
Once rev'rend abbat of this monastery :
Saint Patrick's servant, as the Irish frame
The legend-tale, and Beon[1] was his name.

POPE GREGORY.

Suscipe, terra, tuo corpus de corpore sumptum,
Reddere quod valeas vivificante Deo.

[1] Benignus. He succeeded St. Patrick, who died in 472.

Spiritus astra petit, leti nil jura nocebunt,
Cui vitæ alterius mors magis ipsa via est.
Pontificis summi hoc clauduntur membra sepulcro,
Qui innumeris semper vivit ubique bonis.
Esuriem dapibus superavit, frigora veste,
Atque animas monitis texit ab hoste sacris.
Implebatque actu, quicquid sermone docebat,
Esset ut exemplum, mystica verba loquens.
Ad Christum Anglos convertit pietate magistra,
Adquirens fidei agmina gente nova.
Hic labor, hoc studium, hæc tibi cura, hoc Pastor agebas,
Ut Domino offerres plurima lucra gregis.
Hisque Dei Consul factus lætare triumphis:
Nam mercedem operum jam sine fine tenes.

Earth! take that body which at first you gave,
Till God again shall raise it from the grave.
His soul amidst the stars finds heavenly day;
In vain the gates of darkness make essay
On him whose death but leads to life the way.
To the dark tomb, this prelate, though decreed,
Lives in all places by his pious deed.
Before his bounteous board pale Hunger fled:
To warm the poor he fleecy garments spread;
And to secure their souls from Satan's power,
He taught by sacred precepts every hour.
Nor only taught; but first the example led,
Lived o'er his rules and acted what he said.
To English Saxons Christian truth he taught,
And a believing flock to heaven he brought.
This was thy work and study, this thy care,
Offerings to thy Redeemer to prepare.
For those to heavenly honours raised on high,
Where thy reward of labours ne'er shall die.

THEODORE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Ob. 690.

(First taught Greek in England.)

Scandens alma novæ felix consortia vitæ,
Civibus Angelicis junctus in arce poli.

This is given on the authority of Camden (Hearne's Disc. i., 316), but Baronius, anno 690, gives the following:—

Hic sacer in tumba pausat cum corpore Præsul,
Quem Theodorum nunc lingua Pelasga vocat.
Preceps Pontificum, felix, summusque sacerdos,
Limpida discipulis dogmata disseruit.
Namque diem nonam decimam September habebat;
Cum carnis claustra spiritus egreditur:
Alma novæ scandens felix consortia vita
Civibus Angelicis junctus in arce poli.

Translated thus:—

A worthy prelate lieth here, fast closed in his grave,
To whom the name of *Theodore* the Greeks most justly gave,
With title right the sovereignty having of each degree,
Christ's flock he fed with true doctrine, as all men do well see,
His soul was set at liberty (that lumpish lump of clay
Dissolved) when September had put nineteen days away.
And coveting their fellowship that live a godly life,
Is companied with angels high, void of all care & strife.

Another:—

THEODORE yat was of Cawnterbury,
Archbyschoppe then and eke the hygh Prymat,
Of fourscore yer of age, so than did dy,
That twenty yer and two held that Estat,
To great Honore and Worschippe fortunat
The yer of CRIST syx hundryd fowrscore and ten,
Was when his Sowl fro Flesh was lesed clen.

Theodore was the last of the first seven Archbishops of Canterbury,[1] upon whom the following epitaph was made:—

"Septem sunt Anglis primates et protopatres,
Septem Rectores, cælo septemq. triones,
Septem cisternæ vitæ, septemq. lucernæ,
Et septem palmæ regni, septemq. coronæ,
Septem sunt stellæ, quos hæc tenet area cellæ."

Translated thus:—

Seven patriarchs of England, and primates seven,
Seven Rectors, and seven Labaurers[2] in heaven,

[1] Augustinus, A.D. 596; Laurentius, 611; Mellitus, 619; Justus, 624; Honorius, 634; Deus Dedit 655; Theodorus, 668.

[2] Seven stars in Charles's wain.

Seven cesterns pure of life, seven lamps of light,
Seven palms, and of this realm seven crowns full bright,
Seven stars are here interr'd in vault below.

Nicholas, Abbot of St. Ouen. Ob. 1092.

(By Maurice the Monk.)

Hic amor et pietas, Monachorum flos et honestas,
Deponens artus Domino vivit Nicolaus.
Rexit amore gregem, quam cernis condidit ædem,
Hæc lux occubuit dum pisces Phœbus adurit.

Nicholas, the flower and glory of monks, beloved and lamented, whose remains are here deposited, lives with the Lord. He governed his flock with love; and built this church. This star set when the sun was glowing in the constellation of Pisces.

Roger Bigod. Ob. 1108.

(Founder of Thetford Priory.)

Clauderis exiguo Rogere Bigote sepulchro,
  Et rerum cedit portio parva tibi.
Divitiæ, sanguis, facundia, gratia Regum
  Intereunt, mortem fallere nemo potest.
Divitiæ mentes subvertunt, erigat ergo
  Te pietas, virtus, consiliumque De
Soli mærebat virgo ter noctibus octo,
  Cùm solvis morti debita morte tua.

This little span of earth is all that's left
To Roger Bigod, of his honours reft.
Ah! what avail wealth, honours, eloquence,
Or royal favour, or e'en manly sense!
What enervates the soul like opulence?
Thee, may God's counsels grant a happy fate,
Thee piety and virtue elevate!
For four & twenty nights the God of day,
With the bright Virgin wedded, tracked his way,
When thy brave spirit, Roger, passed away.

At Winchester Cathedral, ob. 1366 :—

WILLIAM OF EDINGTON, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Edyndon natus Wilhelmus hic est tumulatus
Præsul prægratus, in Wintonia cathedratus.
Qui pertransitis, ejus memorare velites.
Providus et mitis, ausit cum mille peritis.
Pervigil Anglorum fuit adjutor populorum
Dulcis egenorum pater et protector eorum.
M. C. tribus junctum, post L. X. V. sit I punctum
Octava sanctum notat hunc Octobris inunctum.

William, born at Edington, is here interred.
He was a well beloved prelate, & Winchester was his see.
You, who pass by his tomb, remember him in your prayers.
He was discreet & mild, yet a match for thousands in knowledge & sagacity.
He was a watchful guardian of the English nation,
A tender father of the poor & the defender of their rights.
To one thousand add three hundred with fifty, ten, five, & one,
Then the eighth of October will mark the time when he became a Saint.

At St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich, THOMAS BOZOUN, Prior, was buried in 1480. The following inscription is on the upper part of the arch of his monument :—

O tu qui transis, Vir, aut Mulier, puer an,
Respice Picturas, apices lege, cerne Figuras,
Et memor esto tui, sic bene disce mori.

Man Woman or Child, that here pass by,
Remember Death, learn well to dye,
These Pictures see, these Figures view,
The Sculls below, the Truth tell you.

Three skulls are represented—one with teeth, to signify youth ; the second with only two in the lower jaw remaining, to denote advanced age ; and the third, in which they are entirely absent, to depict old age.

At St. Bartholomew, Exchange, ob. 1568, æt. 81 :—

MILES COVERDALE.

Hic tandem requiemque ferens, finemque laborum,
Ossa Coverdali mortua tumbus habet :

Exoniæ qui præsul erat dignissimus olim,
Insignis vitæ vir probitate suæ.

Octoginta annos grandævus vixit et unum,
Indignum passus sæpius exilium.
Sic demum variis jactatus casibus ista
Excipit gremio, terra benigna, suo.

This tomb, which at last offers repose and a termination of his labours, holds the bones of Coverdale! who, as Bishop of Exeter, distinguished himself by the exemplary probity of his life. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-one years, too long an exile from his native country. Having experienced a variety of troubles, he is here received into the friendly bosom of the grave.

At Norwich, ob. 1575:—

ARCHBISHOP MATTHEW PARKER.

Sobrius et Prudens, Studiis excultus et Usu,
Integer, et veræ Religionis amans,
MATTHÆUS vixerit PARKERUS, foverat illum
Aula Virum, Juvenem, fovit et Aula Senem,
Ordine res gessit, Recti Defensor et Æqui,
Vixerat ille DEO, Mortuus ille DEO est.

Matthew Parker lived soberlie & wise,
Learned by Studie & continuall Practise,
Loving, true, of Life uncontroll'd,
The *Court* did foster him both yoong & old,
Orderlie he dealt, the Right he did defend,
He lived unto GOD, to GOD he made his End.

At St. Paul's, ob. 1594, æt. 73:—

BISHOP AYLMER.

Ter senos annos præsul, semel exul, et idem
Bis pugil in causâ religionis erat.

Eighteen years bishop, & once banished hence,
And twice a champion in the truth's defence.

At Bishops-born, ob. 1600, æt. 46 :—

RICHARD HOOKER.

Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
Or the remembrance of that precious name,
Judicious Hooker; though this cost be spent
On him that hath a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
If not his worth, yet our respectfulness.
Church-ceremonies he maintained; then why
Without all ceremony should he die?
Was it because his life and death should be
Both equal patterns of humility?
Or that perhaps, this only glorious one
Was above all to ask, Why had he none?
Yet he that lay so long obscurely low,
Doth now, preferr'd, to greater honours go.
Ambitious men learn hence to be more wise;
Humility is the true way to rise:
And God in me this lesson did inspire,
To bid this humble man, Friend, sit up higher.

W. Cooper.

REV. THOS. PLAYFERE, D.D. Ob. 1608.

Who lives with Death, by Death in Death is lying,
But he who living dies, best lives by dying:
Who life to truth, who death to error gives,
In life may die, by death more surely lives.
My soul in Heaven breathes, in schools my fame,
Then on my tomb write nothing but my name.

At Northwold, ob. 1616, æt. 68 :—

REV. THO. SCOT.

Quem vivens Matri Lapidem feci esse Sepulchrum,
Me quoque defunctum contigit ista Lapis.
Ut Quæ, me vivum concepit Corpore viva,
In sua me rursus viscera concipiat.

This Stone which living, on my Mother, I
Caus'd to be laid, now dead, on me doth lye.
So she that quick conceiv'd me in her Womb,
Receives me dead, and now becomes my Tomb.

At Exeter, ob. 1621 :—

On the Rev. William Cotton, D.D.
Bishop of Exeter.

A Paulo ad Petrum pia te Regina vocavit:
Cum Petro et Paulo cœli Rex arce locavit.

Whom th' queen from Paul to Peter did remove:
Him God with Paul and Peter plac'd above.

At Wimple Church, Oxon. ob. 1625, æt. 63 :—

Rev. Edward Marshall.

A shining Starre that glistered farr when fix'd in this our skye
A radiant light shew'd to our sight of knowledge from on hye
And by his Motion gave direction how wee should move on earth
His influence store of Almes the poore in need received & dearth
By many prayers and show'ring teares this place his influence had
Of Comfort much and blessing such as joyed & made it glad.
This starr so bright hath lost his light being fallen to the ground
His earth we have within this grave his Soul in Heaven is crown'd.

Rev. John Donne, D.D. Ob. 1631.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And write it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for, none can truly know
Thy life and worth, but he that hath liv'd so.
He must have wit to spare and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the town.
He must have learning plenty, both the laws,
Civil and common, to judge any cause.
Divinity great store above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have language, travel, all the arts,
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mæcenas, and Augustus too.

He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
He that would write an epitaph for thee,
Should first be dead: let it alone for me.

Bishop Corbet.

At Instow, ob. 1631:—

REV. JOHN DOWN, B.D.

Here lie the ashes of that lamp divine
Which here with zeal did burn, with knowledge shine.
Such beams his life, and learning, did display,
As chang'd our twilight to a perfect day.
For which great light, this orb too low by far,
He's plac'd in heaven, and there shines as a star.

In Hereford Cathedral, ob. 1636:—

BISHOP THEOPHILUS FIELD.

Anagram:—*He fail'd not any.*

The Sun, that light unto three[1] churches gave,
Is set. This FIELD is buried in a grave.
This Sun shall rise, this Field renew his flowers,
This sweetness breathe for ages, not for hours.

In Christ Church, Oxon:—

ROBERT BURTON.

(Author of the Anatomy of Melancholy.)

Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet DEMOCRITUS junior, cui vitam dedit, et mortem Melancholia. Obiit 8. Id. Jan. A.C. MDCXXXIX.

Known to few, unknown to fewer, here lies DEMOCRITUS junior, who lived and died by Melancholy. He died the 8th of the Ides of January, 1639.

REV. JOHN COTTON. Ob. 1652.

A living breathing bible; tables where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel & law in heart had each its column,
His head an index to the sacred volume.

[1] He was successively Bishop of Llandaff, St. David's, and Hereford.

His very name a title page: and next
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh, what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth
Without errata, we may think he'll be
In leaves and covers of Eternity!

Mr. Cotton was one of the early ministers of New England. His epitaph was written by a Mr. Woodbridge, and has been conjectured to have given to Franklin the idea upon which he composed one for himself.

At Redenhall, 1659:—

Rev. John Rand, M.A.
His Wife & Daughter.

Three Temples of the *Holy Ghost*,
Receiv'd by Death, ly here as lost,
St. *John's* fell first, St. *Anne's* next year,
Then St. *Elizabeth* fell here;
Yet a few Dayes & thus againe,
Christ will rebuild & in them reigne.

At North Wrotham, ob. 1680, æt. 80:—

Samuel Wotton, D.D.

He learn'd to live, while he had Breath,
And so he lives even after Death.

At All Saints, West Hadon, ob. 1693, æt. 85:—

Rev. Grigory Palmer.

Here lyeth honest Griggory,
Which was a true friend to the Ministry;
And the soul's true friend for Eternity;
And one of the best of fathers to his ability;
He studied the true form of Christianity,
The which he hoped would abound to Posterity.

John Hough, D.D.

Sacred to Posterity
Be the Virtues of the most excellent Prelate
Doctor John Hough
The ever memorable President of Magdalen Colledge, Oxon,
In the Reign of James II.

Call'd forth to this dangerous & important Station
For his Learning, Prudence & Piety,
He maintained it in the Day of Trial
With Ability, Integrity & Dignity.
Firm in the defence of the Invaded Rights of his Colledge
How providentially for this Church & Nation
He opposed the rage of Popish Superstition & Tyranny
Let the Annals of England testify.
In happier Times
He was advanced to be
A guardian of the Religion & Liberties of his Country
In honourable Testimony of his eminent services to both
Was made Bishop of Oxford in 1690,
Of Litchfield & Coventry in 1699,
And of Worcester in 1717.
In his faithful administration of the Pastoral Office
By Prudent Government
By Impartial Affection, by Persuasive Example,
He was honoured and beloved
And left to each Successor a well regulated Diocese.
In every Condition & Relation
From the influence of a Lively Faith
From the overflowings of a Benevolent Heart
It was the Business & Pleasure of his Life
To serve God, & to do Good.
His Benefactions to Magdalen Colledge
And to his
Episcopal Houses
Are illustrious & lasting Monuments of his munificence;
Yet were they excelled by the nobler Instances
Of his diffusive!—unbounded Charity!
His courteous Affability, and engaging Condescension
Were the delight
Of the numerous Partakers of his generous Hospitality.
Grace was in his Address
And Dignity in his Deportment.
In Conversation
Propriety and Purity of Language;
In Writing
embellished
The Justness, the Delicacy, the Humanity, the Piety

Of his Sentiments.
Bless'd with uninterrupted Health & tranquillity of Mind
Happy in his Life & in his Death
Full of Honours & full of Days
In the 93rd year of his Age
And in the 53d of his Consecration
In the entire Possession of his Understanding
In the Consciousness of a well spent Life
In sure & certain Hopes of a joyfull
Resurrection
He expired without a Groan.

Rev. Dr. Tottie.

REV. SAMUEL HARVEY. Ob. 1729, æt. 30.

Here lie the ruins of a lowly tent[1]
Where the seraphic soul of Harvey spent
Its mortal years. How did his genius shine,
Like Heaven's bright envoy, clad in powers divine!
When from his lips the grace and vengeance broke,
'Twas majesty in arms, 'twas melting mercy spoke.
What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast!
Too straight the mansion for th' illustrious guest.
Zeal like a flame shot from the realms of day,
Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,
And bears the Saint up through the starry road
Triumphant: so Elijah went to God.
What happy prophet shall this mantle find,
Heir to the double portion of his mind?

Sic musâ jam veterascenti
Inter justissimus amicorum et ecclesia
Fletus Harvæo suo parentat.

Watts.

REV. DR. TRAPP. Ob. 1747, æt. 75.

Death! Judgment! Heaven! and *Hell!*
Think, Christians, think!
You stand on vast Eternity's dread Brink.
Faith and *Repentance*, *Piety* and *Prayer!*
Despise *this* World, the *next* be all your Care.

[1] He was of short stature.

Thus while my Tomb the solemn Silence breaks,
And to the eye this cold dumb Marble speaks,
Tho' dead I preach, if e'er with ill Success,
Living, I strove th' important Truths to press,
Your *precious*, your *immortal* Souls to save,
Hear me, at least, O hear me from the *Grave*.

By Himself

At Weston Favell, Northamptonshire :—

REV. JAMES HERVEY.

Here lie the remains
of the Rev. James Hervey, A.M.
late rector of this parish ;
that very pious man,
and much admired author !
who died Dec. 25, 1758
in the 45th year of his age.

Reader, expect no more ; to make him known,
Vain the fond elegy and figur'd stone :
A name more lasting shall his writings give ;
There view display'd his heavenly soul, and live !

At Fulham, ob. 1761, æt. 84 :—

REV. THOMAS SHERLOCK, D.D.

In this vault is deposited the body of
The Right Reverend Father in God
DR. THOMAS SHERLOCK, late bishop of this Diocese,
formerly Master of the Temple, Dean of Chichester,
and Bishop of Bangor and Salisbury.
Whose beneficent and worthy conduct
in the several high stations which he filled,
entitled him to the gratitude of multitudes,
and the veneration of all.
His superior genius,
his extensive and well applied learning,
his admirable faculty and unequalled power of reasoning,
as exerted in the explanation of Scripture,
in exhortations to that piety and virtue

of which he was himself a great example,
and in defence especially of Revealed Religion,
need no encomium here.
They do honour to the age in which he lived; and
will be known to posterity, without the help
of this perishable monument of stone.

At Kirkstead, Lancashire :—

Near to this place lies interr'd
what was mortal of
JOHN TAYLOR, D.D.
Reader,
Expect no Eulogium from this stone.
Enquire amongst the Friends of
LEARNING, LIBERTY, & TRUTH;
These will do him justice.
Whilst taking his natural rest, he fell
asleep in JESUS, the 5th of March, 1761,
Aged 66.

Dr. Parr wrote a Latin inscription also to his memory.

In the Church of Middleton Tyas :—

"This Monument rescues from oblivion the remains of the Rev. John Mawer, D.D., late Vicar of this parish, who died Nov. 18, 1763, aged sixty; as also of Hannah Mawer, his wife, who died Dec. 22, 1766, aged seventy-two; buried in the chancel. They were persons of eminent worth. The Doctor was descended from the Royal family of Mawer, and was inferior to none of his illustrious ancestors in personal merit, being the greatest linguist this nation ever produced. He was able to speak and write 22 languages, and particularly excelled in the Eastern tongues, in which he proposed to His Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales, to whom he was firmly attached, to propagate the Christian religion in the Abyssinian Empire; a great and noble design, which was frustrated by the death of this amiable Prince, to the great mortification of this excellent person, whose merit, meeting with no reward in this world, will, it is to be hoped, receive it in the next, from that Being which justice only can influence.

At Hawkhurst :—

NATHANIEL LARDNER, D.D.

Drew his first and latest breath at Hall House, in this Parish.
Benevolent as a Gentleman,
indefatigable as a Scholar,
exemplary as a Minister,
wherever he resided.
His usefulness was prolonged to his 86th year ;
when,
having established the Historical Credibility
of the Records of our common Salvation,
without partiality, and beyond reply,
their promises became his eternal inheritance,
July 8, 1768.
From reverence to the memory of his uncle,
Those truths were inscribed by David Jennings, 1789.

In Flintshire, ob. 1776, æt. 77 :—

WILLIAM WYNNE, OF TOWER, D.D.

Sometyme Fellow of All Souls College
in Oxford, and Rector of Llanvechan
in this diocese, departed this life,
aged (77)
In conformity to
antient usage, from a proper
regard to decency, and a concern
for the health of his fellow creatures,
he was moved to give particular
directions for being buried in the
adjoining churchyard, and not in the
church ; and as he scorned flattering
of others while living, he has
took care to prevent being flattered
himself, when dead, by causing this
small memorial to be set up
in his life time.
God be merciful to me a sinner.

In Gloucester Cathedral:—

To the memory of
WILLIAM WARBURTON, D.D.
For more than six years bishop of this see.
A prelate
Of the most sublime genius, and exquisite
Learning.
Both which talents
He employed through a long life,
In the support
Of what he firmly believed,
The CHRISTIAN RELIGION,
And
Of what he esteemed the best establishment
Of it,
The CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
He was born at Newark upon Trent,
Dec. 24, 1698.
Died at his palace, in this city,
June 7, 1779,
And was buried near this place.

In Chester Cathedral, ob. 1787, æt. 75:—

WILLIAM SMITH, D.D.
As a scholar his reputation is perpetuated
by his valuable publications,
particularly his correct and elegant translations
of Longinus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.
As a preacher he was admired, and
esteemed by his respective auditories.
And as a man, his memory remains inscribed
in the hearts of his friends.

LOWTH, BISHOP OF LONDON. Ob. 1787.

If learning, genius, manners, void of guile,
The schoolman's labour, and the churchman's toil;
If brightest parts, devoted but to good,
A soul which ev'ry selfish view withstood;
If heavenly Charity's most winning charms,
And boundless Love, with ever outstretched arms;

If all the tender and domestic train
Of private Virtues, such as grace the plain,
If God's vicegerents, acting on that plan,
Which most endears man's dignity to man,
E'er won thy heart—Lowth's sacred shrine survey,
And with a weeping world thy tearful tribute pay.

At Eltham :—

Rev. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich.

Here lie interred
The earthly remains of
The Right Rev. George Horne, D.D.
many years President of Magdalen College
in Oxford,
Dean of Canterbury,
and late Bishop of Norwich.
In whose character
depth of learning, brightness of imagination,
sanctity of manners and sweetness of temper,
were united beyond the usual lot of mortality.
With his discourses from the pulpit,
his hearers, whether of the university,
the city, or the country parish,
were edified and delighted.
His Commentary on the Psalms
will continue to be a companion to the closet
till the devotion of earth shall end
in the hallelujahs of heaven!
Having patiently suffered under such infirmities
as seemed not due to his years,
his soul took flight from this vale of misery,
to the unspeakable loss of the Church of England,
and his sorrowing friends and admirers,
Jan. 17, 1792, in the 62nd year of his age.

In Peterborough Cathedral :—

Spencer Madan, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Peterborough :
Translated from the See of Bristol in 1794,
Died November the 8th, 1813,

In the 85th year of his age,
In sacred sleep the pious Bishop lies,
Say not in Death—a good Man never dies.

In Litchfield Cathedral :—

Rev. Thos. Seward, M.A.

Amid these aisles, where once his precepts showed
The Heavenward pathway which in life he trode,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier ;
And those he lov'd in life in death are near ;
For him, for them, a daughter bade it rise
Memorial of domestic charities.
Still would you know why o'er the marble spread,
In female grace the willow droops her head ;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp, is emblematic hung,
What Poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,
Lo ! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, belov'd, and mourn'd, here *Seward* lies.
Her worth, her warmth of heart, our sorrows say,—
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

Walter Scott.

At Wallesey, ob. 1814, æt. 85 :—

Rev. George Briggs.

Led by Religion's bright and cheering ray,
He taught the way to Heaven, and went that way ;
And while he held the Christian life to view,
He was himself the Christian that he drew.

In St. Paul's :—

To the Memory of

Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta,

This Monument was erected by those who loved and admired him.

His character exhibited a rare union
of fervent zeal with universal tolerance,
of brilliant talent with sober judgment,
and was especially distinguished by Christian humility,
which no applause could disturb, no success abate.

He cheerfully resigned prospects of eminence at home,
in order to become
the chief Missionary of Christianity in the East;
and having, in the short space of 3 years,
visited the greater part of India,
and conciliated the affections and veneration
of men of every class of religion,
he was there summoned to receive the reward of his
labours, in the 43rd year of his age, 1826.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed the portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

In Wenhaston Church :—

Sacred to the memory
of the Rev. THOMAS LEMAN, of Wenhaston-hall
in this parish,
who died on the 17th day of March 1826;
the last male descendant of his ancient name.

He added to the feelings of a Gentleman,
Talents and Learning without Ostentation,
and Christian Piety without Austerity.
In a curious line of antiquarian research
(the knowledge of Roman Remains in Britain),
he had few superiors;
but in the nobler and more amiable merit
of domestic life,
as a husband, a son, a brother, a friend, and a master,
he never was exceeded.
We flatter not in the grave:
"He that saw it bears record, and his record is true."
John xix. 25.

Bennet, bishop of Cloyne.

At Kentisbeare, Devon, ob. 1830 :—

REV. GEORGE SCOTT.

To youth, to age, alike, this Tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parent's fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared in life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was fought.

Sir W. Scott.

On a Christian Missionary, by a Gentoo Prince :—

Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise;
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort;
To the benighted disperser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right;
Blessing to princes, to people and me,
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wishes and prayeth thy Sarabojee.

This missionary was the celebrated Schwartz, whose labours were actively pursued at Tanjore, where his monument, with the foregoing epitaph by the Rajah himself, is placed. (See Bishop Heber's Life.)

EPITAPHS OF POETS.

In Westminster Abbey :—

Qvi fvit Anglorvm vates ter maximvs olim
GALFRIDVS CHAVCER, conditvr hoc Tvmvlo,
Annvm si qværas Domini, si Tempora Mortis,
Ecce notæ svbsvnt, quæ tibi cvncta notant.

25 Octobris, 1400.

Ærvmnarvm Reqvies Mors.
N. Brigham hos fecit Mvsarvm Nomine svmptvs.
1556.

Sacred to the Memory of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the Prince of all the English Poets. Art thou desirous of knowing the year and time of his Death? It was on the 25th of October, 1400, that he rested from his Labours. Death is the Repose of the Weary. N. Brigham was at the expense of this Tribute to his Memory. 1556.

In Westminster Abbey :—

EDMUND SPENCER.

Heare lyes (expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spencer, the Prince of Poets in his Tyme; whose Divine Spirrit needs noe other

witnesse than the Works which he left behinde him. He was borne in London in the Yeare 1510, and died in the Yeare 1596.

This on the South Cross leading to the Chapels. The original inscription, according to Camden, was as follows :

Edmundus Spencer, Londinensis, Anglicorum poetarum nostri sœculi facile Princeps, quod ejus poemata faventibus musis et victuro genio conscripta comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, anno salutis 1598, et prope *Galfredum Chaucerum* conditur, qui felicissime Poesin Anglicis literis primus illustravit, in quem hæc scripta sunt Epitaphia :—

Hic prope *Chaucerum* situs est *Spenserius* illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus ut tumulo.
Hic prope *Chaucerum Spensere* poeta poetam,
Conderis, et versu ! quam tumulo proprior,
Anglica te vivo, vixit, plausitque Poesis ;
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente mori.

Edmund Spenser, born in London, and chief Poet of our Age ; which his works, written with a happy Spirit, and masterly Genius testify. He died by a too early Death in the year 1598, and lies buried near *Chaucer*, who was the first that successfully wrote Poetry in the English language, over whom are written these Epitaphs :—

Here plac'd near *Chaucer*, *Spencer* claims a Room,
As next to him in Merit, next his Tomb.
To place near *Chaucer*, *Spenser* lays a Claim ;
Near him his Tomb, but nearer far his Fame.
With thee our *English* verse was rais'd on high ;
But now declin'd, it fears with thee to die.

Ob. 1615, æt. 29 :—

Francis Beaumont.

He that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
As would ask ten good heads to husband it ;
He that can write so well, that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware :
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

Bishop Corbet.

At Stratford upon Avon. Ob. 1616, æt. 53 :—

SHAKESPEARE.[1]

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom
Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

In Westminster Abbey :—

MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq. a Memorable Poet of his Age, Exchanged his Laurell for a Crowne of Glorye, An°. 1631.

Doe, Pious Marble, Let thy Readers knowe,
What They and What Their Children Owe,
To Draiton's Name, whose Sacred Dust,
Wee Recommend unto Thy Trust;
Protect His Mem'ry, and Preserve His Storye,
Remaine a Lastinge Monument of His Glorye;
And when Thy Ruines shall disclaime
To be the Treas'rer of His Name;
His Name, that cañot Fade, shall be
An everlasting Monument to Thee.

Attributed to Ben Jonson, but now generally believed to be by Quarles.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1637, æt. 63 :—

BEN JONSON.

O RARE BEN JONSON.

Ob 1654, æt. 74 :—

JOHN TAYLOR (the Water Poet).

Here lies the Water Poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the Streams of Helicon:
Where having many Rocks and Dangers past,
He at the Haven of Heaven arriv'd at last.

[1] See also page 194, *ante*.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1667, æt. 48:—

ABRAHAMUS COWLEIUS,
Anglorum, Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium ævi sui
Hic juxta situs est.

Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem
In famâ æternum vives, Divine Poeta;
Hic placidâ jaceas requie. Custodiat Urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Musæ.
Sit Sacer iste Locus, nec quis temerarius ausit,
Sacrilegâ turbare manu venerabile Bustum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per secula dulcis
COWLEII Cineres, serventque immobile Saxum.

Sic vovet

Votumque suum apud Posteros sacratum esse voluit, qui viro incomparabili posuit Sepulcrale Marmor, *Georgius* Dux *Buckinghamiæ*. Excessit e vitâ anno Ætatis suæ 49, et honorificâ Pompâ elatus ex Ædibus *Buckinghamianis*, viris illustribus omnium ordinum exequias celebrantibus, sepultus est die tertio mensis *Aug.* Annoque Domini 1667.—*Tho. Sprat.*

Near this place lies ABRAHAM COWLEY, the *Pindar*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, of *England*, and the Delight, the Ornament, and the Admiration of his Age.

While, sacred Bard, far Worlds thy Works proclaim,
And thou survivest in immortal Fame,
Here mayst thou blest in pleasing Quiet lie,
To guard thy urn may hoary Faith stand by;
And all thy favorite tuneful Nine repair,
To watch thy Dust with a perpetual Care.
Sacred for ever may this Place be made,
And may no desperate Hand presume t' invade
With touch unhallow'd this Religious Room,
Or dare affront thy venerable Tomb:
Unmov'd and undisturb'd till Time shall end,
May COWLEY'S Dust this Marble Shrine defend.

So wishes, and desires that Wish may be sacred to Posterity, *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, who erected this Marble

Monument for that incomparable Man. He died in the 49th year of his Age, and was carried from *Buckingham House*, with honorable Pomp, his Exequies being attended by Persons of illustrious Character of all Degrees, and buried the 3rd of August, A.D. 1667.

Another by himself:—

Hic, O Viator, sub lare parulo,
Couleius Hic est conditus, Hic jacet
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque Vitâ.
Non indecorâ Pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis Otio,
Vanoque dilectis Popello
Divitiis animosus Hostis.
Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa Levis, precare.
Hic sparge Flores, Sparge Rosas breves,
Nam vita gaudet mortua Floribus,
Herbisque odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem calentem.

Translated by *Addison*:—

"From Life's superfluous Cares enlarg'd,
His Debt of human Toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this Shed,
To ev'ry worldly Int'rest dead;
With decent Poverty content,
His Hours of Ease not idly spent;
To Fortune's Goods a Foe profest,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for Oh! how small
A spot of Earth is now his all:
Oh! wish that Earth may lightly lay,
And every Care be far away;
Bring Flowers; the short-lived Roses bring,
To Life deceas'd, fit Offering:
And Sweets around the Poet strow,
Whilst yet with Life his Ashes glow."

St Giles, Cripplegate :—

To the Memory of
JOHN MILTON,
Author of Paradise Lost ;
Born December 1608 ; died, November 1674.
His father, John Milton, died March 1646 ;
They were both interred in this Church.

In Westminster Abbey :—

M. S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI.

Qui Strenshamiæ in Agro Vigorn. nat. 1612 obiit Lond. 1680.
Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer ;
Operibus Ingenii, non item præmiis felix :
Satyrici apud nos Carminis Artifex egregius ;
Quo simulatæ Religioni Larvam detraxit
Et Perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit ;
Scriptorum in suo genere, Primus et Postremus.
Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,
Deesset etiam Mortus Tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore curavit
JOHANNES BARBER, Civis Londinensis, 1712.

Sacred to the Memory
of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born at Strensham in Worcestershire 1612,
And dy'd at London 1680 ;
A Man of extraordinary Learning, Wit, and Integrity :
Peculiarly happy in his Writings, not so in the encouragement of them ;
The curious inventor of a kind of Satire amongst us,
By which he pluckt the Mask from Pious Hypocrisy,
And plentifully exposed the Villany of Rebels :
The first and last of Writers in his Way.

That he, who, (when alive) was destitute of all Things,
Should not, (when dead) want likewise a Monument,
JOHN BARBER, Citizen of London, hath taken Care,
By placing this stone over him, 1721.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1689 :—

MRS. APHRA BEHN.

Here lies a Proof that Wit can never be
Defence enough against Mortality.

In Westminster Abbey :—

J. DRYDEN.

Natus 1632 Mortuus Maii 1, 1700
Joannes Sheffield Dux Buckinghamiensis Posuit 1720.
JOHN DRYDEN born 1632. Died May 1, 1700,
JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, erected this Monument 1720.

In the Reliq. Hearnianæ (vol. i. p. 133) is the following:—

Here lyes John Dryden, who had enemies three,
Old Nick, Sir Dick,[1] and Jeremy.[2]
The fustian knight was forc'd to yield,
The other two maintain'd the field:
But had our poet's life been holier,
He had knick'd both Devil & the Collier.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1710, æt. 45 :—

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Thy reliques, *Rowe*, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust.
Oh! skill'd next to him to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere,
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave!
Peace to thy gentle shade, & endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys that liberty it lov'd.

To these,[3] so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless mother & the widow'd wife,

[1] Sir Rd. Blackstone. [2] Jeremy Collier.
[3] The inscription is also devoted to his child, the wife of Harry Fane, Esq., who died in 1739, æt. 22.

With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, & expects her own.

Pope.

REV. THOS. PARNELL, D.D. Ob. 1717, æt. 48.

This tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

Goldsmith.

MATTHEW PRIOR. Ob. 1721, æt. 57.

(The following was made by himself extempore.)

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:—
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?[1]

For my own Tombstone.

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of heaven!

[1] In the Antiquarian Repository we have the following:—

John Carnegie lies here,
Descended from Adam and Eve:
If any can boast of a pedigree higher,
He will willingly give them leave.

This is found on a tombstone in Scotland thus:—

Johnnie Carnegie laies heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing gie him leve:

And it is not improbable that it gave rise to the lines intended by Prior

In Berkshire. Ob. 1730, æt. 47 :—

ELIJAH FENTON.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an *honest man:*
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud & great;
Foe to loud praise, & friend to learned ease,
Content with science on the vale of peace;
Calmly he look'd on *either* life; & *here*
Saw nothing to regret, nor *there* to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied;
He liv'd respected, & lamented died.

Pope.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1732, æt. 44 :—

JOHN GAY. (By himself.)

Life is a jest and all things shew it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

Another :—

Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the great;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mixt with heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies *Gay.*

Pope.

for his own monument. Prior was satirically answered in the London Journal, Oct. 19, 1723 :—

Hold, Matthew Prior, by your leave,
Your epitaph is something odd;
Bourbon and you are sons of Eve,
But Nassau is a son of God.

The extended inscription by Prior, in praise of the taste of which nothing can be said, has been too frequently printed to need repetition.

Another :—

Here lie the ashes of *Mr. John Gay*,
The warmest friend,
The gentlest companion,
The most benevolent man ;
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumstances of fortune ;
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age,
And that equal serenity of mind,
Which conscious goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole course of his life.
Favourite of the *Muses*,
He was led by them to ev'ry elegant art ;
Refin'd in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own :
In various kinds of Poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.
His works continue to inspire
What his example taught ;
Contempt of folly, however adorn'd,
Detestation of vice, however dignified,
Reverence for virtue, however disgraced.
Charles and Catherine, Duke and Duchess of
Queensberry,
Who loved this excellent person living,
And respect him dead,
Caused this monument to be erected to his memory.
Died 1732.

At Gosnevin, Ireland. Ob. 1740, æt. 54 :—

Thomas Tickell.

Read Tickell's name, and gently tread the Clay
Where lie his sole Remains that could decay :
Then pensive sigh, and through fair Science trace,
His mind adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing Grace.
Worth such as *Rome* wou'd have confess'd her own ;
Wit, such as *Athens* would have proudly shewn.

Substance to Thought, and Weight to Fancy join'd;
A Judgment perfect, and a Taste refin'd.
Admir'd by GAY, by ADDISON belov'd;
Esteem'd by SWIFT, by POPE himself approv'd;
His spirit, rais'd by that Sublime he knew,
Hence to the Seat of bright Perfection flew,
Leaving, to sorrowful Clotilda here,
A mournful Heart, and never-ceasing Tear.

Clancy.

Ob. 1743, æt. 46:—

RICHARD SAVAGE.

Whom Phœbus favour'd, on whom favour frown'd,
Lies deep, beneath this consecrated ground;
SAVAGE the name,—he was design'd by fate,
That err'd at his conception, to be great.
And such he was, in boundless wit and pride,
Title and heir his mother's lust denied.
His life was want, yet could his duteous verse,
The cruel's praise, that help witheld, rehearse.
Danger extreme, the' unhappy lawless knew;
And woes lie felt, as woes were all his due;
Twice sovereign mercy found a queen to save,
From pitying Heaven, to end his cares—a grave.

At Twickenham. Ob. 1744:—

ALEXANDER POPE.

Alexandro Pope
Gulielmus Episcopus Glocestriensis
Amicitiæ Causa Fac Cur 1761
Poeta Loquitur.

For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey:—

Heroes and Kings your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you,
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

Besides the above, placed by Bishop Warburton to his memory, Pope wrote another for himself as follows:—

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene, still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

In Bunhill Fields. Ob. 1748, æt. 74:—

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

To real merit due, this humble song,
WATTS, (now no more) to thee be sacred long.
Sweet were thy numbers, as thy soul was great;
In virtue rich, with piety replete:
In vain to thee vice sounds her soft alarms,
In vain she spreads her gay alluring charms:
Thy steady zeal, the wiley foe o'erthrow,
And gave her veil'd deformity to view.
From thee our youths enlarg'd their op'ning views,
Learn'd heavenly truths, and reason's proper use;
With vary'd beauties grac'd thy tuneful lyre,
To charm, deter, correct, improve, inspire;
From tort'ring fears the soul depress'd to free,
E'en *David's* strains receiv'd new charms from thee.
In haste to aid, but in resentment slow,
An ardent friend, and quick-forgiving foe:
Oh! may thy soul, now loos'd from mortal clay,
Wing its swift flight to realms of endless day;
There all its glories, all its joys improve,
In scenes of perfect purity and love.

In Chichester Church. Ob. 1756, æt. 36:—

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Ye, who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins' hapless name
Solicits kindness with a double claim.

Tho' nature gave him, and tho' science taught
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
He paus'd in madd'ning pain, life's fev'rish dream:
While rays of genius only serv'd to shew,
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls, that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise:
For this the ashes of a Bard require,
Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic pow'rs:
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best.

Hayley.

At Richmond, Surrey:—

In the earth, below this tablet,
Are the remains of
James Thomson,
Author of the beautiful poems entitled,
The Seasons, Castle of Indolence, &c. &c.
Who died at Richmond on the 27th day of August
And was buried here on the 29th, old style, 1748
The earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good
A man
And sweet a poet should be without a memorial,
Has denoted the place of his interment,
For the satisfaction of his admirers,
In the year of our Lord 1792.

"Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss."

Thomson.

In Westminster Abbey his epitaph consists of an extract taken from his "Summer:"—

"Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die."—

Erected 1762.

At Hales Owen, Shropshire. Ob. 1763, æt. 49:—

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
These sacred mansions of the dead!
Not that the monumental bust,
Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust
Of rich or great; let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undistinguished in the earth;
This simple urn records a name,
Which shines with more exalted fame.
Reader! of genius, taste refin'd,
Of native elegance of mind;
If virtue, science, manly sense,
If wit that never gave offence,
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claimed a part,
Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
For know thy *Shenstone's* dust lies here.

Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1768, æt. 44:—

BONNELL THORNTON.

Whoe'er thou art who seest this honoured shrine,
One moment pause and add a tear to mine,
A manly tear, to his fair mem'ry due,
Who felt such feelings as are known to few;
Whose wit (tho' keen) benevolence suppress'd,
Who never penn'd a satire, but in *jest*.
'Tis now, oh! Death! thy poignant sting we own,
'Tis now, oh! Grave! thy victory is shown;

For lo! herein full prematurely lie
The only part of *Thornton* which could die.

Warton.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1771, æt. 54:—

THOMAS GRAY.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of *Gray*.

Mason.

The monument to the poet stands in a field adjoining the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, and consists of a large stone sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, on the sides of which is the following inscription and extracts from his Ode to Eton College and the Elegy written in a Country Churchyard:—

This Monument, in honour of
THOMAS GRAY,

Was erected A.D. 1799,
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet.
He died in 1771
And lies unnoticed in the adjoining Churchyard;
Under the tombstone
On which he piously and pathetically
Recorded the interment
Of his Aunt and lamented Mother.

At West Wycombe. Ob. 1774, æt. 64:—

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend,
Praised as a poet honour'd as a friend;
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame!

Whene'er his friends with sharp afflictions bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth, the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—'till he died.

Garrick.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1779, æt. 63 :—

DAVID GARRICK.

To paint fair nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,—
A Shakespeare rose—then to expand his fame
Wide o'er this "breathing world," a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew:
Though, like the Bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick called them back to day:
And, till Eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakespeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

Pratt.

Ob. 1788, æt. 73 :—

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

Beneath this stone a Poet Laureat lies,
Nor great, nor good, nor foolish, nor yet wise;
Not meanly humble, nor yet swelled with pride,
He simply lived—and just as simply died:
Each year his Muse produced a Birth-Day Ode,
Composed with flattery in the usual mode:
For this, and but for this, to George's praise,
The bard was pensioned, and received the bays.

In Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh :—

To the Memory of

ROBERT BURNS, the Ayrshire Bard;
Who was born at Doonside
On the 29th of January 1759,
and died at Dumfries
On the 22nd of July 1796.

O Robbie Burns, the Man, the Brither,
And art thou gone,—and gone for ever;
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall we find anither,
The world around?
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash of state;
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth.
And weep the sweetest poet's fate,
E'er lived on earth.

The poetical part every one will readily recognize as having been adopted from the Elegy by Burns on Captain Matthew Henderson. It has been most appropriately attached to a monument erected to Robert Fergusson, the Poet, which stone, by special grant to Burns from the managers, was to remain for ever sacred to his memory. The monument, however, being badly erected, was in danger of being lost; and it is due to the Æsculapian Club to record, that, to their zeal, and at their expense, it was repaired, and the inscription on Burns appended to it.

Here lies
Robert Fergusson, Poet,
Born 5th Sept. 1751,—Died Oct. 16, 1774

No sculptured Marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied Urn, nor animated Bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

At East Dereham, Ob. 1800, æt. 69:—

William Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of Talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust.
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.

Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise.
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

Hayley.

Ob. 1803, æt. 68:—

JAMES BEATTIE. (By himself.)

Escaped the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves his mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been grieved for trifles and amused with toys.

Yet for awhile 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayst fall:
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man! to thee, to all.

At All Saints, Cambridge. Ob. 1806, æt. 21:—

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful Poet came;
Unconquer'd powers, th' immortal mind display'd,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd;
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retir'd,
The Martyr student faded and expir'd.
O Genius, Taste, and Piety sincere,
Too early lost, midst duties too severe;
Foremost to mourn was generous *Southey* seen,
He told the tale, and show'd what White *had been,*
Nor told in vain—for o'er the Altantic wave,
A Wanderer came and sought the Poet's grave,

On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

W. Smyth.

At Felpham. Ob. 1820, æt. 75 :—

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

HAYLEY! beloved friend! though round thy head
The Muses' wreath its graceful foliage spread;
Though Fame was long thy talent's rich reward,
And Fashion smiled upon Serena's bard;
Though thou wast formed in polished courts to shine,
And Learning's stores and playful wit was thine;
Though COWPER'S self thy tuneful strains approved,
And praised the poet while the man he loved;
Cowper, who lives in thy recording page,
To interest, charm, and teach the future age;—
Oh, not on these alone thy honours rest,
But that thy name pale Want and Misery blest!
That such thy glowing zeal for all mankind,
So vast thy charity, so unconfined,
Thy hand had spread a scene of blessing round,
If ample wealth thy ardent hopes had crowned,
That whatsoe'er thy bounty could impart
Was given to teach the mind and cheer the heart;
Neglected Talent's drooping head to raise,
And lead young Genius on by generous praise.
Yet, Bard beloved! this higher meed be thine,
Faith in thy Saviour cheered thy life's decline;
Nor by that God on whom thy hopes relied,
Was the sweet recompense of faith denied.
He gave thee strength to smile 'midst torturing pain,
And even the slightest murmur still restrain;
He cheered with pious hope thy dying bed,
He on thy soul the Christian's sunshine shed;
And crowned, to prove his favour's best increase,
A life of kindness with a death of peace.

Mrs. Opie.

Ob. 1821, æt. 69 :—

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

Lo! the white tablet, emblem of the mind
Of infant purity, below enshrin'd,

Mark'd by the tribute of parental sighs—
Here too at rest lamented Inchbald lies.
The child presag'd, in time's maturing hour,
To rise a beauteous intellectual flower:
Yet ah! while Hope indulg'd a fond delight,
The cherish'd blossom felt Death's fatal blight:—
Thus Inchbald's youth presag'd a future claim
To moral dignity and mental fame,
But Time, what nature form'd with powers so rare,
Touch'd with prophetic zeal, was proud to spare;
Proud to prolong her useful mortal state,
E'en to the verge of our allotted date,
To spread the works of her creative mind,
That, while amüsing, meliorate mankind.
Her life was just, benevolent and sage,
As truth proclaims in her instructive page:
Religion consecrates her honour'd bier,
And a true Christian waits for mercy here.

J. Taylor.

At Campton, Bedford:—

Here lie the remains of ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. He was born at Honington, in Suffolk, Dec. 3, 1766; and died at Shefford, Aug. 19, 1823.

Let his wild native wood-notes tell the rest.

In Trowbridge Church:—

Sacred
To the Memory of
The Rev. G. CRABBE, LLB.
who died on the 3rd of Feb. 1832, in the 78th year of his age,
and the 18th of his Services as Rector of this Parish.

Born in humble life he made himself what he was;
Breaking through the obscurity of his birth by the force
of his Genius;
Yet he never ceased to feel for the less fortunate; entering, as his works testify, into the sorrows and wants of the Poorest of his Parishioners, and so discharging the duties of a Pastor

and a Magistrate as to endear himself to all around him. As a writer, he cannot be better described than in the words of a great Poet, his contemporary:

"Tho' nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

This monument was erected by some of his affectionate friends and Parishioners.

In St. Ann's, Dublin:—

In the vault beneath
Are deposited the mortal remains of

FELICIA HEMANS,

Who died May 16th, 1833,
Aged 40 years.

Calm in the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

At Highgate. Ob. 1834, æt. 61:—

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Stop, Christian passer-by; stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;—
O, lift a prayer in thought for S. T. C.!
That he who many a year with toil of breath,
Found death in life,—may here find life in death;
Mercy for praise,—to be forgiven, for fame:
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.

S. T. C.

In Edmonton Churchyard. Ob. 1834, æt. 59 :—

To the Memory of CHARLES LAMB.

"Farewell, dear Friend! That smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words, no more assuage our woe;
That hand, outstretched from small but well-earned store,
Yield succour to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost; through many an age,
With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleas'd to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth: and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there."

H. F. Cary.

Sacred to the Memory of ROBERT SOUTHEY,
whose mortal remains are interred in the adjoining churchyard.

He was born at Bristol,
August xii. MD.CC.LXXIV;

and died, after a residence of nearly XL years, at Greta Hall, in this parish, March xxi. MD.CCC.XLIII.

This monument was erected by friends of Robert Southey.

Ye hills and vales, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore.
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own.
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal,
For the State's guidance or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.

His joys, his griefs, have vanished as a cloud
From Skiddaw's top, but he to heaven was vowed.
Wordsworth.

In Westminster Abbey. Ob. 1844, æt. 67 :—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet, think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.—*T. Campbell.*

At Grasmere. Ob. 1850, æt. 80 :—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Blest be the Church, that watching o'er the needs
Of infancy, provides a timely shower,
Whose virtue changes to a Christian flower,
A growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds !
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration ; while parental love
Looks on, and grace descendeth from above.
As the high service pledges now, now pleads,
Should vain thoughts outspread their wings, and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs which hear and answer that brief cry,
The infant's notice of his second birth,
Recall the wandering soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.
Wordsworth.

In Westminster Abbey. (Placed in 1856.)

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Near to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest ;
Nor ere was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
Oh! gone for ever—take this last adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montesquieu!

Born 1672; died 1719.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

At St. Michael, Crooked Lane, ob. 1368:—

JOHN LOVEKIN.[1]

Worthy *John Lovekin* stock-fishmonger of London here is lay'd,
Four times of this city lord maior hee was, if truth be say'd,
Twise he was by election of citizens then being,
And twise by the commandment of his good lord the king.
Cheef founder of this church in his life time was he,
Such lovers of the common-welth too few there be.
Of August the fourth, thirteene hundryth sixty and eyght,
His flesh to erth, his soul to God went streyght.

At St. Alban's, ob. 1371:—

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

All yee that passe, on this pillar cast eye,
This epitaph read if you can;
'Twill tell you a tombe onc't stood in this roome,
Of a brave spirited man,
John Mandevill by name, a knight of great fame,
Borne in this honoured towne.
Before him was none that ever was knowne,
For travaile of so high renowne.
As the knights in the temple, crosse legged in marble,
In armour, with sword & with sheeld,
So was this knight grac't, which time hath defac't,
That nothing but ruines doth yeeld.
His travailes being donne, he shines like the sun,
In heavenly Canaan.
To which blessed place, O Lord of his grace,
Bring us all man after man.

[1] Sir W. Walworth was apprentice to John Lovekin.

At St. Antholin's, ob. 1407 :—

JOHN AND JOAN SPENSER.

Here vndyr rests this marble ston,
Jone Spenser both flesh and bon,
Wyff to Jon Spenser certen,
Taylor of London and citizen.
Dawter she was, whylst she was here,
Vnto Richard Wetiuen squier.
And to Elizabeth his wyf,
Whych Jone departyd this lyf,
The tweluth day of September,
As many one do yet remember,
In the yere of our Lord God full euen
A thowsand fowr hundryd and seven.

At St. Antholin's, ob. 1445 :—

THOMAS KNOLLES.

Thomas Knolles lyeth vndre this ston,
And his wyff Isabell, flesh & bon.
They weren togeder nynetene yere,
And x chyldren they had in fere.
His fader & he to this chyrch
Many good dedys they did wyrch.
Example by him ye may see
That this world is but vanitie :
For wheder he be smal or gret,
All sal turne to wormys mete.
This seyd Thomas was leyd on bere
The eighth dey the moneth Fevrer,
The date of Jesu Crist truly,
An. M.CCCC. five and forty.
Wee may not prey, hertely prey yee
For owr soulygs pater noster and aue,
The sooner of owr peyne lessid to be,
Grant vs thy holy Trinite. Amen.

In the Chapel of Ludgate :—

Devout soules that passe this way,
For STEPHEN FOSTER, late Maior, heartily pray ;

And Dame AGNES, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pitie, this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,
So that for lodging & water, pris'ners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall all answer, at dreadful doomesday.

Sir Stephen Foster, in early life, was a prisoner, and released by a rich widow who afterwards took him into her service. By attention to business he enriched himself and gained the affections of his mistress. They devoted a portion of their fortune to the comfort of those who should be confined in Ludgate. This was in 1454.

At St. Martin's, Vintry, ob. 1469 :—

ROBERT AND ALICE DALUSSE.

As flowers in feeld thus passeth lif,
Nakyd then clothyd, feble in the end.
It sheweth by Robert Daluss and Alyson his wyf,
Chryst yem saue fro the power of the fiend.

At St. Bennet :—

Prey for the saulygs of HENRY DONNE, & Joan his wyf, theyr fadyrs, theyr modyrs, brodyrs, and good frendys, & of al christian saulygs: Jesu, have mercy, amen. Who departed this lyf, 1491.

At Barton :—

Here are laid under this stone in the clay,
Thomas Amys, and his wyffe Margery.
Sometime we were, as you now be,
And as we be, after this shall ye.
Of the goods as God had, the said Thomas lent,
Did make this chapell of a good intent.
Wherefore they desire of you that be,
To pray for them to the last eternity.
I beseech all people, far & ner,
To pray for me Thomas Amys heartily,
Which gafe a masbooke, and made this chapel here,
And a suit of blew damask also gave I.
Of God 1511, and 5 yere,
I the said Thomas deceased verily,
And the 4th day of August, was buried here.
On whose soul God have mercy.

At Faversham, ob. 1533 :—

RICHARD COLWEL.

Who so him bethoft inwardly and oft
How hard it were to flitt from bed unto the pitt,
From pitt unto peyne, that nere shall cease certeyne,
He wold not doe one sinn, all the world to winn.

In Lavenham Church, Norfolk, ob. 1534 :—

Continuall prayse these lynes in brass
Of ALLAINE DISTER here,
A Clothier vertuous whyle he was
In Lavenham many a yeare;
For as in lyfe he loved best
The poore to clothe and feede,
Soe with the riche and alle the reste,
He neighbourlie agreed;
And did appoint before he died,
A spiall[1] yearlie rent,
Which shoulde be every Whitsontide
Amonge the poorest spent.

At Newton :—

RICHARD BLONDEVYLE. Ob. 1490, æt. 85.

RALPH BLONDEVYLE. Ob. 1514, æt. 45.

EDWARD BLONDEVYLE. Ob. 1568, æt. 75.

Here lyes in Grave, nowe thre tymes done,
The Grandsire, Father, and the Sone,
Theyr Names, theyr Age, and when they dyed,
Above theyr Headds is specyfyed,
Theyr Sheyld of Arms, doth eke declare,
The Stocke wyth whom they marched were,
They lyved well, and dyed as well,
And nowe with God in Heaven they dwell,
And thear do prayse hys holy Name.
God grant that we may do the same.

[1] Special.

At Over Peover, Cheshire, ob. 1573 :—

PHILIP AND ELLEN MAINWARING.

Lyke as this marble now doeth hyde
the bodies of theisse twayne,
So shall not thou on earth lyve longe
but turne to dust agayne.
Then learne to dye and dye to lyve
as theisse two heare example gyve.

In Isleham, Camb., ob. 1574 :—

RICHARD PAYTON.

Here under lyeth a worthy Squyer that Rycharde Payton hyght,
An honest gentleman, and thyrde sonne to Robert Payton knight,
In Greys Inne student of the lawe, where he a Reader was,
He feared God, and loved his woorde, in truth his lyfe did passe.
In practysing of justice lore was all his whole delyght.
He never wronged ani one to whom he myght do ryght.
Whome he esteemed an honest freend, whom he might stand in stede.
He never left to do hym good with woorde, with purse and deede.
For ten yeares space he married was unto a faythful wyfe,
By parent named Marye Hyde, they lived devoyde of stryfe.
The earth hym bare twyse twentie yeares, and virtuously he lyved,
A godly lyfe he dyd embrace, and vertuously he dyed.
The thirteenth daye of Apryll yeares seventy and foure
A thousand fyve hundred being put to y^{t} more.

At St. Mildred's, ob. 1580 :—

THOMAS TUSSER.

(Author of the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie.")

Here THOMAS TUSSER,
clad in earth, doth lie,
That sometime made
The pointes of Husbandrie :

By him then learne thou maist;
here learne we must,
When all is done, we sleepe
and turne to dust:
And yet, through Christ,
to Heaven we hope to goe:
Who reades his bookes
shall find his faith was so.

At Bradley Parva, ob. 1584:—

JOHN DAYE.

Here lyes the Daye, that darkness could not blind,
When popish fogges had overcaste the sunne;
This Daye the cruell nighte did leave behind,
To view, & shew, what blodi acts were donne.
He set a Fox to wright how martyrs runne
By death to lyfe; Fox ventured paynes & health
To give them light; Daye spent in print his wealth.
But God with gayne returned his wealth agayne,
And gave to him as he gave to the poore.
Two wyves he had, pertakers of his payne,
Each wyfe twelve babes, & each of them one more.
Als was the last encreaser of his store,
Who mourning long for being left alone,
Set up this tombe, herself turn'd to a stone.

At East Dereham, ob. 1599, æt. 50:—

WILLIAM CUTTING.

Here dead in part whose best part never dyeth,
A benefactor William Cutting lyeth,
Not dead, if good deeds could keep men alive,
Nor all dead, since good deeds do men survive.
Gonvile & Kaies may his good deeds record,
And will no doubt him praize therefore afford.
Saint Katrin's, nere London, can it tell
Goldsmith's & Merchant Taylors know it well;
Two county towns, his civil bounty blest,
East Durham, & Norton Fitz-Warren West,
More did he than this table can unfold,
The world his fame, this earth his earth doth hold.

At Radewell, ob. 1605, æt. 29 :—

MARY PLOMER.

See Vertues Jewel, Beauties Flower,
Cropt off in an untimely hour.
Religion, Meekness, Faithful Love
To Parents, Husband, God above;
So that the stone itself doth weep,
To think on her which it doth keep:
Weep thou, who e're this stone doth see,
Unless more hard than stone thou be.

In Wolverhampton Church, ob. 1606, æt. 73 :—

MARGARET MOSELEY.

Under this stone a pearle is hid; what then
Search not; the pearle is Gods: and not for men.
A living pearle shee was whose lustre bright
Yeilded all hers a long and sweet delight;
Noble by Birth by vertue more: in deed
More fruitfull then she was in fruitfull Seed.
Much fuller then of yeares shee was of Grace
And now of Glory then of Grace shee was.

At Aldershott, ob. 1606, æt. 27 :—

LADY ELLEN TICHEBORNE.

Who lived (and now is dead)
a life prepared for dying,
Who dide (and now she lyves)
a death prepared for lyving.
So well she both profest,
That she in both is blest.

Felix eorum memoria quibus nec vita
misera, nec mors invita.

At Rye, ob. 1607 :—

THOMAS HAMON.

Loe Thomas Hamon here enter'd doth lye,
Thrice burgess for the parliament elected;
Six times, by freemen's choice, made Mayor of Rye,
And captain long time of the band selected,

Whose prudent courage, justice, gravitie,
Deserve a monument of memorye.

In Baltonsbury, ob. 1609 :—

RICHARD WALTON.

A shroude, a coffin, and a marble stone,
Are dead men's due ; and may the living teach
That when to ripeness they are fully growen,
Death will the best and fairest flowers reach.
For coulde a piouse life have stay'd death's force,
Hee yet hadd lived thatt's here a lifeless corse.

At East Barnet, ob. 1612, æt. 15 months :—

FRANCIS RUSSELL.

Virginity, Beauty, Honour, all in One
If these could turn Marble into pretious Stone,
Stone thou art pretious, who entombed lie
In one all Honour, Beauty, Virginity.

The association of sympathy and tenderness in connexion with the deceased has, as might naturally be expected, manifested itself in a particular manner in the epitaphs on children and infants. Many effusions of much merit have appeared in the seventeenth and succeeding centuries, of which the following may be cited as examples :—

At Sabisford, ob. 1635, æt. 18 months :—

ELIZABETH HEWYTT.

After thy Birth scarce eighteen Months were past,
But thy fine Thread was spun ; O Fates! what hast?
No ; 'twas not Fates hast, but God's Love rather
Call'd her so soon unto her heavenly Father.

At Mereworth, ob. 1641, æt. 12 :—

In a small grave here little LEISTON lies
Who bore a great resemblance with the Skies
For as the Sun in twelve months race doth gett
To the end of 's course, twice six this saw & sett.

At Little Melton, ob. 1655, æt. 3 :—

FRANCES SKOTTOWE.

Just thre yeares old & Aprill be her Date,
The Month bespeaks our Tares, her Yeares, her Fate.

At Little Melton, ob. 1656, æt. 3 :—

ELIZABETH SKOTTOWE.

Stay ; shee'll awake 'ere long, then cease to weepe,
The Damosell is not dead, but shee's asleepe,
She (like her Sister) did but take a Taste
Of Mortal Life, then breathed it out in haste ;
Soe twoe at three yeares old interred be,
In expectation of the ONE in *Three*.

In Belfry's Church, ob. 1708 :—

How vain a thing is Man
When God thinks meet,
Ofttimes with Swadling Clothes
To join the Winding Sheet ;
A Webb of forty Weeks
Spun forth in Pain
To his dear Parents Grief
Soon ravelled out again.
This Babe intombed
On the World did peepe,
Dislik'd it, clos'd his Eyes,
Fell fast asleep.

In Swallowfield Churchyard :—

Here lies a fair blossom mould'ring to dust,
Ascending to heaven, to dwell with the just.

In Norfolk :—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to Heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.—*Donne.*

At St. Leonard's, Bromley :—

As Nurses strive their Babes in Bed to hie
When they too liberally the Wanton's play ;

So, to prevent his future grievous Crimes,
Nature, his Nurse, got him to Bed betimes.

W. Ferrars.

Tread softly, Passenger, for here doth lie,
A dainty Jewel of sweet Infancy:
A harmless Babe, that only came and cried,
In Baptism to be wash'd from Sin, and dy'd.

In this Marble Casket lies
A matchless Jewel of rich Prize;
Whom Nature, in the World's Disdain,
But shew'd, and put it up again.

In Bensington Churchyard, Oxon, æt. 2:—

The railing world turn'd poet, made a play,
I came to see it, dislik'd, and went away.
Walk't from the womb, she on this world did peep,
Disliked it, closed her eyes, fell fast asleep.

A child, and dead? Alas! How could it come?
Surely thy Thread of Life was but a Thrum.

Into this World, as Stranger to an Inn,
This Child came Guest-wise, where, when it had been
A while, and found nought worthy of his Stay,
He only broke his Fast, and went away.

At Kilravock:—

Here lies a Rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flowr's perfume.
To those who for her loss are griev'd
This consolation's given,
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a Rose in heaven.

At Blandford, Dorset:—

HENRIETTA MARIA PERCY.

See from the earth the fading lily rise,
It springs, it grows, it flourishes and dies;

So this fair flow'r scarce blossom'd for a day,
Short was the bloom, and early the decay.

At Wisbeach :—

Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose body lent
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
But not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.—*S. Wesley.*

Ob. 1772, æt. 5 months and 2 days :—

FRANCES SOAME.

The cup of Life just with her lips she prest,
Found the taste bitter, and declin'd the rest;
Averse then turning from the face of day,
She softly sigh'd her little soul away.—*F. Soame.*

In an Irish country churchyard :—

A little Spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear.
Oh ! he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day—its dream by night !
The chill winds came—the young flower faded
And died ;—the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy ! thou shouldst have wept for me,
Nor I have had to mourn o'er thee :
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be—
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear sad sacred ground,
When spring-gales next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

At Gray Friars, æt. 7 :—

FRANCISCA SWINTOUN.

The sweetest children are but like fair flow'rs,
Which please the fancy for some days and hours;

They soon spring up, but ere they be well grown,
They fade away, their place is no more known:
Only their death, sure, leaveth such a smart,
That grief's engraven on the parent's heart.

In Chelsea Church, ob. 1808, æt. 14 days:—

MOUNTAGUE RUSH.

Farewell sweet innocent; a flower too fair
To bless thy anxious parents' tender care;
Too bright thy bloom for us on Earth to view;
We gaz'd! admir'd! we wept and bade adieu!!!
Return'd thee back to Heav'n's illumin'd Sphere,
To bloom for *ever* as an *Angel* there.

In Leyton Churchyard:—

On the INFANT CHILD of Mr. Pocock.

Bright to the sun expands the vernal rose,
And sweet the lily of the valley blows;
Sudden impetuous whirlwinds sweep the sky,
They shed their fragrance, droop the head, and *die.*
Thus this fair infant, from Life's storms retir'd,
Put forth fair blossoms, charm'd us, and *expir'd.*

T. Maurice.

At Islington, ob. 1819, æt. 15:—

ANN STEAD.

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Call'd hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flow'r
In Paradise would bloom.—*Legh Richmond.*

In Hove Churchyard, ob. 1821, æt. 2:—

Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;
Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing;
Our dark affection might have hop'd thy stay,
The voice of God has call'd his child away:
Like Samuel, early in the Temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground;

Oh more than Samuel bless'd, to thee 'tis given,
The God he served on earth, to serve in Heav'n!

At Bruges, ob. 1835, æt. 7 months :—

Rosina Dunlop Douglas, Daughter of Col. Sir Niel Douglas.

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Kind Providence, with tender care,
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there."

Butler, late Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, translated this, said to be by Donne, into the following exquisite Latin:

Ante malum quam te culpâ maculaverat, ante
Quam poterat primum carpere cura decus,
In cœlos gemmam leni mors transulit ictu,
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.

In Brasted Churchyard, Kent, is the following:—

Bold Infidelity, turn pale and die,
Beneath this stone five infants' ashes lie;
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they've sinn'd because they are not here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason! oh, how depraved!
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;
They died, for Adam sinn'd; they live, for Jesus died.

Coleridge.

In Overstrand Church :—

Full of bright promise, youthful, courteous, brave,
Grace in the form, mind beaming from the eye;
All that a mother's fondest wish could crave,
Were lent awhile by Heaven, and here they lie.

Here lies the wreck, the spirit wings her flight—
The ransomed spirit, to the realms above;
Ranges unfettered through the fields of light;
Rests in the bosom of eternal love;

Beholds the unnumbered host of angel powers,
Who, round Jehovah's Throne, their anthems sing,
And joins that kindred band, those lovely flowers,
Cut down and withered in their spring.

Scenes by no tear disturbed, no sin defiled,
Scenes nor by heart conceived, nor tongue confessed,
Unveiled to thee, dear spirit of our child;—
And we are comforted, for thou art blessed!

F. Buxton.[1]

In Glynde, Sussex:—

JOHN JAMES WEDDERBURN.

Thou that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,
And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,
And o'er his slumbers bend in breathless joy,
Come to this tomb, it hath a voice for thee!
Pray! thou art blest! ask strength for sorrow's hour;
Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower!

That thou art gathering from the smile of youth
Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to behold
All the heart's depths before thee, bright with truth,
All the mind's treasures silently unfold—
Look on this tomb! to thee, too, speaks the grave,
When God hath seal'd the fount of hope he gave.

Hemans.

At Norwich, ob. 1613, æt. 35:—

MARTHA SUCKLING.

Mirror of Time, bright Starre of Pietie,
A Peereles Peece, moulded by Chastitie,
Rarest of Witts, cannot give the thy due,
Thou wert so good, so chast, so wise, so true,
Heaven hath thy Soule, the World thy living Fame,
A Tombe in *Norwich*, *London* gave thy Name.

[1] Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, in the course of five weeks, lost his son and three infant daughters. On their tomb he simply inscribed EHEU! EHEU!

At Exeter, ob. 1614 :—

LADY DODDERIDGE.

As when a curious clock is out of frame,
A workman all in pieces takes the same,
And mending what amiss is to be found,
The same rejoyns, and makes it true and sound;
So God this lady into two parts took,
Too soon her soul her mortal course forsook :
But, by His might, at length her body sound,
Shall rise, rejoyn'd unto her soul, encrown'd.
'Till then, they rest, in earth and heaven sunder'd,
At which conjoyn'd, all such as knew them wonder'd

At Norwich, ob. 1614, æt. 29 :—

DANIEL LATTHOW.

Whose Vertues cause him live, tho' hee,
From mortall Eyes, here hidden bee.

At St. Botolph, Barton Segrave, ob. 1616, æt. 27 :—

JANE FLOYDE.

Here was she borne and bred, here was she married,
Here old did she live & dye, thus was she buried;
This Brasse can say no more, This Bar-towne witnesse can,
How good to poore she was, how meeke a Christian.
Both when she liv'd & died she was the Lord's ;
She had what Earth, she has what Heaven affords.

At Higham Ferrars, ob. 1616 :—

SIR GODDARD PEMBERTON.

When all is done it only is the pen
Can tell the world the good or ill of men
Stone Wood or Brasse whereon their ought is writt
Is soon as silent as those under it
And for tradition let the Dead not trust
Her to the living that we see unjust.
Then for thy reverence to his generous race
The Knight which here lies buried in this place
Hurt not this Tomb, raze not what thou hast read
Oh, in thy mercye do not wrong the dead.

MS. in British Museum, ob. 1619 :—

RICHARD BURBAGE.

This life's a Play, scann'd out of nature's arte,
Where every man hath his allotted parte.
This man hathe now (as many more can tell)
Ended his part, & he hath acted well.
The play now ended, think his grave to be,
The retiring house of his sad tragedie ;
Where to give his fame this, be not afraid,
"Here lies the best Tragedian ever plaid."

At Exeter, ob. 1628 :—

SIR JOHN DODDERIDGE.

Learning adieu, for Dodderidge is gone
To fix his earthly to an heavenly throne.
Rich urn of learned dust ! scarce can be found
More worth inshrin'd, within six foot of ground.

At Chimley, ob. 1630, æt. 23 :—

LADY DORCAS HILL.

Weep reader, weep, and let thine eyes
With tears embalm the obsequies
Of her blest shrine ; who was in all
Her full dimensions so angelical,
And rarely good, that virtue might repine,
In wanting stuff to make one more divine

In Woodstock Church, ob. 1631, æt. 71 :—

JEROME KEYT.

He is not here if you would see
A living statue to his memorie
Goe unto good and just men's breasts
Where his name in honour rests
He loved God, ye poor befriended,
Death he fear'd not & so ended.

In Chelsea Church, ob. 1631, æt. 39 :—

SARAH COLVILL.

Wonder not, Reader, how this stone
Should be so smooth and pure, there's one
That lies within, by whose fair light
It shines so clear, and looks so bright—
The Carver's art could only give
A form, but not the power to live ;
Nor shall it ever lose its grace
Till she arrive and leave the place ;
For loss of whom the mournful urn
Shall fire, and to cinders turn.

At St. Martin's, Outwich, ob. 1633, æt. 24 :—

JOHN WIGHT.

Reader, thou may'st forbear to put thine Eyes
To charge for Teares, to mourn these Obsequies
Such charitable Drops would best be given
To those, who late, or never, come to Heaven ;
But here you would, by weeping on this Dust,
Allay his happiness, with thy mistrust ;
Whose pious closing of his youthful years
Deserves thy imitation, not thy Tears.

Ob. 1633, æt. 80 :—

MASTER ANTHONY MUNDAY. (Citizen and Draper of London.)

He that hath many an ancient tombstone read,
Th' labour seeming more among the dead
To live, than with the living—that survey'd
Abstruse antiquities, and o'er them laid
Such vive & beauteous colours with his pen ;
That, spite of time, those old are new again,
Under this marble lies interr'd ; his tomb
Claiming (as worthily it may) this room.
Among those many monuments his quill
Has so revived, helping now to fill
A place (with those) in his survey, in which
He has a monument, more fair, more rich

Than polished stones could make him, where he lies,
Though dead, still living, and in that ne'er dies.

At Taunton, ob. 1635, æt. 65 :—

ROBERT GRAY.

Taunton bore him, London bred him ;
Piety train'd him, virtue led him ;
Earth enrich'd him, heaven carest him ;
Taunton blest him, London blest him.
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety, and his pity.
What he gave, and how he gave it,
Ask the poor, and you shall have it.
Gentle reader, Heaven may strike
Thy tender heart to do the like.
And now thy eyes have read this story,
Give him the praise, and Heaven the glory.

At Fulham, ob. 1635 :—

MARGARET SMYTH.

But short was her Life, yet lives she ever,
And Death has his Due, yett dyes she never.

In St. Paul's Cathedral, ob. 1641, æt. 43 :—

ANTHONY VANDYCK.

His pictures so with their live objects strive
That both or pictures seen, or both alive :
Nature, herself amazed, does doubting stand
Which is her own, and which the Painter's hand.

Cowley.

At Norwich, ob. 1641 :—

ANNE HARSNET.

Heaven, has her Charitie,
The Good, her Fame,
The Church, her Pietie,
This Stone, her Name.

At Dean Prior, ob. 1637-42 :—

SIR EDWARD AND LADY GILES.

No trust to metals nor to marbles, when
These have their fate, and wear away as men ;
Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and spent ;
But Virtue rears the eternal monument.
What more than this can tombs or tombstones pay ?
But here's the sun set of a tedious day ;
Those two asleep are, I'll but be undrest
And so to bed ; pray wish us all good rest.

Herrick.

In Horsmanden Church, ob. 1651 :—

J. BROWNE.

Reader, stand still, when the Almightyes hand
Had wrote these copies fair, then understand
He strewed them o'er with Dust, that they might be
Secur'd from blots, discharg'd from injury.
When God shall blow away this Dust, they shall
Be known t'have been divinely penn'd by all.

In Chelsea Church, ob. 1658, æt. 50 :—

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

When bad men dye, and turn to their last sleep,
What stir the Poets and Engravers keep ;
Try a feigned skill to pile them up a name
With terms of Good, and Just, out-lasting fame :
Alas ! poor man, such most have need of stone
And epitaphs ; the Good, indeed, lack none,
Their own true works enough do give of glory.
Unto their names, which will survive all story :
Such was the man lies here, who doth partake
Of Verse and Stone, but 'tis for fashion's sake.

At West Woodhay Church, ob. 1658, æt. 86 :—

SIR BENJN. RUDYARD.

Fond World leave off this foolish trick,
Of making Epitaphs upon the dead,
Rather go write them on the quick,
Whose Souls in earthly flesh lye buried.

For in this grave lyes nought of me,
But my Soul's grave two graves well turn'd to one,
Thus do I live from death made free.
Trust me, good friend, I am not dead, but gone
To goe, and Christ my Saviour alone. *B. R.*

At Hardwick, ob. 1660, æt. 49 :—

THOMAS GLEANE.

No Person upon Earth can happy be,
Beatitude comes after Exequie.

At St. Katherine's, ob. 1683, æt. 16 :—

MARGARET GARRET.

Dear was she living, but being dead more dear,
The grief of very many made this dear ;
Thus we by want, more than by having, learn
The worth of things, in which we claim concern.

At Norwich, ob. 1685, æt. 54 :—

ADAM BRIGHAM.

In youth, I poor and much neglected went,
My gray and wealthy age in Mirth I spent,
To honours then, I courted was by many,
Altho' I did in no wise seek for any ;
But what is now, that Wealth, that Mirth, that Glory,
Alas ! 'tis Grave, 'tis Dust, 'tis mournfull Story ;
Ne erless my Soul through Christ, a Place enjoys,
Where blessed *Saints*, with him in God rejoice.

At Banham, ob. 1685, æt. 59 :—

ROBERT CLARK.

But is Clark dead ? What dost thou say,
His Soul's Alive, his Body here doth lie,
But in a Sleep, untill the Judgment Day.
And live he shall unto Eternity.
Men say he's dead, I say so too,
And e're a while, they'll say the same of you.

In Wanninghall Church, ob. 1687 :—

THOMAS STEVENS.

Since nothing is so certain as our death ;
And nothing more uncertain than when breath
Expires, we ought each minute to prepare ;
Death sends no summons for, but comes unaware.

At Kirkcaldy, ob. 1688, æt. 41 :—

DAVID BARCLAY.

Not learning, eloquence, nor honour fair,
Virtue nor faithfulness, nor pers'nage rare,
Riches nor piety, can save from death ;
The sceptre rules ov'r all who carry breath :
On persons all of whatsoe'er degree,
Death lays it's pallid hand, and none are free.

At St. Dunstan's, Stepney, ob. 1696, æt. 52 :—

DAME REBECCA BERRY.

Come, Ladies, ye that would appear,
Like Angels fair, come dress you here.
Come, dress you at this Marble Stone,
And make that humble Grace your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a Mind,
As e'er yet lodg'd in Womankind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble Life
Was free from Pride, was free from Strife.
Free from all envious Brawls and Jars,
Of human Life the Civil-wars.
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful Mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very Looks, her Garb, her Mien,
Disclos'd the humble Soul within.
Trace her thro' ev'ry Scene of Life,
View her as Widow, Virgin, Wife ;
Still the same, humble she appears,
The same in Youth, the same in Years ;
The same in high & low Estate ;
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
Go, Ladies, now, & if you'd be
As fair, as great, as good as she ;
Go learn of her *Humility*.

At St. Saviour's, Southwark :—

MARGARET HUMBLE.

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flow'r of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done:
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

At Croydon :—

WILLIAM BURNET.

To day he's dust in gold or silver bright,
Wrapped in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To day he's feasting on delicious food,
To morrow nought he eats can do him good;
To day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
In a few days himself's a dish for worms;
To day he's honour'd & in great esteem,
To morrow not a beggar values him:
To day he rises from a velvet bed,
To morrow he's in one that's made of lead;
To day his house, tho' large, he thinks too small,
To morrow can command no house at all;
To day has twenty servants at his gate,
To morrow scarcely one will deign to wait;
To day perfum'd, & sweet as is the rose,
To morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastly & pale before to-morrow night;
Now that you've wrote, and said whate'er you can,
This is the best that you can say of man.

At Wotton, ob. 1706, æt. 86 :—

JOHN EVELYN.

Living in an age of extraordinary
events and revolutions, he learnt

(as himself asserted) this Truth,
which pursuant to his intention
is here declared,—
That all is vanity which is not honest,
and that there is no solid wisdom,
but in real piety.

In Wantage Church:—

LADY WILMOT.

In the Reliquiæ Hearnianæ, vol. i. p. 131, it is stated that "Lady Wilmot, wife of Sir Geo. Wilmot, of Grove, near Wantage, in Berks, ordered her skull to be preserved in Wantage Church, where she, together with her husband and son, is interred. Which skull is, according to her desire, preserved in a chest in that church, the several parts of the skull being described and explained by a surgeon. On it are these verses, writ, as 'tis guessed, by herself, *viz*:—

Ladies, when you your perfect beauties see,
Think 'em but tenants to mortality:
I was as you are now, young, fair, & cleer,
And you must once be as you see me here."

Sept. 30, 1707.

THOMAS PICKARD,
who died suddenly, Jan. 29, 1719, æt. 50.

A SOUL prepared needs no delays,
The summons come, the saint obeys;
Swift was his flight, and short the road;
He closed his eyes, and saw his God.
The flesh rests here till Jesus come,
And claim the treasure from the tomb.

J. Watts.

At Peebles, ob. 1720, æt. 39:—

ISABEL LAIDLAW.

Forbear, fond man, and weep no more, 'tis vain,
When Heaven decrees 'tis folly to complain;
This worldly mass is subject to decay,
And death and nature all things must obey.

The blushing rose smiles with the morning sun,
Just then looks gay, now withers and is gone:
Then why, poor mortal, dost thou weep and cry?
Think what thou art, and be content to die.
Pardon my sin, Almighty God, I pray,
Forgive me all, then take me hence away;
Then my triumphant soul shall upwards fly,
And brave, with joy, this worldly vanity.

On Dr. Keill. Ob. 1721, æt. 50.

Beneath this stone, the world's just wonder lies,
Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
Around the stars his active soul had flown,
And seen their courscs finished ere his own.
Now he enjoys those realms he did explore,
And finds that heav'n he knew so well before.
He thro' more worlds his victory pursu'd,
Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdu'd;
In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
Then stopp'd, for nature could afford no more.
With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and dy'd.
C. Pitt.

Henry Hale, Ob. 1723, æt. 28.

The Phenix of his Time,
Lies here but sordid clay.
His thoughts were most sublime,
His soul is sprung away.
Then lett this Grave keep in Protection,
His Ashes, untill the Resurrection.

At Norwich, Ob. 1727, æt. 68:—

Sarah Lombe.

Be sure thou Grave, thou faithfull prove,
The dear *Depositum* observe,
Tell every Sinew, Bone, and Nerve,
The're all recorded in the Register above.

At Shoreditch, ob. 1729, æt. 69 :—

JACOB VESENBECK.

In all your pride and self vain glory,
Mind this same well, MEMENTO MORI.

In Berkhampstead Church, Herts, ob. 1737 :—

MRS. COWPER,

Mother of Cowper, the poet, by whom the following Epitaph was written :—

Here lies interr'd, too soon bereft of life,
The best of mothers, and the kindest wife :
Who neither knew, nor practis'd any art,
Secure in all she wish'd, her husband's heart :
Her love to him preserving ev'n in death
Pray'd heav'n to bless him with her latest breath.
Still was she studious never to offend,
And glad of an occasion to commend :
With ease could pardon injuries receiv'd,
Nor e'er was cheerful when another griev'd :
Despising state, with her own lot content,
Enjoy'd the comforts of a life well-spent ;
Resign'd when Heav'n demanded back her breath,
Her mind heroic 'midst the pangs of death.
Whoe'er thou art that dost this tomb draw near,
Oh stay a while and shed a friendly tear ;
These lines, though weak, are like herself, sincere.

At Norwich, ob. 1737 :—

ROSE SIMSON.

Death is a market where we all must meet,
It's found in every City, Town, and Street.
If we our Lives, like merchandise could buy,
The Rich would ever live, the poor alone must dye.

In Merton College, Oxon., ob. 1738, æt. 70 :—

THOMAS WEST, M.D.

Without a pang translated straight to Heaven,
And scarcely feeling when the stroke was given.

As if, well skill'd in every lenient art,
Thyself hadst smooth'd Destruction's painful dart ;
Didst thou discover where this transient span
Was ended, where immortal life began ?
But soon the wondrous change thou shalt perceive,
No longer call'd the wretched to relieve,
Thy science useless, and thy worth approved,
Shall tell thee that from earth thou art removed.

Ob. 1754, æt. 84 :—

Here rest the remains
of a truly learned and truly great man,
RICHARD MEAD, M.D.

a polite scholar, a successful physician,
a beneficent patron ;
his knowledge untainted by pedantry,
his taste without any affectation,
his ear impervious to flattery,
his soul superior to avarice.
He maintained the honour of his profession steadily ;
and rendered, by honest arts,
extensive his fame, his merit more extensive.
Both, superior to envy, without the aid of marble,
shall resist the teeth of Time.
His generous mind to latest ages known
From other's works, his Learning from his own.

Bowyer.

In Westminster Abbey Cloisters, ob. 1756, æt. 72 :—

GEORGE VIRTUE (Engraver).

With manners gentle, and a grateful heart,
And all the genius of the graphic art,
His fame shall each succeeding artist own,
Longer by far than monuments of stone.

On Two Young Men of the name of Leitch, who were drowned in crossing the river Southesk. 1757.

O THOU ! whose steps in sacred reverence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead ;

On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be suppress'd;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heaven's wise decrees how impious to arraign!
Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life they left the stage:
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
One moment snatch'd them from the power of Death:
They lived united, and united died;
Happy the friends whom Death cannot divide.

Beattie.

At Beckenham, ob. 1757 :—

MRS. CLARKE.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart, within whose sacred cell,
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

Gray.

At Little Ilford, ob. 1760, æt. 59 :—

In memory of SMART LETHIEULLIER, Esq.

a gentleman of polite literature and elegant taste;
an encourager of art and ingenious artists;
a studious promoter of literary enquiries;
a companion, and a friend, of learned men;
judiciously versed in the study of Antiquity,

and richly possessed of the curious productions of Nature;
But who modestly desired no other Inscription on his Tomb
than what he had made the Rule of his Life;
To do justly, to love mercy,
and to walk humbly with his God.

In Chiswick Churchyard, ob. 1764, æt. 67 :—

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart;
If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay—
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

D. Garrick.

As first composed by Mr. Garrick the lines, according to a MS. in the possession of the late Mr. James Townley, were as follows :—

If thou hast genius, reader, stay,
If thou hast feeling, drop the tear;—
If thou hast neither,—hence away,
For Hogarth's dear remains lie here.

His matchless works, of fame secure,
Shall live our country's pride and boast,
As long as Nature shall endure,
And only in her wreck be lost.

Another :—

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

Johnson.

At Hammersmith, ob. 1766, æt. 66 :—

THOMAS WORLIDGE.

He who had art so near to nature brought,
As ev'n to give to shadows life and thought,

Had yet, alas! no art, or power to save
His own corporeal substance from the grave:
Yet tho' his mortal part inactive lies,
Still Worlidge lives—for genius never dies.

In Westminster Abbey, ob. 1768, æt. 56 :—

MRS. PRITCHARD.

Her comic vein had ev'ry charm to please,
'Twas nature's dictates breath'd with nature's ease;
E'en when her powers sustain'd the tragic load,
Full, clear, & just, th' harmonious accents flow'd;
And the big passions of her feeling heart
Burst freely forth, and sham'd the mimic art.
Oft on the scene, with colours not her own,
She painted vice, & taught us what to shun;
One virtuous track her real life pursu'd,
That nobler part was uniformly good;
Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
That if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

W. Whitehead.

At Chiswick :—

If talents
To make entertainment instruction,
to support the credit of the stage
by just and manly action,
if to adorn society
by virtues
which would honour any rank and profession
deserved remembrance;
let him with whom these talents
were long exerted,
to whom these virtues were well known,
and by whom the loss of them will be long lamented,
bear testimony to the worth and abilities
of his departed friend.

CHARLES HOLLAND
was born March 12, 1733,
Dy'd Dec. 7, 1769,
and was buried near this place.

D. Garrick.

In the New Church, Birmingham :—

M. S.
GULIELMI SMALL, M.D.
QUI OB. FEB. XXV.
M.DCC.LXXV.

Ye gay and young, who, thoughtless of your doom,
Shun the disgustful mansions of the dead,
Where Melancholy broods o'er many a tomb,
Mould'ring beneath the yew's unwholesome shade ;
If chance ye enter these sequester'd groves,
And day's bright sunshine for a while forego,
Oh ! leave to Folly's cheek the laughs and loves,
And give one hour to philosophic woe !

Here, while no titled dust, no sainted bone,
No lover weeping over beauty's bier,
No warrior frowning, in historic stone,
Extorts your praises, or requests your tear ;
Cold Contemplation leans her aching head,
On human woe her steady eye she turns,
Waves her meek hand, and sighs for Science dead,
For Science, Virtue, and for SMALL, she mourns !

Darwin.

At Claybrook, ob. 1775, æt. 60 :—

CLUER DICEY.

O thou, or friend, or stranger, who shall tread
These solemn mansions of the silent dead,
Think, when this record to enquiring eyes
No more shall tell the spot where Dicey lies ;
When this frail marble, faithless to its trust,
Mould'ring itself, resigns its moulder'd dust ;
When time shall fail, and nature feel decay,
And earth, and sun, and skies, dissolve away ;
The soul this consummation shall survive,
Defy the wreck, and but begin to live :
Oh pause ! reflect, resolve, repent, amend !
Life has no length, eternity no end.

Hannah More.

At Northenden, ob. 1777, æt. 26 :—

FRANCES MARIA TATTON.

If e'er on earth true happiness were found,
'Twas thine, blest shade, that happiness to prove ;
A father's[1] fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
Thy softer virtues fix'd a husband's love.
Ah ! when he led thee to the nuptial fane,
How smil'd the morning with auspicious rays !
How triumph'd Youth and Beauty in thy train,
And flatt'ring Health that promis'd length of days !
Heav'n joined your hearts ; three pledges of your joy
Were given in thrice two years' revolving round ;
Here, reader ! pause ; and own with pitying eye,
That not on earth true happiness is found.

Mason.

ON HIS FATHER. Ob. 1784 :—

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend !
Here lies the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
' For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

Burns.

SIR GEORGE NARES, KNT.

In hope of future bliss content I lie,
Though pleas'd to live, yet not displeased to die.
Life has its comforts, and its sorrows too,
For both, to all-wise Heaven our thanks are due ;
Else thoughtless man would fix his plan of rest,
Where nature tells him he can ne'er be blest.
How far my hopes are vain, or founded well,
God only knows, but the last day will tell.

He was one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, died June 20, 1786, and composed this Epitaph a few days before his decease.

[1] John Fountayne, Dean of York.

In Westminster Abbey :—

JONAS HANWAY.

Sacred to the memory of Jonas Hanway,
Who departed this life, Sept. 5, 1786, aged 74,
But whose name liveth, and will ever live,
Whilst active piety shall distinguish
The Christian,
Integrity and Truth shall recommend
The British Merchant,
And universal kindness shall characterize
The Citizen of the World.

The helpless infant, nurtured through his care,
The friendless prostitute, sheltered and reformed,
The hopeless youth, rescued from misery and ruin,
And trained to serve and to defend his country,
Uniting in one common strain of gratitude,
Bear testimony to their benefactor's virtues.
This was the friend and father of the poor.

In St. Paul's Cathedral :—

TO JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

Prince of the Painters of his age,
and in the splendour and harmony of his colouring,
bringing forth in turn the varieties of light and shade,
scarcely second to any of the ancient Masters :
who, while invested with the highest glories of his art,
became yet more honourable by suavity of manners,
and urbanity of life ;
who found his art languishing and decaying over the earth,
and revived it by the force of his admirable example,
illustrated it by rules exquisitely framed,
and delivered it to the hands of posterity corrected and
polished.
The friends and guardians of his fame
placed this statue, in the year of salvation, 1813.
He was born July 16, 1723.
Died, February 23, 1792.

At Larbert, ob. 1794, æt. 63 :—

JAMES BRUCE.

His life was spent in performing
useful and splendid actions;
He explored many distant regions;
He discovered the fountains of the Nile;
He traversed the deserts of Nubia.
He was an affectionate husband,
An indulgent parent,
An ardent lover of his country.
By the unanimous voice of mankind,
His name is enrolled with those
Who were conspicuous
For genius, for valour, and for virtue.

Ob. 1794, æt. 57 :—

EDWARD GIBBON, the Roman Historian.

Formed for the studious and the cheerful hour,
Here, Gibbon, rest! thy course of honour run;
Few thy compeers in literary power,
And in the charms of social converse none.
Thy works immortalize th' historian's fame,
To fond remembrance let this verse commend
Worth, that delighted, by a dearer name,
The sprightly guest, or sympathetic friend.
He, in whose joy and grief 'twas thine to share,
Sheffield, thro' life to all thy merit just,
Pays, while he mourns a loss without repair,
These dues of friendship to thy hallow'd dust.

Lord Sheffield.

JOHN BACON, R.A. Ob. 1799, æt. 58.

What I was as an artist, seemed to me of some importance while I lived;

BUT

What I really was, as a believer in Christ Jesus, is the only thing of importance to me now.

Bacon.

Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood.

The pious parent raised this hallow'd place
A monument for them and for their race:
Descendants! be it your successive cares,
That no degenerate dust e'er mix with theirs.

Hamilton.

In Newport Pagnell:—

T. A. Hamilton.

Pause here, and think a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time,
Consult Life's silent clock, thy bounding vein.
Seems it to say, "Health here has long to reign"?
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? An eye,
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet hear, youth oft-times, healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a Tomb, like *Hamilton's*, aloud
Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud!"

Cowper.

In Bristol Cathedral:—

Mrs. Mason.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move:
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas even to thee), yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

W. Mason.

STELLA. (Mrs. Maurice.)

Serenely bright, in bridal smiles array'd,
The purple spring its blossom'd sweets display'd;
While raptur'd fancy saw full many a year,
In bliss revolving, urge its gay career.—
But ah! how deep a gloom the skies o'er'spread;
How swift the dear delusive vision fled!
Disease and pain the ling'ring hours consume,
And secret feed on youth's corroded bloom.
Ceas'd are the songs that fill'd the nuptial grove,
The dance of pleasure in the bow'r of love—
For Hymen's lamp funereal torches glare,
And mournful dirges rend the midnight air!
Oh! thou whose cheek, the rival of the rose,
With all the flush of vernal beauty glows;
Whose pulses high with youthful vigour bound,
The brightest fair in fashion's mazy round,
Approach, with awe, the mansions of the dead,
And, as the grave's drear bourn thy footsteps tread,
Mark—midst these ravages of fate and time—
Where worth lies buried in its loveliest prime;
Where youth's extinguish'd fires no longer burn,
And beauty slumbers in the mould'ring urn!
Oh! pause—and bending o'er fair Stella's tomb,
Mourn *her* hard lot, and read thy future doom!
Soft lie the sod that shields from wint'ry rains,
And blasting winds, my Stella's lov'd remains:
May angels guard the consecrated ground;
And flowers as lovely bloom for ever round!
Meek sufferer—who, by nameless woes oppress'd,
The patience of th' expiring lamb possess'd,
When many a tedious moon thy fever'd veins
Throbb'd with the raging hectic's fiery pains,
Nor heav'd a sigh—save that alone which bore
Triumphant virtue to a happier shore—
Stella, whose streaming eye ne'er ceas'd to flow,
When sorrow pour'd the plaint of genuine woe;
Whose mind was pure as that unsullied ray
That beams from heav'n and lights the orb of day,
Sweet be thy slumbers on this mossy bed,
Till the last trump shall rouse the sleeping dead;

Then, having nought from that dread blast to fear
Whose echo shall convulse the trembling sphere,
In fairer beauty wake—a heav'nly bride,
And rise an Angel, who a Martyr died.

T. Maurice.

In Brading Churchyard, Isle of Wight:—

MRS. ANNE BURY.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss.
No more confin'd to grovelling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

Set to music by Dr. Calcott.

At Eartham:—

THOMAS HAYLEY.

To the memory of Thomas Hayley, ob. May 2, 1800, æt. 20. John Flaxman, sculptor, dedicates this stone to the virtues and talents of his beloved scholar. He was the poet's only child.

Parent Almighty! to thy breast divine,
The child they cherished, love and faith resign;
The gift resumed by thy unquestioned will,
To fond devotion is a blessing still.
Yes—in our hearts thy all-directing sway
Has fixed so deep, what seem'd to pass away,
The bright endearments of a darling son—
The genius he display'd—the praise he won;
His gentle manners—his exhaustless mind,
Modestly firm, and delicately kind;
His busy use of health—his gay repose—
His Christian sufferance of a martyr's woes:—
These, though his soul has fled this life of pain,
Live in our bosoms,—in our spirits reign.
God! may these just memorials of the truth,
Remain a lesson both to age and youth!

So thou, blest being, guide to bliss above
All who embraced thee with protecting love;
Who train'd the virtues to thy childhood given,
And saw them torture-tried, the gold of heaven.

Hayley.

JOHN MIERS LETTSOM, M.D. Ob. 1800, æt. 27.

On virtuous Lettsom, in his manly bloom,
Resistless, death's eternal shades descend:
While kindred love and friendship round his tomb,
In speechless agony, distracted bend!

Ah, what avails above the vulgar throng,
To rise in genius or in worth to soar;
Impetuous rolls the stream of time along,
The bubble bursts, and Life's gay dream is o'er!

In ev'ry stage of varying life approved,
And still of toiling want the constant friend,
He pass'd his transient day,—admir'd,—beloved;—
All prais'd him living, all bemoan his end!

From heav'n's high throne th' Almighty Sire look'd down,
Well pleas'd to view such worth *below the skies;*
He saw him ripe for an immortal crown,
And bade his soul quit *earth* for Paradise.

Maurice.

At Hampstead, ob. 1800, æt. 63:—

GEORGE STEEVENS.

Peace to these reliques, once the bright attire
Of spirits sparkling with no common fire;
How oft has pleasure in the social hour
Smil'd at his wit's exhilirating power;
And truth attested with delight intense
The serious charms of his colloquial sense:
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay.
His critic labours of unwearied force
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endear'd:

Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease;
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Careless of chance, confiding in his God.

Hayley.

St. Pancras, ob. 1803 :—

MRS. ISABELLA MILLS.

And art thou laid in awful silence here,
Whose voice so oft had charm'd the public ear,
Who with thy simple notes couldst strike the heart,
Beyond the utmost skill of labour'd art!
Oh! may the Pow'r who gave thy dulcet strain,
And pitying rescu'd thee from earthly pain,
Exalt thy spirit, touch'd with hallow'd fire,
To hymn His praise among th' angelic choir.

J. Taylor.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND. Ob. 1803.

Oh, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force,
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey:
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh,
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:

But, who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

Byron.

At Hammersmith:—

Sacred to the memory of
JAMES ELPHINSTONE.
His mind was ingenious, his heart was affectionate, His manners, though polished, were simple; his integrity was undeviating. He was a great scholar, & a real Christian. Jortin, Franklin, and Johnson, were in the number of his friends.
He was born in Edinburgh, Nov. 25 (O.S.), 1721.
He died at Hammersmith, Oct. 8, 1809,
and his remains are deposited near the south wall of this Church.
In grateful remembrance of his virtues and affection,
his Widow has caused this tablet to be engraven.

In Bath Abbey Church, ob. 1814:—

ELY BATES.

Ask not who ended here his span
His name, reproach, and praise, was Man!
Did no great deeds adorn his course,
No deeds to swell the poet's verse?
To courts & camps alike unknown,
To senates or the bustling town:
Retirement claimed him for her own.
Warn'd by Heaven's kind though sacred voice,
His steps, averse from pomp or noise,
In peaceful solitude he bent,
On contemplation still intent.
Each topic drew his active mind,
Nor least the world he left behind:
Oft he survey'd its busy stage,
Mark'd the great actors of the age,
After a fretful hour's debate,
Passing to their eternal state,

Thus, while he view'd the fleeting train,
Life, appear'd sacred all, and vain:
Sacred how high, and vain how low,
He knew not here—but died to know!

E. B.

ANN DAVIES.[1] Ob. 1815, æt. 32.

Though here unknown, dear Ann, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That trac'd thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
O! when this frame, which yet, while life remain'd,
Thy duteous love with trembling hand sustain'd,
Dissolves (as soon it must), may that bless'd Power,
Who beam'd on thine, illume my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee, where no ills annoy,
And what was sown in grief, is reaped in joy;
Where worth, observ'd below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.

In Westminster Abbey:—

JAMES WATT.

Not to perpetuate a name
Which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to show
That mankind have learned to honour those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King,
His Ministers, & many of the Nobles
and Commons of the Realm,
Raised this monument to
JAMES WATT,
Who, directing the force of original genius,
early exercised in Philosophic research
To the improvement of
The Steam Engine,
Enlarged the resources of his country,
Increased the power of man,
And rose to an eminent place

[1] Servant of Wm. Gifford, the author of the epitaph.

Among the most illustrious followers of science
And the real Benefactors of the world.
Born at Greenock, MDCCXXXVI.
Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX.

Lord Brougham.

At Saline, ob. 1819 :—

Mrs. Erskine.

Plain, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resigned ;
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form and candid soul.
But oh ! what symbol may avail, to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so well !
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend and wife ;
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,
By which thine urn, Euphemia, claims the tear !
Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas ! as thy brief span below !

Walter Scott.

To the Memory
Of Robert Bartlam, Gent.,
Who died at Alcester, the 21st,
And was buried 25th July, 1821, aged 52.
He was inflexibly upright as a solicitor,
Hospitable as a neighbour,
Faithful as a friend,
Affectionate as a relative :
He reconciled the angry,
Relieved the needy,
Protected the oppressed,
And walked humbly with his God.—*S. Parr.*

Ob. 1823, æt. 74 :—

Edward Jenner, M.D.

Within this tomb hath found a resting place
The great Physician of the human race,—

Immortal JENNER! whose gigantic mind
Brought life and death to more than half mankind.
Let rescued infancy his worth proclaim,
And lisp out blessings on his honour'd name;
And radiant beauty drop one grateful tear,
For beauty's truest friend lies buried here.

In St. Paul's Cathedral, ob. 1833, æt. 77:—

WILLIAM BABINGTON, M.D.

Eminently distinguished for science;
beloved for the simplicity of his manners,
and the benevolence of his heart;
respected for his inflexible integrity, and his pure
and unaffected piety.

In all relations of his professional life
he was sagacious, candid, diligent and humane,
firm in purpose, gentle in execution;
justly confident in his own judgment;
yet generously open to the opinion of others;
liberal and indulgent to his brethren,
but ever mindful of his duty to the public.

To record the admiration of so rare a union of intellectual
excellence and moral worth, and to extend to future
generations the salutary influence which his living
example can no longer diffuse,
this monument has been erected by the public
subscription of his contemporaries,
A.D. 1837.

At Clifton, ob. 1833, æt. 88:—

HANNAH MORE.

Endowed with great intellectual powers,
And early Distinguished by the Success
of her Literary Labours,
She entered the world under circumstances
Tending to fix Her affections on its vanities;
But, Instructed in the School of Christ.

To form a just Estimate of the real end of Human
Existence, She Chose the Better Part,
And Consecrated Her Time and Talents

To the Glory of God and the Good of Her Fellow Creatures
in a Life of Practical Piety,
and Diffusive Benevolence.

Her Numerous Writings in Support of Religion & Order,
At a Crisis when both were rudely assailed,
Were equally edifying to Readers of all Classes,
At Once Delighting the Wise
And Instructing the Ignorant & Simple.

In the eighty-ninth Year of Her Age,
Beloved by Friends, and venerated by the Public,
She Closed her Career of Usefulness
In Humble Reliance on the Mercies of God,
Through Faith in the Merits of Her Redeemer.

In St. Peter's Chapel, Hammersmith, ob. 1836 :—

CATHERINE CLARA SMITH.

Thou art gone to the grave, 'twere in vain to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
For death has no sting since the Saviour has died.

RICHARD HENRY TOOTH. Ob. 1840, æt. 23.

Oh, early lost! if now thine eyes can see
His heart who rears this funeral stone to thee,
There, past all words, a sorrow thou wilt view,
Which Time may soften, but must deepen too.
Thine were the gifts that round remembrance twine,
And Friendship finds no second love like thine.
Thy tortures, as the flame to martyrs given,
Were the last touch that made thee meet for Heaven.
Too keenly yet thy mourners must retrace,
The suffering sweetness of thy youthful face;
Still hear those accents which, when life's last sleep
Was stealing o'er thee, prayed them not to weep.
Ah! not the less those tears are gushing now—
Their only joy—these relics art not thou,
And that thy voice still murmurs "Not in vain
Who trust in Christ shall hope to meet again."

C. H. Townsend.

St. Thomas, Ryde, ob. 1841, æt. 31 :—

— Ballard.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit! rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

At St. Cuthbert's Chapel, ob. 1842, æt. 26 :—

Grace Horsley Darling.

Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute.
Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared
On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling place;
Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.
All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through musty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles.
Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished! *Wordsworth.*

In St. Paul's Cathedral :—

Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart.,
K.C.H., F.R.S., D.C.L.

Member of the National Institute of France.
Serjeant Surgeon to their late Majesties
George IV. William IV.
To her present Majesty Queen Victoria,
and for a period of 42 years

Surgeon to Guy's Hospital.
Born 1768, Died 1842.

Animated by a fervent attachment
to the science & practice of his profession,
It was the study of his life to augment & exemplify
the resources of Surgery,
and by a most assiduous, benevolent, and successful
application of his time and talents
to this noble department of the healing art,
not his country alone, but the world,
became indebted to his exertions
and familiar with his Fame.
As a memorial of his excellence and their admiration,
his contemporaries and pupils
have erected this monument to perpetuate
his name and his example.

At Bruges, ob. 1846 :—

ELIZ. FRENCH SLEGG.

Oh! there are beams so purely bright
They seem not made for earth,
They shed the liquid glow of light
That speaks their heavenly birth,
Then smile again in ether blue,
Regain their native sphere,
And fade for ever from the view
Too bright to linger here.

Oh! such wert thou we've just resigned
In brighter worlds to shine,
And tho' in tears we're left behind
We dare not to repine,
For well alas! we learn'd to love,
Too little learn'd to know
That one so form'd for worlds above
Would ne'er be left below.

LUDICROUS AND ECCENTRIC EPITAPHS.

On Sir John Woodcock.

Hic jacet in requie Woodcock John vir generosus,
Major Londoniæ, Mercerus valde morosus.
Hic jacet *Tom Shorthose*
Sine *tomb*, sine *sheets*, sine *riches*,
Qui vixit sine *gown*,
Sine *cloake*, sine *shirt*, sine *britches*.

Sir J. W. was a Mercer and a Major of London in 1405, and was buried in St. Alban's, Wood Street.

On King Henry VIII^th's^ Jester.

Stay Traveller, guess who lies here :
I tell thee neither Lord nor Peer,
No Knight, no Gentleman of Note,
That boasts him of his antient Coate,
Which Herald's curiously emblazon,
For Men (well skill'd therein) to gaze on ;
Know then, that this was no such Man,
And I'll express him as I can :
He that beneath this Tomb-stone lies,
Some call'd him Fool, some held him wise ;
For which, who better Proof can bring,
Than to be favour'd by a King :
And yet again, we may misdoubt him,
A King hath always Fools about him.

Is he more Idiot than the rest
Who in a guarded Coat can jest?
Or can he Wisdom's Honour gain
That is all Bravery, and no Brain?
Since no such Things; Wit truly bred,
I' th' Habit lies not, but i' th' Head.
But whether he was Fool or Knave,
He now lies sleeping in his Grave,
Who never in his life found Match,
Unless the Cardinal's Fool call'd Patch:
Of whom some Courtiers who did see
Them two alone, might say, *We Three:*
And may be fear'd it is a Phrase,
That may be us'd in these our Days.
Well, more of him what shold I say,
Both Fools and Wise Men turn to Clay:
And this is all we have to trust,
That there's no Difference in their Dust:
Rest quiet then beneath this Stone,
To whom late *Archy* was a Drone.

At Winchester College, ob. 1541 :—

JOHN CLARK.

Beneath this stone lies shut up in the dark,
A fellow and a priest, yclep'd *John Clark:*
With earthly rose-water he did delight ye,
But now he deals in heavenly *aqua vitæ.*

At St. Bennet's, ob. 1594 :—

Here lyeth KATHERINE PRETTYMAN,
A Mayde of seventeen Yeeres,
In *Suffolke* borne, in *London* bred,
As by her Death appears.
With Nature's gifts she was adorn'd,
Of honest Birth and Kin,
Her virtuous minde, with modest Grace,
Did love of many win.
But when she should with honest match
Have liv'd a wedded life,
Stay there, quoth *Jove*, the world is nought,
For she shall be my wife.

And Death, since thou hast done thy due,
Lay nuptial Rites aside,
And follow her unto the grave,
That should have been your Bride:
Whose honest Life, and faithful end,
Her patience therewithall,
Doth plainly shew, that she with *Christ*,
Now lives, and ever shall.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, ob. 1597 :—

In Parliament, a Burgess *Cole* was placed,
In *Westminster* the like for many Years,
But now with Saints above his Soul is graced,
And lives a Burgess with Heav'n's Royal Peers.

At Gayton, Northamptonshire, ob. 1600 :—

William Houghton.

Neere fourscore years have I tarryed
To this mother to be marryed;
One wife I had, and children ten,
God bless the living, Amen, Amen.

In the Derbyshire Church Notes from the Wolley Collections in MS. at the British Museum,[1] we find an early punning epitaph at Crich, on some members of the family of Claye. Betwixt the church and chancel is the following inscription—(circa 1590-1600) :—

Soules they are made of Heavenly spirit:
From whence they come ye heavens inherite.
But knowe that bodyes made of Claye:
Death will devoure by night or daye
Yett is hee as hee was I saye:
He livinge and dead remayneth Claye.
His verye name that nature gave:
Is nowe as shalbe in his grave.
Tymes doth teache, experience tryes:
That claye to duste the winde up dryes.
Then this a wonder coumpt wee must:
That want of winde should make Claye dust.

[1] See Coll. Topog. et Gencalog. i. 48, MS. Add. 6666, p. 585.

At Chesterfield, of an early time :—

CECIL CLAY.
Sum quod fui.
C. C.
I am what I was.
C. C.

A ludicrous one also in a churchyard at Chester :—

Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray,
Changed to a lifeless lump of clay :
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your tears and dry your eyes ;
For what avails a flood of tears ?
Who knows but in a course of years,
In some tall pitcher or brown pan,
She in her shop may be again.

In Uckfield, ob. 1610 :—

JOHN FULLER.

Now I am dead and lyd in grave,
And that my bones are rotten,
By this shall I remember'd be,
Or else I am forgotten.

Some one of a later time has perpetrated a bull in applying the foregoing.

At Michaelchurch churchyard, Herts :—

JOHN PROSSER is my name, & England is my nation,
Bowchurch is my dwelling place, & Christ is my salvation.
Now I am dead, & in my grave, & all my bones are rotten,
As you pass by, *remember* me, when I am quite *forgotten*.

At Battersea, ob. 1613 :—

HUGH MORGAN

Sleepeth here in peace : Whom men did late admire for worthful parts. To Queen Elizabeth he was chief 'pothecary, till her death.

And in his science as he did excel,
In her high favour he did always dwell.
To God religious, to all men kind,
Frank to the poor, rich in content of mind.
These were his virtues, in these dyed he,
When he had liv'd an 100 years & 3.

In Sidbury Church, ob. 1617 :—

JOHN STONE.—(A Freemason.)

On one great *Corner-stone* this *Stone* relied.
For blessing to his building, loveing most
To build God's temples, in works he died
And lived the Temple of the Holy Ghost,
In whose hard life is proved and honest fame
God can of *Stones* raise seed to Abraham.

At Tichfield Church, Hants :—

The Husband speakinge trewly of his Wife,
Read his losse in her death, hir praise in life.
Heare Lucie Quinsie Bromfield buried lies,
With neighbours sad deepe weepinge, hartes, sighes, eyes.
Children eleaven, tenne living me she brought.
More kind, trewe, chaste was noane in deed, word, thought.
Howse, children, state, by hir was ruld, bred, thrives.
One of the best of maides, of women, wives.
Now gone to God, her heart sent long before ;
In fasting, prayer, faith, hope, and alms' deedes stoare.
If anie faulte, she loved me too much.
Ah, pardon that, for ther are too fewe such!
Then, reader, if thou not hard-hearted bee,
Praise God for hir, but sighe and praie for mee.
Here by hir dead, I dead desire to lie,
Till, rais'd to life, wee meet no more to die.

1618.

At St. Mary Key, Ipswich, ob. 1618 :—

MARY CLEERE.

Cleere was my name, my life was also clear
Like name like life, for I the light did love
Earst that this life I left this did appear
Even unto men as unto God above.

Remit who did my sins, my fears remove
Ere y^t^ he call'd my soul to Christ my Love.

At Norwich Cathedral, ob. 1621, æt. 67 :—

WILLIAM INGLOTT.

Here *William Inglott*, Organist doth rest,
Whose Art in Musick this Cathedral blest,
For Descant most, for Voluntary all,
He past on Organ, Song, and Verginall.
He left this Life at Age of Sixty-seven,
And now 'mongst Angels all sings St. in Heaven,
His Fame flies far, his Name shall never die,
See Art and Age here crown his Memorie.
Non digitis, Inglotte, tuis terrestria tangis
Tangis nunc digitis Organa celsa poli.
Anno Dom. 1621.

Other organists and professors of music have been celebrated in epitaphs :—

Ob. 1645 :—

WILLIAM LAWES.

Killed at the Siege of West Chester.

Concord is conquer'd ; in this urn there lies
The Master of Great Musick's Mysteries ;
And in it is a Riddle like the cause
Will Lawes was slain by those whose Wills were Lawes.

At Norwich, ob. 1669 :—

RICHARD YLEWARD.

Here lyes a perfect Harmonie,
Of Faith and Truth and Loyaltie,
And whatsoever Vertues can,
Be reckoned up, was in this Man,
His sacred ashes here abide,
Who in God's service liv'd and dy'd.
But now by Death advanced higher,
To serve in the Celestial Quire.
God save the King.

At Kimberley, ob. 1678, æt. 86 :—

JOHN JENKINS.

Under this Stone rare *Jenkins* lye
The Master of the Muisick Art,
Whom from the Earth, the God on high,
Call'd up to him, to bear his Part.
Aged 86, October 27,
In Anno 78, He went to Heaven.

In Llanfilantwthyl churchyard :—

Under this stone lies MEREDITH MORGAN,
Who blew the bellows of our church organ ;
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling ;
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Tho' he gave our old organist many a blast.
No puffer was he,
Tho' a capital blower ;
He could fill double G,
And now lies a note lower.

At Cannington, ob. 1621, æt 33 :—

AMY ST. BARBE.

She to gain love did AMYable live,
And Sara like to her Lord honour give ;
Bare him ten children ; chastly bred them, free
From superstition and impietie.
Answer'd her worthy parents worth, and dyed
A patterne to her sexe to shune vain pride.

At Bluntsham Church, ob. 1621 :—

ON A WRESTLER.

Here lyes the Conqueror conquered,
Valiant as ever England bred ;
Whom neither art, nor steel, nor strength,
Could e'er subdue, till death at length
Threw him on his back, and here he lyes
In hopes hereafter to arise.

James Barker. Ob. 1622, æt. 44.

Her rest gives me a rest lesse lyfe
Because she was a vertuous wyfe;
But yet I rest in hopes to see
That daye of Christ and then see thee.

At Kendal, Westmoreland, ob. 1627:—

Ralph Tyrer, B.D.

London bred me, Westminster fed me,
Cambridge sped me, My sister wed me,[1]
Study taught me, Living sought me,
Learning bought me, Kendal caught me,
Labour pressed me, Sickness distressed me,
Death oppressed me, The grave possessed me,
God first gave me, Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me, and Heaven would have me.

R. T.

At St. Peter's Church, Oxford:—

Here lyeth Dr. Rawlinson's two younger Daughters: Elizabeth, who dyed May y^e^ 21, 1624, and Dorothy, who dyed Jan. 10, 1629.

Two little sisters ly under this stone
Their Mothers were two, their Fathers but one.
At 5 quarters old departed y^e^ younger,
The older lived 9 years 5 days, and no longer.
Learn hence y^e^ yong gallants to cast away laughter.
As soon comes y^e^ lamb as y^e^ sheep to y^e^ slaughter.

At Norwich, ob. 1629:—

Henry Best.

My Time is shorte, the longer is my Rest,
God calls them soonest whom he loves the Best.

[1] It is suggested the meaning of this line must be, that by the intervention of his sister he obtained his wife.

At St. Giles, Herts, 1631, æt. 14 :—

ANN POURE.

Pour, Rich was in the spirit,
Anne Poure, Rich *Poure* by Christs merit.

Many punning epitaphs belonging to this time (see pp. 123—133 *ante*) have been printed without date. The following are therefore here inserted :—

At Allhallows, Bread Street :—

Thy livelesse trunk, O reverend *Stocke*,
Like Aaron's rod, sprouts out againe,
And after two full winters past,
Yields blossomes and ripe fruit amaine.
For why this work of piety,
Perform'd by some of thy flocke,
To thy dead corps and sacred urne
Is but the fruit of this old *Stocke*.

SNOW, the King's Trumpeter.

Thaw every breast, melt every eye with woe,
Here's dissolution by the hand of Death!
To dirt, to water, turned the fairest *Snow*,
O! the kings *trumpeter* has lost his breath.

At Southwold :—

THOMAS GARDINER.

Historian of Southwold and Denwich, buried with his two wives Honor and Virtue.

Between *Honor* and *Virtue*, here doth lie,
The remains of *Old Antiquity*.

At St. Augustine's, on a brass plate :—

WILLIAM LAMB.

Oh Lamb of God! which sin dids't take away,
And as a Lamb was offered up for sin,
Where I poor *Lamb*, went from thy flock astray,
Yet thou O Lord vouchsafe thy Lamb to win
Home to thy flock, and hold thy Lamb therein.
That at the day when Lambs and Goats shall sever
Of thy choice Lambs, *Lamb* may be one for ever.

At Peebles :–

THOMAS HOPE, AND CHILDREN.

Here lie three *Hopes* enclosed within,
Death's prisoners by Adam's sin,
Yet rest in hope that they shall be
Set by the second Adam free.

In Low Leyton Church :—

ELIZABETH WOOD.

Wail not, my *Wood*, thy Trees untimely fall,
They were but Leaves that Autumn's blast could spoil ;
The Bark bound up, and some fair Fruit withal,
Transplanted only, she exchanged her soil ;
She is not dead, she did but fall to rise,
And leave the *Woods* to live in Paradise.

In Bucks :—

On a Shepherd whose name was FAITHFUL.

Faithful lived, and *Faithful* died,
Faithful shepherded on the hill side—
The hills so wide, the fields so round,[1]
In the day of judgment he'll be found.

ANN SHORT.

Am *Short*, O Lord, of praising thee,
N othing I can do is right ;
N eedy and naked, poor I be,
S hort, Lord, I am of sight :
H ow *short* I am of love and grace !
O f every thing I'm *short*,
R enew me, then I'll follow peace
T hrough good and bad report.

At Elstree :—

Behold and know how heaven is repossest
Of her sweet soul whose corps interr'd doth rest
Near to this place ; for silence would her wrong
If that my Muse had not addrest this song

[1] Qy. surround.

Of sacred trophies in her vertuous praise,
Which cannot die, but must survive always.
A fruitful peaceful *Olive* was her Name,
So was her Life, her Death, her Faith the same;
Emblem'd by Dove with Olive leaf in bill,
Which show'd glad *Noah* God had done his will,
And forc'd the swelling Deluge Flood resort
To channels low, in bank, in bounds their port;
This *Olive* liv'd much more content with me,
Than did this Dove, good *Noah*, in ark with thee;
And brought me Olive branch to glad my heart,
As Dove rejoiced, the ceasing floating part,
And then with ghost did penetrate the skies
More high than Dove, beyond object of eyes:
Her heart, her Mind, her Soul, and Faith most pure,
Were link't in Christ so stedfast and so sure,
As help'd her soul more high than Dove could flie,
Now therefore *Noah*, thy Dove I must pass by;
Mounting the heavens by wings of faith,
Her soul's aspect discharged of sin and pain;
Where hope assures and puts me out of doubt
That this late *Olive* mine is round about,
Beset with God's favour and mercy seat,
And with his love of all his joys for meat,
Which power shall adamantine wise restore
Her corps to suit which clad her soul before.
Dignified, glorified, eternized,
Sanctified at last, as first baptized.

In Iver Church, ob. 1634, æt. 55:—

ALICE CUTT.

Two happy days assigned me to men,
Of wedlock and of death! O happy then!
'Mongst women was she that is here interr'd,
Who liv'd out two, and dying had the third.

At St. Maries, Sandwich, ob. 1635:—

ROBERT NEEDLER.

My resting road is found
Vain hope and hap adieu,

Love whom you list
Death hath me rid from you.
The Lord did me from *London* bring
To lay my body close herein
I was my father's only heir,
And the first my mother bare.
But before one year was spent
The Lord his messenger for me sent.

At Southrey, ob. 1638 :—

JANE TYRRELL.

Here rests that just and pious Jane,
That ever hated all that's vayne ;
Her zeal for God, made her desire
T'have dyed a martyr in the fire ;
Or into thousand pieces small,
Been cutt to honour God with all.
Her life right vertuous, modest, sober ;
Ended the 7th day of October, 1638 :
Her purest soul 'till the body rise,
Enjoys heaven's peace in paradise.
Her virtues hid from common sight,
Enforc'd her husband these to write.
Johan Tyrell de Gypping in Suff.

At Wisbech, ob. 1638, æt. 75 :—

NICHOLAS SANFORD.

He was
A patterne for townesmen, whom we may enrole,
For at his own charge this towne hee freed of tole.

At Sheepshale, ob. 1640, æt. 72 :—

Rev. JOHN RUDD.

Son of Thunder, Son of the Dove,
Full of hot Zeal, full of trewe Love.
In preaching Truth, in living right,
A burning Lamp, a shining Light.

At Icklesham :—

GEORGE THEOBALD.

Ædibus his moriens Campanum Sponte Dedisti
Laudes Pulsandæ sunt Theobaldæ Tuæ.

Here lies George Theobald, a lover of bells,
And of this house, as that epitaph tells ;
He gave a bell freely to grace the new steeple,
Bring out his prayse therefore ye good people.
Obiit 10, Martii, Anno Domi. 1641.

At St. James, Clerkenwell :—

THOMAS WAYTE, of Keythorp, Esq.

Receiver for His Majesty in the Counties of Warwick and Leicester. 1642.

Hither no Tears but Garlands bring,
To crown this good Receiver's Dust ;
Who gave account to God and King,
And lives rewarded with the Just.
So to his Faith and Office both gave Rest,
The *King* his *Quittance, God, Quietus est.*

At Bushey, ob. 1643 :—

ROBERT BLAKEWELL.

Here's two in one, and yet not two but one,
Two Sons, one Tomb ; two heirs one name alone.

At Acton Church, ob. 1645, æt. 24 :—

ELIZABETH WILBRAHAM.

Here lyes the body—Hould ! some one replyes,
'Tis not her body, 'tis this marble lyes ;
For her fayre clay, ere death could reach her bed,
Sly sickness (to cheat him) thence ravished,
And in its roome convcyed a skelleton,
Which scarce her looking glasse or friends could owne ;
A skelleton so bare, that as she lay,
She seemed a soule abstracted from its clay.
Thus lighten'd, she could act and never faint,
But moved more like an angell than a saint ;
Whilst, through those weather-beat thin walls of skin,
Each looker-on might see what dwelt within :

Sound judgment, joyn'd to active piety,
Wit, sweetness, patience, and humility.
A virgin too! save that, just such another,
In all perfections as her neighbour mother.

At Yeovil, Somerset:—

JOHN WEBB,

Son of John and Mary Webb, Clothiers, who died of the measles, May 3d, 1646, aged 3 years.

How still he lies!
And clos'd his eyes,
That shone as bright as day!
The cruel measles,
Like *clothiers' teasles*
Have scratched his life away.

Cochineal red
His lips have fled,
Which now are *blue* and *black*
Dear pretty wretch,
How thy limbs *stretch*,
Like *cloth upon* the *rack*.

Repress thy sighs,
The husband cries,
My dear, and not repine,
For ten to one,
When God's work's done
He'll *come off superfine*.

At Old Grey Friars, Edinburgh, ob. 1649, æt. 78:—

JAMES MURRAY.

Stay, Passenger, and shed a Tear,
For good *James Murray* lieth here:
He was of Philip Haugh descended,
And for his Merchandize commended.
He was a Man of a good Life,
Marry'd Bethia Mauld to his Wife:
He may thank God that e'er he gat her,
She bore him three Sons & a daughter.

The first he was a Man of Might,
For which the King made him a Knight.
The second was both wise and wily,
For which the Town made him a Bailly:
The third a Factor of Renown,
Both in *Camphire* and in this Town.
His daughter was both grave & wise,
And married was to James Elies.

At Gloucester Cathedral, ob. 1650:—

SAMUEL BRIDGER.

Receiver of this College Rents, he paid
His Debt to Nature, and beneath he's laid
To rest, until his summons to remove,
At the last Audit, to the Choir above.

At Witchingham, ob. 1650:—

THOS. ALLEYN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

Death here advantage hath of life I spye,
One husband with two wifes at once may lye.

At Enesham, ob. 1652, æt. 27:—

JOHN GREEN.

Stay reader, drop upon this Stone
One pitying tear, and y^{n} be gone.
A handsome pyle of flesh & blood
Is here sunk down to its first mud,
Which thus in Western rubbish lyes,
Until y^{e} Eastern Starr shall rise.

At Peterborough Cathedral, ob. 1653:—

JANE PARKER.

Heare lyeth a midwife brought to bed,
Deliveresse Delivered;
Her body being churched here,
Her soule gives thanks in yonder sphere.

At Hunstanton :—

SIR HAMO L'ESTRANGE.

Hamo Extraneus, miles, ob^{t}. 1 Maii 1654, æt. suæ 71.

In terris peregrinus eram, nunc incola cœli,
In Heaven at home, O blessed change!
Who while I was on earth, was Strange.

At Kingston upon Thames, ob. 1655, æt. 76 :—

THOMAS HAWARD.

Ashes on Ashes lie, on Ashes tread
Ashes engrav'd these words, which Ashes read,
Then what poor thing is Man, when every gust
Can blow his Ashes to their kindred Dust?
More was intended, but a wind did rise,
And fill'd with Ashes both my mouth and eyes.

In North Tudenham Church, ob. 1656:—

FRANCES NEVE.

Here lyes the Corps of Frances Neve interred,
This Virgins Soul to Heaven is transferred.
April laments her death, tho' born in May
When *Flora* her perfections doth display.

At Thunderidge, ob. 1658, æt. 21 :—

ROGER GARDINER.

Roger lies here before his Hour,
Thus doth the *Gardiner* lose his Flower.

In Tawstock Church, ob. 1660, æt. 48 :—

ALEXANDER ROLLE.

Under this Marble lyes a Treasure
W^{ch} Earth hath lost and Heaven gain'd,
Wherein we Mortals took just Pleasure
Whilst his blest soul on earth remain'd.
A Lawyer y^{t} desir'd to see
His Clients Right more than his Fee.

At St. Edmund's, Sarum, ob. 1662 :—

RICHARD PHELPS,
Alderman and Mayor.

And is he dead! and shan't the City weep?
That it no longer such a Saint could keep.
Surely when Death shall thus lay Hold upon
The Pillars of the House, the Building's gone.
Well may we fear and dread what God is doing
That Flames are kindling, while our LOTS are going.
The Righteous is taken away
From the Evil to come.

In Westminster Abbey :—

In memory of Mr. Thos. Smith of Elmley Lovet, in the County of Worcester, and Bachelor of Arts, late of Christ's Church, Oxford, who through the Spotted Veil of the Small Pox, render'd a pure and unspotted Soul to God, expecting but never fearing Death, which ended his days March 10, A.D. 166$\frac{3}{4}$, Ætatis suæ 27.

The Virtues which in his short Life were shown,
Have equall'd been by few, surpass'd by none.

In Berkeley Churchyard, ob. 1665, æt. 77 :—

Here lyeth THOMAS PIERCE, whom no man taught
Yet he in Iron, Brasse, and Silver wrought.
He Jacks, & Clocks, & Watches (with art) made,
And mended too when others' worke did fade.
Of Berkeley five times Mayor this artist was,
And yet this Mayor, this Artist was but grasse.
When his own watch was Downe on the last day,
He that made watches, had not made a Key
To wind it up, but useless it must lie,
Until he Rise again no more to die.

At East Bradenham, ob. 1667 :—

SARAH TOWNSEND.

Here Virtuous, Pious, SARAH TOWNSEND lies,
Whose Soul Enamell'd thus, to Heaven flies.

At Norwich, ob. 1669, æt. 52 :—

Here lays Capt. Nicholas Salter, whose
Choice Endowments both in Grace and Art,
Deserve the ablest Hand to express but Part;
As to Religion constant and sincere,
Faithful and fervent, fighting while h' was here,
The Fight of Faith; o'ercome, and is sett downe,
His Course he finish'd, and enjoys a Crowne;
And for his Art and Ingenuity,
By his exquisite Skill in Turning, Hee
Made so conspicuous, that who it beheld,
Was at his Art with Admiration fill'd,
But cease, no more, only a Sword, a Tear,
To lett the Reader know, choice Dust lies here.

George Fane. Ob. 1670.

Here lies a child, whose death hath set us right,
In the old story of our guardian knight.
For who dare say the champion smells o' the forge,
Since we are all assur'd there's a St. George.
Who ne'er was vanquish'd, nor o'ercome;
For he is still alive by a synecdoche.

These two were sons of the Rev. W. Fane, D.D., Rector of Huntspill.

In Glastonbury Church, ob. 1670 :—

Captn. John Dyer.

Whom neither Sword nor Gunn in War
Could slay, in Peace a Cough did marr
'Gainst Rebels He and Lust and Sin
Fought the good Fight, died Life to win.

At Fersfield :—

Here lies Buried
Henry Blomefield, Gent.
Who Died Nov. the 3rd
1670.
Ann his First Wife
Lies at his Right Hand

And Diana his Second
At his Left.
The
Father
The Word and
The Holy Ghost,
And these Three,
Are one. 1. John 5. 7.
Three in One. Luke 3. 21. 22.
One in Three. Gen. 1. 2. Jo. 1. 3.
Is Unity, in Trinity. John 15. 26.

At Ledbury, Herefordshire :—

Stay reader,
Here lyes the body of James Baily, late of Ledbury,
Corvisor, who departed this life 13 Dec. 1674,
Aged 100 years and 8 months. He was the youngest
Brother of Humphrey Bailey of Ocul Pychard,
and of Samuel Bailey, late of Hereford. These three
brothers lived the age of 300 years,
what one wanted the
other made up. Mors rapit omnia.

At Aldenham, ob. 1674, æt. 23 :—

John Robinson.

Death parts the dearest Lovers for a while
And makes them mourn, who only used to smile ;
But after Death our unmixt loves shall tie
Eternal knots betwixt my dear & I.

At Tedston-de-la-Mere, ob. 1678 :—

Frances Bateman.

Heav'n took her soule; the earth her corpse did seise,
Yet not in fee ; she only holds by lease,
With this proviso—when the judge shall call,
Earth shall give up her share, & Heav'n take all.

In Newport Church, Monmouthshire, ob. 1678, æt. 49 :—

William Morgan.

Stay Gentle Reader, stay, drop down one tear,
Though heart of flint and Eye of Pumice were,

Good, just, discreet, strong, debonaire & wise,
Man at his Zenith midst death's trophies lies,
And bids the bravest, at the best beware,
What ere thou art he was, thyself prepare.

At St. Dunstan's in the West, ob. 1679 :—

ALEXANDER LAYTON.

A Master of Defence
His thrusts like Lightning flew, more Skilful Death
Parr'ed 'em all, and beat him out of Breath.

J. Brewer.

At Richmond, Yorkshire :—

Here lies the body of William Wix
One Thousand, Seven Hundred & Sixty Six.

At Norwich Cathedral :—

Here lies the body of honest TOM PAGE,
Who died in the 33^{d} year of his age.

At Norwich, ob. 1679 :—

Sarah York this life did resigne
On May the 13th, 79.

At Wrexham :—

Here lies John Shore,
I say no more ;
Who was alive
In sixty five.

At Stepney, ob. 1683 :—

WILLIAM WHEATLY.

Whoever treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly ;
For underneath the same doth lie
Your honest friend, Will Wheatly.

JOHN OXENHAM. Ob. 1684.

"Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young man, in whose

chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird with a WHITE BREAST was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished.

"Here lies also MARY OXENHAM, sister of the above John, who died the next day, and the same apparition was in the room.

"Here lies hard by, JAMES OXENHAM, the son of the said John, who died a child in his cradle, a little after, and such a bird was seen fluttering about his head a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards.

"Here lies ELIZABETH OXENHAM, the mother of the said John, who died 16 years since, when such a bird, with a WHITE BREAST, was seen about her bed before her death."

To all these were divers witnesses, both Squires and Ladies, whose names were graven on the stone—(seen by Howell at a stone-cutter's in Fleet-street, and recorded in his Letters)—which was to be sent to a town hard by Exeter, where this happened.

At St. Margaret's, at Lynn, ob. 1684:—

WILLIAM SCRIVENOR,

Cook to the Corporation.

Alas! alas! *Will. Scrivenor's* dead, who by his art
Could make Death's Skeleton edible in each part.
Mourn, squeamish Stomachs, and ye curious Palates,
You've lost your dainty Dishes and your Salades:
Mourn for yourselves, but not for him i' th' least.
He's gone to taste of a more Heav'nly Feast.

The following was written by Capt. Morris on EDWARD HEARDSON (Thirty years Cook to the Beef-steak Society):—

His last *steak* done; his fire rak'd out and dead,
Dish'd for the worms himself, lies *honest Ned:*
We, then, whose breasts bore all his *fleshly toils*,
Took all his *bastings* and shared all his *broils;*
Now, in our turn, *a mouthful carve* and *trim*,
And *dress* at Phœbus' *fire*, one *scrap* for him:—
His heart which well might grace the noblest grave,
Was grateful, patient, modest, just and brave;

And ne'er did earth's wide maw *a morsel* gain
Of *kindlier juices* or more tender *grain;*
His tongue, where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,
Charm'd all who heard the faithful zeal he felt;
Still to whatever end his *chops* he mov'd,
'Twas all *well season'd, relish'd,* and approv'd:
This room his heav'n!—When threat'ning Fate drew nigh
The closing shade that dimm'd his ling'ring eye,
His last fond hopes, betray'd by many a tear,
Were—That his life's last *spark* might glimmer here;
And the last words that choak'd his parting sigh—
"Oh! at your feet, dear masters, let me die!"

At Colsterworth, Leicestershire:—

Heic jacent Gulielmi Walkeri *Particulæ*, obiit
1° Augusti Anno Dom. 1684. Ætat. 61.

Here lie Walker's *Particles.*

He was the author of a work on Latin and English Particles.

In Barnstaple Church, ob. 1684. æt. 5:—

John Boyse.

Blest was the Prophet in his Heavenly shade
But oh! how soon did his umbrella fade.
Like our frail Bodies w^ch being born of Clay
Spring in a Night and wither in a Day.

On a Brass in the Church of Aughton, near Ormskirk:—

Jesus Salvator.

My ancestors have been interred here above 380 years,
This to me by ancient evidence appears;
Which that all may know & none doe offer wrong,
It is ten feet and one inch broad, and foure yards & a half long.
Amen.
"Richard Mossock, 1686.
"God save the King to the greate glory of God.'

At Brightwell, ob. 1687:—

Stephen Rumbold.

He liv'd One Hundred & Five,
Sanguine and Strong,

An Hundred to Five,
You live not so long.

At St. Dunstan's Stepney, ob. 1687 :—

Here THOMAS SAFFIN lies interr'd; Ah, why?
Born in New England did in London die?
Was the third son of eight; begot upon
His Mother Martha, by his Father John;
Much favor'd by his Prince he got to be
But nipt by Death at th' age of twenty-three;
Fatal to him was that, sad Small Pox name
By which his Mother and two Brethren came
Also to breathe their last; nine years before;
And now have left their father to deplore,
The loss of all his Children with that Wife
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

In Wolverhampton Church, ob. 1690 :—

Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able;
But once o'er fed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners:
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners!

Great eaters have been frequently celebrated in Epitaphial inscriptions; the following are instances of the kind :—

ON A GREAT EPICURE.

At this rude stone, ye sons of Bacchus pause;
Here lies a martyr to the *good old cause:*
A doctor fam'd for most voracious parts,
Profoundly vers'd in culinary arts;

Skill'd in the merits of renown'd sirloin,
Nor less *de vino* prov'd a sound divine.
Long shall the generous juice embalm his clay,
Nor vulgar worms upon this carcass prey.
Full many a sparkling stream his lips have quaff'd,
But relish'd not this last and bitter draught;
So strong the potion prov'd, or weak his head,
Here lies our doctor—*down among the dead.*

T. Maurice.

On a Glutton.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat sufficient, and I'll drink no more;
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day,
'Tis time to part, but oh!—what is to pay!

Randolph Peter
Of Oriel the eater.

Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

Here lies Johnny Cole,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner;
While chewing his crust,
He was turn'd into dust,
With his crimes *undigested*—poor sinner!

Gentle Reader, Gentle Reader,
Look on the spot where I do lie
I was always a very good feeder
But now the worms do feed on I.

At Norwich, ob. 1690, æt. 51:—

Roger Crewe.

Let Charity this Man commend
To diligent Apprentices, whose End
Brought Mony to their City; Stock to lend.

At New Windsor, ob. 1692:—

John Topham.

Reader, this Monument does here declare,
That Richard Topham was John Topham's heir,

And that this secret might to all be known
Richard hath writ it on John Topham's stone.
The language view, and own the pious deed,
Since Richard writes, what John could never read.

In Limerick Cathedral :—

"Memento Mory.

"Here lieth Littele Samuell Barinton, that great Under Taker,
Of Famious Citti's Clock and Chime Maker;
He made his one Time goe Early and Latter,
But now he is returned to God his Creator.
"The 19 of November Then he Scest,
And for His Memory This Here is Pleast,
By his Son Ben, 1693."

At Sarnesfield, ob. 1694, æt. 97 :—

John Abel, (Architect.)

This craggy stone a covering is for an architector's bed,
That lofty buildings raised high, yet now lyes low his head.
His line and rule, so death concludes, are locked up in store,
Build they that list or they that wist for he can build no more.
His house of clay could hold no longer,
May heaven's joy build him a stronger.
John Abel.

At Gateshead :—

Robert Trollop,
Architect of the Exchange and Town Court of Newcastle.
Here lies Robert Trollop
Who made yon stones roll up
When death took his soul up
His body filled this hole up.

At South Brewham :—

To the ever living memory of the Rev. Edward Bennet, minister of the gospel, who by a sudden-surprize fell asleep in Christ, the 8th day of Nov. 1673 ; ætat. suæ 50. And Mary

his wife, who also by a sudden-surprize fell asleep in Christ Feb. 26, 1694, ætat. 79.

In Edmonton Churchyard, ob. 1695 :—

On WILLIAM NEWBERRY, a hostler, who lost his life from the improper administration of medicine by an ignorant fellow servant.

Hic jacet Newberry Will,
Vitam finivit cum Cochiæ Pill;
Quis administravit? Bellamy Sue;
Quantum quantitas? nescio—
Scisne tu?
Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

In St. Mary's York, ob. 1696. Accidentally drowned :—

Nigh to the River *Ouse*, in *York's* fair City,
Unto this pretty Maid, Death shew'd no Pity;
As soon as she'd her Pail with Water fill'd,
Came sudden Death and life like Water spill'd.

In Great Wolford Church-yard :—

Here old JOHN RANDAL lies,
Who counting from his tale
Lived threescore years and ten,
Such vertue was in ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive,
And if he could have drunk his ale
He still had been alive.
He died January 5.
1699.

In Braunston Churchyard, Northamptonshire, ob. 1703 :—

WILLIAM BORROWS.

'Tis true I led a single life,
And nare was married in my life,
For of that Seck (*sic*) I nare had none;
It is the Lord; his will be done.

In Staplehurst, ob. 1703 :—

MARY, Daughter of W. MAYO.

Here lies a piece of Heav'n (t'other's above)
Which shortly goes up to the world of love
The brightest sweetest angels must convey
This spotless virgin on the starry way,
That glittering quire sings but a lisping song
Till she appears amidst the shining throng.

Ob. 1705-6, æt. 53 :—

EDWARD JONES.

Here lies a Printer, famous[1] in his time :—
Whose life by lingering sickness did decline :
He lived in credit, and in peace he died,
And often had the chance of Fortune tried ;
Whose smiles by various methods did promote
Him to the favour of the Senate's vote :
And so became by national consent,
The only Printer for the Parliament :
Thus by degrees, so prosp'rous was his fate,
He left his heirs a very good estate.

The body of
B. FRANKLIN,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and stripped of its lettering and gilding,
lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be wholly lost ;
for it will, as he believed, appear once more,
in a new and more perfect edition,
corrected and amended
by the Author.
He was born Jan. 6, 1706.
Died 17 . B. F.

[1] He was the Gazette Printer of the Savoy, and this epitaph was appended to an elegy entitled "The Mercury Hawkers in Mourning," published on occasion of his death.

At Selby, Yorkshire, 1706 :—

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk, and grave stone cutter.
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others us'd to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.

At Lauder :—

Alexander Thompson.

Here lyes inter'd an honest man,
Who did this churchyard first lie in ;
This monument shall make it known
That he was the first laid in this ground.
Of mason and of masonrie
He cutted stones right curiously.
To heaven we hope that he is gone,
Where Christ is the chief corner stone.

In Rudgwick Churchyard, ob. 1708 :—

Edward Haynes, M.D.

Here lies the body of Cranley, Doctor Edward Haynes,
Who for to maintain his family spar'd not for pains ;
To ride and to run, to give relief,
To those that were in pain, in grief.
He, the 30th of April, enter'd Death's straight gate,
In the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eight.
He left behind him when he left this life
Two likely sons and a loving wife ;
And, about 36 weeks after,
His wife and relict was brought to bed with a dafter ;
Which three we desire may live,
Not to beg, but to give.
His eldest son Edward, about six years and ten months old,
His youngest son, John, three, both dapper and bold.
Like to most mortals, to his business he was a slave,
Catched the small-pox and died, and lies here in his grave.

At Kenning-hill Churchyard in Norfolk, one of the name of Robert Button, is stated to have died on the 29th of June, betwixt 6 and 7 o'clock at night, and the anxiety to record the precise hour of his decease has occasioned them to omit the insertion of the year in which it occurred. It was, however, in 1711.

At Wickmere, ob. 1712, æt. 37 :—

Henry Gunton.

But is Gunton Dead? What do'st thou say?
His Soul is alive, his Body here doth lay,
But in a sleep untill the Judgment Day.
And live he shall, unto Eternity.
Men say he's Dead, I say so too,
And e're a while they'll say the same of you.

In Iver Church, ob. 1713, æt. 61 :—

Elizabeth Pilling.

That undisturb'd this place my Bones may keep,
Not that I'm singular, chose here to sleep;
My Lord ev'n here my dust will know and find,
Which by his power shall raised be and join'd
Unto my soul, when Death itself shall die,
And all the dead shall live eternally.

In Dartmouth Churchyard, ob. 1714 :—

Thomas Goldsmith,

Commander of the Snap-dragon, a privateer, in the reign of Queen Anne. In which vessel he turned pyrate, and amassed much riches.

Men that are virtuous fear the lord,
And the devil's by his friends adored;
And as they merit, get a place
Amidst the blest, or hellish race;
Pray then, ye learned clergy show
Where can this brute, Tom Goldsmith, go;
Whose life was one continued evil,
Striving to cheat God, man, and devil.

At Hampton Ridware, Staffordshire :—

Underneath lies the body of THOMAS ALLESTREE, M.A., late rector of this parish, and prebendary of Lichfield, who was a minister of the Church of England 54 years. He composed 500 sermons, and preached above 5000 times. He died the 30th day of June 1715, in the 78th year of his age.

At St. Cuthbert, Kildale, Yorkshire :—

JOSEPH DUNN.

"Here lyeth the body of Joseph Dunn, who dyed y^e^ 10th day of March, 1716, aged 82 years. He left to y^e^ poor of Kildale XX s., of Commondale XX s., of Danby XX s., of Westerdale, X. s., *to be paid upon his gravestone* by equal portions, on y^e^ 1st day of May, and y^e^ 11th of November for ever."

At St. Pauls, Bedford :—

PATIENCE, WIFE OF SHADRACH JOHNSON.

The mother of 24 children and died in childbed, June 6, 1717, aged 38 years.

Shadrach ! Shadrach !
The Lord granted unto thee
PATIENCE,
Who laboured long and *patiently*
In her vocation ;
But her *patience* being exhausted
She departed in the midst of her labour
Ætat. 38.
May she rest from her labours !

At Dunster, Norfolk, ob. 1709 and 1720 :—

ISRAEL AND SARAH LONG.

Here lies a Noble Pair, who were in name,
In Heart, in Mind, and Sentiments the same,
The Arithmetick Rule then can't be true,
For *One* and *One*, did never here make *Two*.

In Mary Tavy Churchyard, Devon, ob. 1721, æt. 28 :—

THOMAS HAWKINS.

Here Buried were some Years before
His two Wives and Five Children more,
One Thomas nam'd whose fate was Such
To lose his Life by Wrestling much
Which may a Warning be to all
How they into Such Pastimes fall.
Elizabeth and William and
Hannah, and yet Pray understand
A second nam'd Elizabeth
All these were taken off by Death
For which Prepare You Readers all
We must away When God doth Call.

At Church Creton, Salop :—

On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride,
On a Thursday put to bed,
On a Thursday broke her leg, and
On a Thursday died.

In Kendal Church :—

FRANCES STRICKLAND.

She was born } 24th June { 1690
Married } { 1708
Buried } { 1725

Emblem of temporal good, the day that gave
Her birth & marriage, saw her in the grave ;
Wing'd with its native love her soul took flight,
To boundless regions of eternal light.

At Wilton, ob. 1725 :—

ELIZABETH BELL.

At Twenty Years of Age I little thought,
That hither to this Place I should been brought,
Therefore as in the Lord I put my Trust,
I hope I shall be blest among the Just.

At Chiswick :—

Here lyes ye clay
Which the other day
Inclos'd Sam Sevill's soul,
but now is free and unconfin'd,
she fled and left her clay behind
Intomb'd within this mole
May y^e^ 21, 1728,
In the 30 year of his age.

In Beckley, ob. 1728, æt. 63 :—

DICKY PEARCE.

Here lies the *Earl of Suffolk's* Fool,
Men call him Dicky Pearce ;
His folly serv'd to make men laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor *Dick*, alas ; is dead & gone,
What signifies to cry ?
Dicky's enough are still behind
To laugh at by & by. *Swift.*

In St. Michael's Churchyard, Crooked Lane :—

ROBERT PRESTON

Late Drawer, at the Boar's Head Tavern, in Great Eastcheap, who died March 16^th^ 1730, aged 27.

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies ;
Tho' nurs'd among full hogsheads, he defy'd
The charms of wine, and ev'ry vice beside.
O Reader ! if to justice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind ;
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots ;
Had sundry virtues that outweigh'd his fau'ts ;
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy *Bob*, in measure and attendance.

At Hegdon :—

Here lyeth the body of
WILLIAM STRUTTON, of Padrington,

Buried the 18th of May 1734
Aged 97.
Who had, by his first wife, twenty-eight children,
And by a second seventeen;
Own father to forty-five
Grand-father to eighty-six,
Great Grand-father to ninety-seven,
And Great, Great Grand-father to twenty-three;
In all two hundred and fifty-one.

In Laurence Lideard Churchyard a similar one:—

The man that rests in this grave has had 8 wives,
by whom he had 45 children, and 20 grand-
children. He was born rich, lived and
died poor, aged 94 years,
July 30th, 1774.
Born at Bewdley in Worcestershire in 1650.

At Wolstanton:—

Ann Jennings.

Some have children—some have none—
Here lies the Mother of twenty-one.

At Eyrie, Aberdeenshire:—

Erected to the memory of Alexander Gray, some time farmer in Mill of Burns, who died in the 96th year of his age, having had 32 legitimate children by two wives.

At St Peter's East, Oxford:—

Here
Lieth the body of
Thomas Hearne, M.A.
Who studied and preserved
Antiquities. He died June 10th,
1735, aged 57 years.
Deut., xxxii. 7.
Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee, thy elders, and they will tell thee.

Job, viii. 8, 9, 10.

For enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers. For we are but as yesterday and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow. Shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their heart?

The above was written by Hearne at the bottom of his will, as appears by the Probate granted at London, July 1st, 1735.

At Ockham, ob. 1736:—

JOHN SPONG.—(A Carpenter.)

Who many *a sturdy oak has laid along*
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies *Spong*.
Posts oft he made yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd *by railing*, tho' he was no wit:
Old saws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
And *styles corrected*, yet was no grammarian:
Long liv'd he *Ockham's* premier *architect:*
And lasting as his fame a tomb t' erect,
In vain we seek an artist such as he,
Whose *pales* and *gules* were for eternity.
So here he rests from all life's toils and follies;
O! spare, kind heav'n, his fellow lab'rer *Hollies*.

At Ockham, 1736:—

ON A WOOD CUTTER.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off me.

At St. Katherine's, ob. 1740, æt. 79:—

SUSANNAH BUTTS.

March, with his winds, has struck a cedar tall,
And weeping April mourn'd the cedar's fall;
May intends no flowers to bring,
Because he has lost the flower of the spring.

At Edwalton, Notts, ob. 1741:—

REBECCA FREELAND.

She drank good ale, good punch and wine
And lived to the age of 99.

In Lincoln Church, ob. 1744, æt. 48 :—

In Memory of David Fletcher, Smith to this Church.

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have lost their Wind ;
My Fire's extinguish'd ; Forge decay'd ;
And in the Dust my Vice is laid ;
My Coal is spent ; my Iron gone :
The last Nail's driven—My work is done.

Finis coronat opus.

This has been often applied to others :—to Samuel Harris, at Michaelchurch, Escle, in 1757 ; to Wm. Braithwaite, at St. Alban's, also in 1757 ; and to Christopher Barlow, in Low Moor Churchyard, in 1824. Braithwaite has two additional lines, which read

My fire dry'd corpse lies here at rest,
My soul smoke like's ascending to be blest.

At Streatham Church, ob. 1746 :—

"Elizabeth, Wife of Major General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did ONE thing to disoblige her husband."

In Alresford Churchyard :—

Benjamin Browne,

Late an Officer in the Excise, born near Penrith, in Cumberland, died May 15, 1750, aged 36 years.

No Supervisor's Check he fears
Now no Commissioners obey
He's free from care's, Intreaties, tears,
And all the Heavenly orb surveys.

On a Talkative Old Maid.—1750.

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.

Here lies, return'd to clay,
Miss ARABELLA YOUNG,
Who on the first of May
Began to hold her tongue.

At Monknewton, near Drogheda :—

Erected by PATRICK KELLY,
Of the town of Drogheda, Mariner,
In Memory of his Posterity.

Also the above PATRICK KELLY,
Who departed this Life the 12th August, 1844,
Aged 60 years.
Requiescat in Pace.

It is not, however, to Ireland alone such eccentricities are to be attributed.

In Oxfordshire :—

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead :
But now at this time he is alive,
The 14th of August sixty five.

At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire :—

Here lies Father & Mother, & Sister and I,
Wee all died within the short space of one short Year.
They be all Buried at *Wimble* except I,
And I be buried here.

In Llanmynech Churchyard, Montgomeryshire :—

Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear ;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

At St. Andrew's Plymouth :—

Here lies the body of JAMES VERNON Esq., only *surviving* son of Admiral Vernon : died 23rd July, 1753.

At Kir Keel :—

Here lie the remains of THOMAS NICOLS who died in Philadelphia, March 1753. *Had he lived, he would have been buried here.*

Under this sod lies JOHN ROUND
Who was lost in the sea and never was found.

At Montrose, 1757 :—

Here lyes the Bodeys of GEORGE YOUNG and ISABEL GUTHRIE, and all their posterity for more than fifty years backwards.

In Bakewell Churchyard :—

Know, Posterity, that on the 8th of April, 1757, the rambling remains of JOHN DALE were in the 86th year of his Pilgrimage, laid upon Two Wives.

This Thing in Life will raise some Jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly;
But from embraces here no Pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes,
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears.
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears:
A period comes to all their toilsome Lives,
The Good Man's quiet; still are both his Wives.

At Ballast Hills, Newcastle :—

When I enjoyed this mortal life,
This stone I ordered from Scotland's Fife,
To ornament the burial place
Of me, and all my human race.
Here lies *James*, of tender affection,
Here lies *Isabel*, of suett complexion,
Here lies *Katherine*, a pleasant child,
Here lies *Mary*, of all most mild,
Here lies *Alexander*, a babe most sweet,
Here lies *Jannet*, as the Lord saw meet.
J. STEEL. 1757.
Here lies avarice (averse) to strife,
A loving and a faithful wife.

In Winchester Cathedral Churchyard :—

THOMAS FLETCHER, a Grenadier in the North Hants Militia, died May 12, 1764, aged 26 years.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall
And when your'e hot, drink strong or not at all.

Restored by the Garrison in 1781—

An honest soldier never is forgot
Whether he die by musket or by pot.

On a Sexton.

Here lyeth the body of honest John Clapper,
Who lived by the bell, and died by the clapper.

Answer to :—

I am not dead indeed, but have good hope,
To live by the bell when you die by the rope.

At Darlington :—

Richard Preston.—(Sexton.)
Sub hoc lapide
Depositæ sunt exuviæ,
Ricardi Preston.
Eheu! nimis verum
Quemvis admittere jocum:
Sepulchrorum incolæ!
Lachrymis aliorum despascentes,
Parcite, ah! parcite, grati
Nec hujus leves devorare reliquias
Faucibus obtulerit vestris
Liberâ manû—A.D. 1765.

Which has been freely translated :—

Under this marble are depos'd
Poor Preston's sad remains.
Alas! too true for light-rob'd jest
To sing in playful strains.

Ye dread possessors of the grave,
Who feed on other's woe,
Abstain from Richard's small remains
And grateful pity shew.

For many a weighty corpse he gave
To you with liberal hand;
Then sure his little body may
Some small respect command.

At Blagdon, ob. 1768, æt. 32:—

ANN LANGHORNE.

With Sappho's taste, with Arria's tender heart,
Lucretia's honour, and Cecilia's art:
That such a woman died surprize can't give;
'Tis only strange that such an one should live.

In Horsley-Down Church, Cumberland:—

Here lie the bodies
Of THOMAS BOND and MARY his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;

BUT

She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother:

BUT

Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;

BUT

Independent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;

BUT

At home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;

BUT

The talents in which she principally excelled,
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
And, without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every person in her family;

BUT

Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities;

BUT

Much more frequently miserable—with her many failings:
Insomuch that in thirty years cohabitation he often lamented
That maugre all her virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH

Finding that she had lost the affections of her husband,
As well as the regard of her neighbours,
Family disputes having been divulged by servants,
She died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.
Her worn out husband survived her four months and two days,
And departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.
WILLIAM BOND, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,
As a *weekly monitor*, to the surviving wives of this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed to posterity
With a PATCH WORK character.

At Marston, ob. 1768:—

ROBERT LODER.

I would have my neighbours be all kind and mild,
Quiet and civil to my dear wife and child.

In Guilsfield Churchyard, ob. 1769:

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Under this Yew-Tree
Buried would he be,
Because his Father—he
Planted this Yew-tree.

At Bermondsey, ob. 1770 :—

WILL WYLDE

Needlemaker to Queen Charlotte.

Man wants but little, nor that little long ;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him but for one hour.

At Maidstone, ob. 1773, æt. 82 :—

THOMAS BRADSHAW.

Here lies a keeper bred and born
To turn his back he thought it scorn
He was a man that had good skill
Many a brave buck and doe to kill
But that bold archer Death, who conquers all,
Shot him to the heart & caused him here to fall.
In Youth or age all flesh must die
And turn to dust as well as I.

Ob. 1773, æt. 57 :—

CATHERINE HALL.

She was celebrated as a tambour worker and an excellent player at whist.

Ere my *work's* done, my *thread* is cut ;
My hands are cold, my eye sight fails,
Stretch'd in my *frame*, I'm compass'd now,
With worms *instead of lovely snails !* [1]
The *game* of life is finish'd too,
Another now has ta'en my chair ;
Griev'd there's no *shuffling* after death,
I'm gone, alas, the Lord knows where !
Reader, attend ; if you in *works* excel,
In bliss eternal you'll hereafter dwell :
And if you *play your cards* with caution here,
Secure to win, the *trump* you need not fear,
O care Deus mi miserere mei !

[1] Chenilles, the silk twist used in tambour work.

Ob. 1775, æt. 69 —

JOHN BASKERVILLE.

At Birmingham, in his garden, in a tomb prepared by himself with the following inscription :—

Stranger,
beneath this cone, in *unconsecrated* ground,
a friend to the liberties of mankind directed his
body to be inurn'd.
May the example contribute to emancipate thy mind
from the idle fears of *superstition*,
and the wicked arts of Priesthood.

In Upper Denton Churchyard, ob. 1777, æt. 98 :—

MARGARET TEASDALE.

What I was once some may relate,
What I am now is each one's fate ;
What I shall be none can explain,
Till he that called, call again.

At Folkestone, ob. 1777 :—

MARTHA WELLS, WIFE OF JOHN WELLS.

We far from home did Come
Each other for to join,
In peace with all Men here we Liv'd
And did in Love Combine,
But oh remark the Strange
Yet heaven's wise decree,
I'm Lodg'd within the Silent grave,
He's Rouling in the Sea.

At Newtown, Gravesend :—

To the Memory of Mr. Alderman WYNN, an honest man & an excellent Bowler.

Cuique est sua fama.

Full forty years long was the Alderman seen
The delight of each bowler and king of this Green
As long be remember'd his art and his name
Whose hand was unerring, unrivalled his game
His bias was good and he always was found
To the right way and to enough ground.

The Jack to the uttermost verge he would send
For the Alderman lov'd a full length at each end.
Now mourn every eye that has seen him display
The arts of the game and the wiles of his play
For the great bowler Death, at one critical cast
Has ended his length and close rubb'd him at last.
F. W. Posuit, MDCCLXXVI.

In Kensington Churchyard, 1776:—

THOMAS WRIGHT.

Farewell, vain world! I've had enough of thee;
I value not what thou canst say of me;
Thy smiles I value not, nor frowns don't fear;
All's one to me, my head is quiet here.
What faults you've seen in me, take care to shun,
Go home, and see there's something to be done.

At St. Andrews, Worcester:—

"Short of Weight.
H L T B O
R W
I H O A J R
AD 1780 A 63"

Given in Green's History of Worcester, and the riddle thus explained:—

Here Lieth the Body of Richard Weston in Hopes of a Joyful Resurrection. Anno Domini 1780. Aged 63.

Richard Weston was a baker, and the first line evidently bears an allusion to the too common practice of those following his trade.

At Stoke Newington:—

This tomb was erected by WILLIAM PICKET, of the City of London, Goldsmith, on the melancholy death of his Daughter ELIZABETH.

A testimony of respect
From greatly afflicted parents;
In memory of ELIZABETH PICKET, *Spinster*,
Who died Dec. 11, 1781.
Aged 23 years.
This much lamented
Young person expired in consequence

of her clothes taking fire
The preceding evening.

Reader if ever you should witness such an affecting scene; recollect that the only method to extinguish the flame is to stifle it by an immediate covering.

So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft; so stout, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n as pure gold, by flaming tortures try'd.
The angel bore them, but the mortal dy'd.

Not a sparrow falls
On the ground without
Our heavenly Father.

At St. Andrew's, Newcastle :—

Mary Wife of Robert M Cutchin,

Sergeant in the 11th Grenadiers, died May 11, 1781, in the 27th year of her age.

In all our marriage vows, she did fulfill
And fondly sought her husband, thro' the dead on Bunker's Hill.
At many actions more, and at the Brandy-wine,
She lov'd her husband so, she would not stay behind.
Till now by cruel Death's dread dart,
She is left behind, and forc'd to part
Till the last trump, when Gabriel sounds amain
She'll rise, embrace and join again.

At St. John's, Stamford, ob. 1783 :—

William Pepper.

Tho' *hot* my name, yet mild my nature,
I bore good will to every creature;
I brew'd good ale and sold it too,
And unto each I gave his due!

In Lawrence Pountney burying ground, ob. 1784, æt. 73 :—

Passenger,
Spare to obliterate the name of
Charles Rogers,
whose body is here deposited,
unless you are convinced that he hath
injured you by word or deed.

HENRY HUDSON,
Late Hat-Maker, Fore Street,
Who died June 1787, whilst eating his Breakfast.

Ah! *stamp* not rudely on Hal Hudson's bed,
Tho' oft he's *stampt* upon your nation's head;
For he was authoriz'd, nay forc'd to do it,
Or else he'd been full sorely made to rue it—
Making a meal this good hat-*maker* died,
And merrily, 'tis said, to his own *maker* hied.

MESSENGER MONSEY, M.D. Ob. 1788, æt. 96.

Here lie my old limbs, my vexation now ends,
For I've liv'd much too long for myself and my friends;
As for churchyards and grounds which the parsons call *Holy*,
'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft and founded in folly;
In short, I despise them; and as for my soul,
Which may mount the last day with my bones from this *Hole;*
I think that it really hath nothing to fear
From the God of mankind, whom I truly revere;
What the next world may be, little troubles my pate;
If not better than this, I beseech thee, Oh! Fate,
When the bodies of millions fly up in a riot,
To let the old carcase of *Monsey* be quiet.[1] *Walcot.*

In Hutton Church:—

In memory of DONALD CAMPBELL, Esq., of Barbreek, N. B.

He died June 5, 1801, aged 53 years. With talents and a heart that might have rendered him useful in society in his career through life, he unfortunately ran to the wrong side of the post, and owing to peculiar circumstances, has experienced a good deal of worldly persecution, but looks up to a merciful God (who always knows our most inward motives) for everlasting bliss.

At Lidford Churchyard:—

Here lies in Horizontal position
The outside *case* of
GEORGE ROUTLEIGH, Watchmaker,

[1] See Europ. Mag. 1789, vol. xv. pp. 84, 190.

Whose abilities in that line were an honour
To his profession:
Integrity was the *main-spring*,
and Prudence the *Regulator*
Of all the *actions* of his life:
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His *hand* never *stopped*
Till he had relieved distress;
So nicely *regulated* were all his *movements*
That he never *went wrong*
Except when *set-a-going*
By People
Who did not know
His Key:
Even then, he was easily
Set right again:
He had the art of disposing of his *Time*
So well,
That his *Hours* glided away
In one continual *round*
Of Pleasure and Delight,
Till an unlucky *Moment* put a *period* to
His existence;
He departed this Life
November 14, 1802,
Aged 57,
Wound up,
In hopes of being taken in *Hand*
By his *Maker*,
And of being
Thoroughly *cleaned*, *repaired*, and *set-a-going*
In the World to come.

At King Stanley Churchyard, Gloucestershire, on a brass:—

Ann Collins,—(died 11 Sept. 1804, æt. 49.)

'Twas as she tript from cask to cask,
In at a bung-hole quickly fell,
Suffocation was her task,
She had no time to say farewell.

ROBERT SLEATH. Ob. 1805.

He kept the turnpike-gate at Worcester, and demanded toll from His Majesty, on his visit to Bishop Hurd, from this circumstance he was ever after called, "the man who stopped the King."

On Wednesday last old Robert Sleath
Passed through the turnpike-gate of Death.
To him would Death no toll abate,
Who stopp'd the King at Wor'ster gate.

At Jovington, Sussex, ob. 1808, æt. 13 and 7 :—

SAMUEL AND JOHN PURLAND.

Parents dear, weep not for we
Though we were drowned in the Sea
'Twas God that did ordain it so;
And when he calls we all must go.

At Islington, ob. 1808, æt. 27 :—

ELIZABETH EMMA THOMAS.

She had no fault save what travellers give the moon:
Her light was lovely, but she died too soon.

JOHN WEBSTER. Ob. 1809, æt. 8.

(Killed by a cart-wheel going over his head.)

Ye little children that survey,
The emblemed wheel that crush'd me down,
Be cautious, as you careless play,
For shafts of death fly thick around.
Still rapid drives the car of time,
Whose wheels one day shall crush you all;
The cold low bed that now is mine,
Will soon be that of great and small.

In Homersfield Churchyard, Suffolk, ob. 1810, æt. 90 :—

ROBERT CRYTOFT.

"Myself."

As I walk'd by myself I talk'd to myself,
And thus myself said to me,
Look to thyself and take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

So I turn'd to myself, & I answer'd myself
In the self-same reverie,
Look to myself or look not to myself,
The self-same thing will it be.

At Alton, Hants :—

JOSEPH JARDAN.

(Late Auctioneer of this town, died Dec. 15, 1814.)

Fair virtue's up old Time's the Auctioneer,
A lot so lovely can't be bought too dear,
Be quick in your biddings ere you are too late,
Time will not dwell, the hammer will not wait.

Old Men's Hospital, Norwich :—

In Memory of MRS. PHEBE CREWE, who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years.

Who, during forty years
practice as a midwife
in this City, brought into
the world nine thousand
seven hundred and
thirty Children.

THOMAS PYLE. Ob. 1823, æt. 15.

Here lies a son whose tender life
To a mother's heart most dear,
Bereft of life through wicked strife,
Who once was all her care.

By pugilism, a shameful sight,
To every mother's eyes,
That dimm'd the heavenly orbs of light,
Which forc'd convulsive cries.

But still my hope shall ever be,
Though folly closed his life,
That he's in heaven, from troubles free,
From vanity and strife.

Then let all youths a warning take
At his untimely fate,
And call on God for mercy's sake,
Before it be too late.

At Hanslape, ob. 1830, æt. 26 :—

ALEXANDER M'KAY.—(A Prize Fighter.)

Strong and athletic was my frame;
Far from my native home I came,
And manly fought with Simon Byrne;
Alas! but liv'd not to return.
Reader, take warning by my fate,
Lest you should rue your case too late;
If you have ever fought before,
Determine now to fight no more.

At Walton-on-Thames, ob. 1842, æt. 48 :—

WILLIAM MAGINN, L.L.D.

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, Life's trophies to win,
Had neither great Lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So his portion soon spent (like the poor heir of Lynn)
He turn'd author, ere yet there was beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
"Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,"
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, tho' his breeches were thin,
Else his acting for certain, was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin,
(All the same to the Doctor from claret to gin),
Which led swiftly to gaol, and consumption therein.
It was much, when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here—out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin :—
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN.

J. G. Lockhart.

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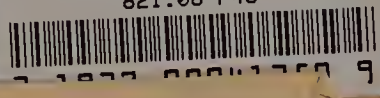

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